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and Johnny Carson

High Times

December '77

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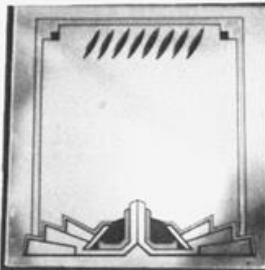
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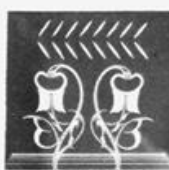
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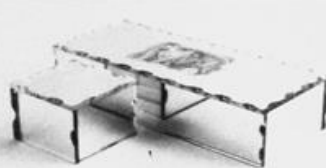
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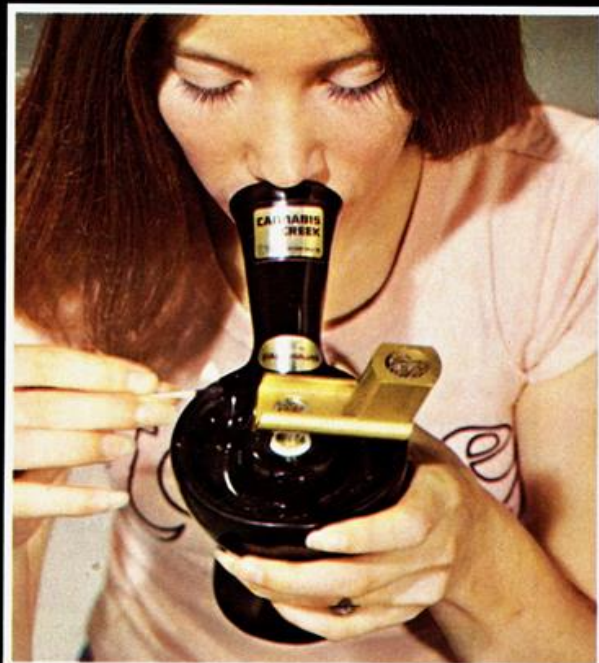
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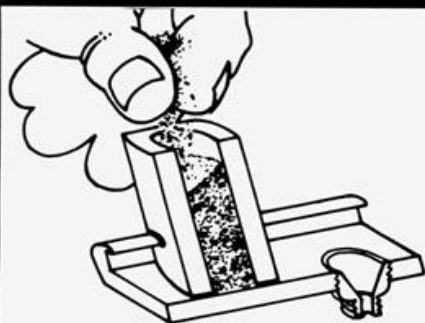
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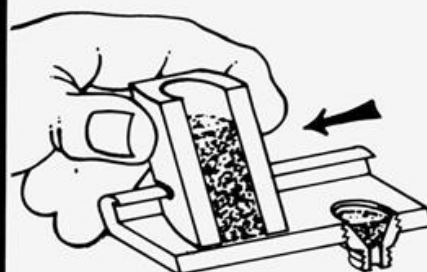
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M.O.B.—My Own Business



Francis Lipard

Most of the trouble in this world has been caused by folks who can't mind their own business, because they have no business of their own to mind, any more than a smallpox virus has. Now your virus is an obligate cellular parasite, and my contention is that evil is quite literally a virus parasite occupying a certain brain area which we may term the RIGHT center. The mark of a basic shit is that he has to be right. And right here we must make a distinction between a hard-core, virus-occupied shit and a plain, ordinary, mean, no-good son of a bitch. Some of them don't cause any trouble at all, just want to be left alone and are only dangerous when molested, like the brown recluse. Others cause minor trouble, like barroom fights and bank robberies. To put it country simple, Anslinger was an obligate shit; Dillinger was just a son of a bitch. This right virus has been around for a long time, and perhaps its most devoted ally has been the Christian church,

from the Inquisition to the conquistadors, from the American Indian Wars to Hiroshima, they are RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT. If the Christian church has given the virus a nice long home, it has also sustained a number of evictions in the past 40 years.

When I was in high school in the Twenties, anybody expressing doubts about our treatment of the Indians, capital punishment, the natural inferiority of blacks, the abomination of being a flit or a dope fiend, would have been shunned by his schoolmates as a dangerous radical or practitioner of the hideous vices he defended. Yes, quite a change, and quite a few points gained for the M.O.B.ists: virtual abolition of censorship, decriminalization of pot, gay rights and segregation issues at least out in the open and a lot better than they were 40 years ago, and a growing recognition, even in official quarters, that victimless crimes should be removed from the books or subject to minimal penalties.

This trend towards sanity has brought the last-ditch dedicated shits out into the open, screaming with rage. Victimless crime, the assumption that what a citizen does in the privacy of his own dwelling is nonetheless someone else's business and therefore subject to denunciation and punishment, is the very life line of the right virus. Cutting off this air line would have the same action as interferon, which blocks the oxygen from certain virus strains.

M.O.B. opponents cling to the victimless-crime concept, equating drug taking or private sexual behavior with robbery and murder. If the right to mind one's own business is recognized, the whole shit position is untenable, and hell hath no more vociferous fury than an endangered parasite.

One is tempted to seek a total solution to the shit problem: Mass Assassination Day. M.A.D. Slaughter the shits of the world like cows with the aphthosa. Then we'll all feel a lot better. "It was like being cured of clap after 20 dripping years," a survivor reported....Perhaps we could accomplish the salubrious work with a virus designed to attack the already occupied RIGHT centers in the brain, inflaming and irritating these centers so that the target, muttering and finally screaming imprecations, dies in convulsions of rightness. It was known as the Righteous Fever; old men needs it special.

But probably the most effective tactic is to alter the conditions on which the virus subsists. That is the way various manifestations of the RIGHT virus have disappeared in the past, as in the Inquisition. Conditions change, and that virus guise is ignored and forgotten. We have seen this happen many times in the past 40 years.

At the present time here in Colorado, approximate M.O.B. conditions prevail. No sex crimes on the book; you can fuck a cow right in front of the sheriff, and all he can say is "MOOOOOO..." But you can hardly expect to bring down the barn with an act like that. With the RIGHT virus offset, perhaps we can get this whole show out of the barnyard and into space.

William S. Burroughs

William S. Burroughs

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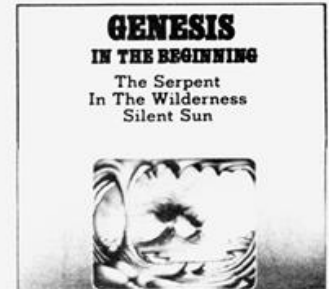
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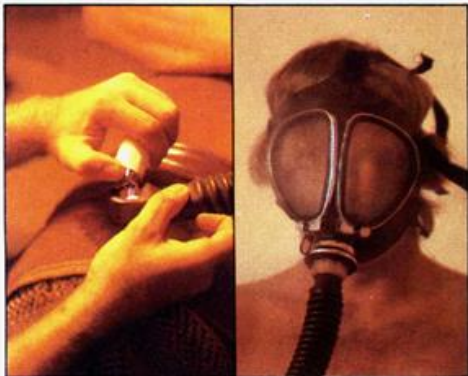
Dis-Scourganing

To expand on your article on "The Scourge of the Caribbeet" [*High Times*, "National Weed," August '77], the secret cruise speed of the C.G.C. *Dauntless* is, at maximum, 18 knots. You may have trouble outrunning the .50-caliber machine guns, but the three-inch mount she carries is about as accurate as a slingshot when it comes to hitting a fast-moving vessel. The *Dauntless* is simply lucky to have so many busts on her record. I say screw the Scourge and get a fast-moving freighter. After all, you only have to do 20 knots to beat her.

—John S. Owen, U.S. Coast Guard,
Cape Sarichef, Ark.

The Mask Is a Gas

A little southern ingenuity with this modified National Guard gas mask has convinced me that there's more than one way the Guard could knock 'em dead. If they'd



only replace the stuff in their mace canisters with this brand of smoke, they'd get better crowd control every time.

—Name withheld, Alexandria, Va.

Lez Be Friends

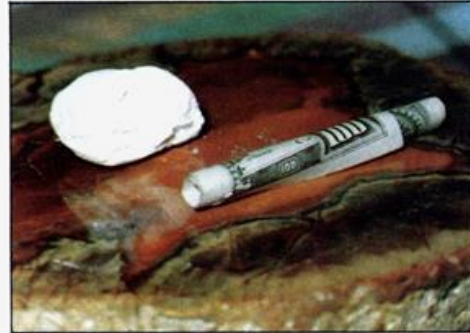
I read Gilbert Choate's media review in the September *High Times* with interest, until I reached his misogynous diatribe passed off as a review of lesbian magazines. It is obvious that Choate does not begin to understand lesbians, or he would realize that they deliberately downplay the male obsession with the perfect form because it has been imposed on women for centuries, and all females—straight or

gay—know how oppressive it is. But lesbians feel free to throw this particular yoke off their backs because they do not depend on male approval. In accusing lesbians of "not [being] into their bodies," Choate is revealing himself as not being into humanity.

—Terry Kolb, Los Angeles, Ca.

Snow in Florida

High pressure systems brought early winter snows to Florida in quantities that made last year's killer frost look like the



Ice Follies. Just take a look at the size of the flake that fell in the Gainesville area. Fortunately, the stuff is scooped up quickly by alert citizens.

—Name and address withheld

How Deep Was My Valley

I would like to ask Paul Hoffman ["Great Grass Trials," August '77] how a four-inch-tall bottle, small enough to be concealed in Candy Barr's cleavage, could possibly contain 300 grams (10.6 ounces) of marijuana.

—Rich Nelson, Hamilton, Maine
Hoffman concedes that on second glance, that does seem like a large body stash. But he took the quantity from accounts of Candy's trial in the *New York Post*.—Ed.

Ozark Mountain Dopedevils

This Ozark Mountain sinsemilla started as a greenhouse baby and grew to maturity in eight months under the Missouri sun.



Its wallop surpasses anything ever tasted in these hills. Maybe it's just the color, but a pound of this was almost worth the price of real gold at the local marketplace.

—Name and address withheld

Building a Brick Shithouse

A couple of blocks of this Afghani brick sailed through Toronto recently, making hash easier to score than *High Times*.



which is constantly being seized by Customs. Of course, at \$2,400 a pound, the hash is a little more expensive.

—Name and address withheld
Wait till next issue.—Ed.

Liberace, Eat Your Heart Out

This improvised menorah helped prepare our humble household for the first daze of Hanukkah. All the candles were gone



before the holiday, however, which kept things pretty quiet until a local sage arrived with his burning bush.

—Name withheld, Shaker Heights, Ohio

Ion Ore

Your recent interest in negative ion generators [*High Times*, "Ionized Air," July '77] is commendable. The public needs more information on the nonchemical methods of reaching the state of exalted awareness—no hot smoke to burn your windpipe and no metabolic by-products for your body to cope with. I've been running my trusty homemade generator in my living room by day and bedroom by night for almost two years now. A hay fever condition I'd had for 15 years cleared up

heady venom...m...m...

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within a few months, and I've been having at least 75 percent fewer arguments with my lover since I built the thing, but maybe that's because our gonads have gotten more of a charge than the Light Brigade. I also meditate by it, and let me tell you, as far as usable highs are concerned, subtle is best.

—Gerhardt Hummel, Silver Plume, Colo.

Collection Agency

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different cannabis products. Soon we'll have more varieties than Heinz.

—Acid and Flash, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Hemp Honey

As an aspiring beekeeper, I couldn't help notice your fine articles on honey oil and bees. But did you know that *Cannabis sativa* is a legitimate source of real honey? Page 288 of *The Hive and the Honey Bee*, by Dadant & Sons of Hamilton, Illinois, lists hemp as an important nectar source. It's going to be months until I get my hive. In the meantime, I hope I've given a few country folks a new idea for contented drones.

—Kay McCarrier, San Diego, Ca.

Mr. Natural

In the ongoing controversy between chemical and natural highs, I'm willing to concede that it's possible to synthesize marijuana that is as good and safe as homegrown. But why take the time, energy and risk of producing synthetic drugs when the natural ones are easily available and more harmonious with our environment? It is my contention that when we use technology to replace nature, we should do it only from necessity. Otherwise, the risk is simply too great. If one has to experiment with psychedelics, stick with mushrooms and peyote.

—Michael White, Petaluma, Ca.

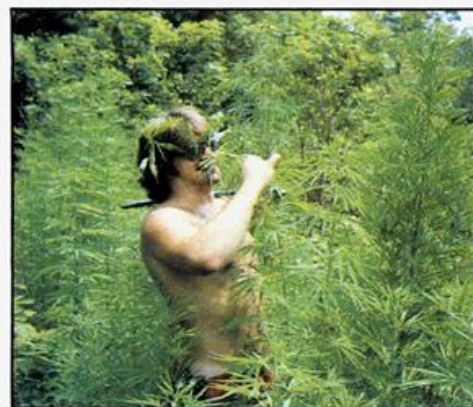
Security Blanket

Thought some of your stoned readers might be interested in a trick I learned when I was down to the dregs of my stash. Throw all your seeds and stems in a terry cloth towel, bang them against the wall a few times and then dump them out. Loose pot and seed pods will stick to the towel, and the chaff will fall loose. Put the towel over a newspaper and shake it, and you can usually score enough for a decent joint or two. This doesn't work with coke.

—Flint McIntosh, Loch Shin, Pa.

In Search of Bud Foot

While inspecting one of my mountain plantations here in western Pennsylvania, I chanced upon a pale, curious creature



blowing his nose on one of my main crops. I managed one photo before he turned and fled. The natives call him "Big Pot" and regard him as a living legend.

—Name and address withheld

Smoking with Discretion

As a nonsmoking member of the military, I see society's attitude toward marijuana the same as its attitude toward alcohol. Use it in moderation, in one's home or in an appropriate place, and society will accept it. Use it blatantly, out in the open and in a rowdy fashion, and people will resent it. On my vessel, we've had over a dozen busts for on-board use of marijuana and hashish. Perhaps more prudent use is in order so as to bring the inevitable legalization about much more quickly.

—James C. Bursleson III, USS Concord

Blotch on Bodé

For the sake of historical esthetic accuracy, we wish to report that the blotch of red on Vincent Bodé's portrait of his brother Vaughn ("The Death of the Cheech Wizard," *High Times*, October '76) was superimposed on the original artwork for dramatic purposes. Also added were the birth and death dates of the late, great Cheech Wizard. —Ed. ■

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Daddy Banks

Q: I'm thinking of having a vasectomy, but I've been delaying it because of the nagging fear that I'll change my mind about having children someday and won't be able to. I know the operation isn't always reversible. Would making a deposit in a sperm bank be a workable solution?

—Tom McIntyre, Bryant, Fla.

A: Sperm banks have become a sort of fatherhood insurance for hockey players fearful of getting pucked and for patients undergoing radiation or chemotherapy with sterility risks.

But semen savings accounts are almost as iffy as vasectomy reversal at this point. Both Planned Parenthood and the Association for Voluntary Sterilization urge you not to have the operation if there's a chance of a future change of heart. Medical journals have reported cases of pregnancy from sperm stored up to five years, but the wiggly cells' vigor usually declines rapidly when they're thawed after more than a year.

Bean and Nothingness

Q: A good cup of coffee is one of my life's loves, but when the caffeine started playing havoc with my beauty rest, I had to switch to decaffeinated types. I'm wondering how they're made and whether the loss in taste is due to chemical additives or just the absence of caffeine.

—Joy Levitt, El Centro, Ca.

A: Though slightly bitter, caffeine adds little to coffee's flavor. A certain blandness can result from decaffeination, although the noninstant types approach the real tang.

Green, unroasted beans are softened with steam and water, then soaked in chlorine solvent to extract the caffeine. Then they're heated and steam-blasted to remove the solvent. For "97-percent caffeine-free" brands, this process is repeated over 20 times before roasting.

Remove Unsightly Flare

Q: I recently bought an expensive varifocal lens, which works perfectly except for the big streaks of light it leaves on about a quarter of the pictures I take. What causes these light flashes and how can I prevent

them? Would a polarizing filter help?

—Alexander Demetriani, Corona, N.Y.

A: These flares are a common problem of all zoom lenses. They occur primarily when shooting in the general direction of the sun. A polarizing filter would get rid of reflected glare off shiny objects, but adding more glass to the lens system would make the flare worse. The only solution is to use as long a lens shade as possible without cutting into the photo frame at short focal lengths. You'll be able to see some flares in the viewfinder as ghosts or grayness before you snap the shutter. If possible, change your shooting angle a bit till the image is clearer.

Oil Be Home for Christmas

Q: I've seen the isomerizer advertised for two years now, but \$180 is a lot of bucks for a sight-unseen mail order item. Is it really worth it?

—Randee Sharpe, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

A: This gizmo is for real. David Hoyer and Bill Kaufman of Thai Power, Inc., scaled down the do-it-yourself, 55-gallon oil drum version Hoyer described in his 1973 booklet, "Cannabis Alchemy" (High Times/Golden State Press). It builds strong dope five ways: by converting



highless cannabidiol to THC, rotating delta-8 THC to more potent delta-9, changing THC acids (abundant in unripe pot) to THC, removing inactive tars, waxes and water soluble compounds and concentrating the results into hash or oil. It's also designed to minimize the dangers of explosions that are inherent in home-made contraptions.

You can even isomerize sprouts formed from an ounce of seeds: place seeds in quart jar, cover top with cheesecloth and soak in warm water twice daily, storing the jar upside down in a dark, well-ventilated closet. Leaves begin to sprout in a week. Remove sprouts and let dry before isomerization. A pure, smooth-tasting iso-oil is the result.

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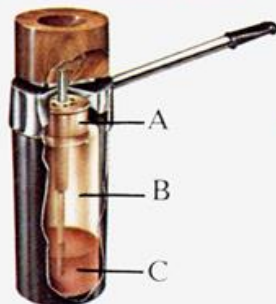
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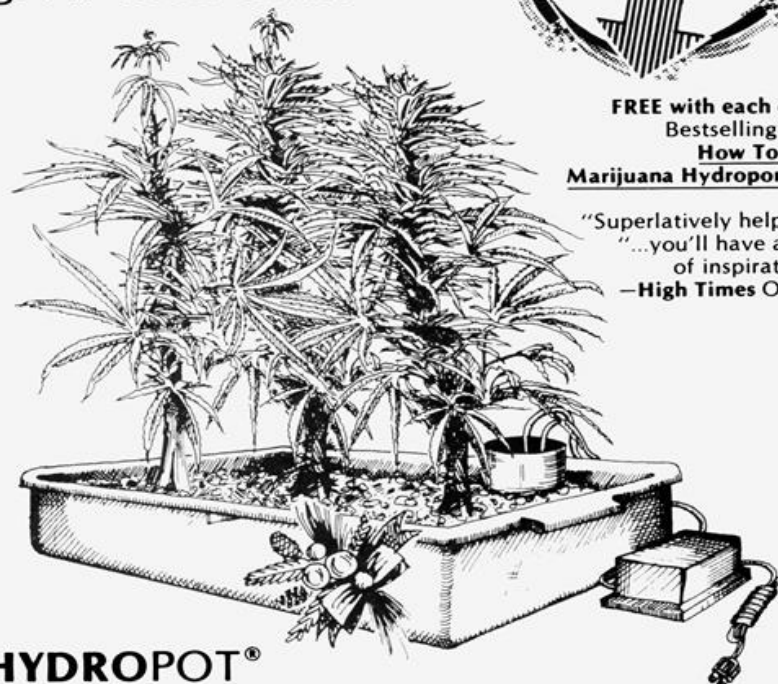
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weed, but you can use it to extract the essential oil from any herb. That includes three-toke hash oil for about \$4 a gram.

New Dicks by Mail

Q: Because of my method of earning a living, my natural identity has become tainted with several unsavory and debilitating legal records. My search for a clean slate and new I.D. has been hampered by the bureaucrats who control access to the necessary records. Is there any way I can get past them?

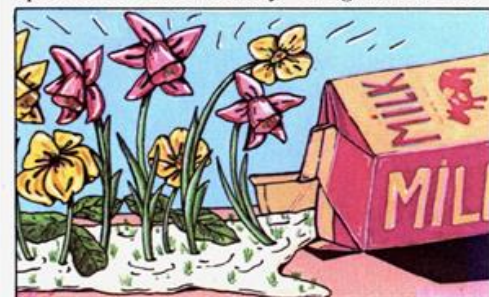
—Name and address pending

A: Why not be a cop for a day? John Russell, who has recently acquired control of the Florida Association of Private Investigators (Box 2461, Tampa, Florida 33601), has made it much easier to become a private eye. In fact, for \$15 you can get the necessary I.D., insurance, certificate, car decal and association newsletter. Better slip through the opening fast, though. Who knows how long this will last?

How Does Your Garbage Grow?

Q: I've heard of various types of refuse used to fertilize grass and other plants—stale milk, bong water, coffee grounds and soapsuds. Do any of these really help plants grow? —Pat M., Patchogue, N.Y.

A: Feeding your plants anything but fertilizer and water is a poor idea. Milk will spoil and invite decay. Bong water's in-



Karen Katz

soluble resins won't help, and it doesn't contain enough ashes to raise soil pH. Wood ashes (not paper ashes with their chemical additives), lime and oyster shells are better to sweeten acidic soil. Coffee grounds are very acidic and should be avoided unless fully composted. Soapy water increases coverage and solubility of nicotine insecticides and is apparently harmless to plants, but one should certainly avoid nonbiodegradable detergents.

—Robert Connell Clarke, author of
The Botany and Ecology of Cannabis

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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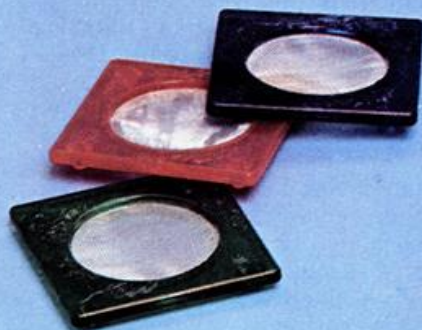
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- C The Klondike. 1 dram, burnished gold finish. \$12.00
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- E The Crowned Vial. Amber vial with polished gold cap. \$5.00

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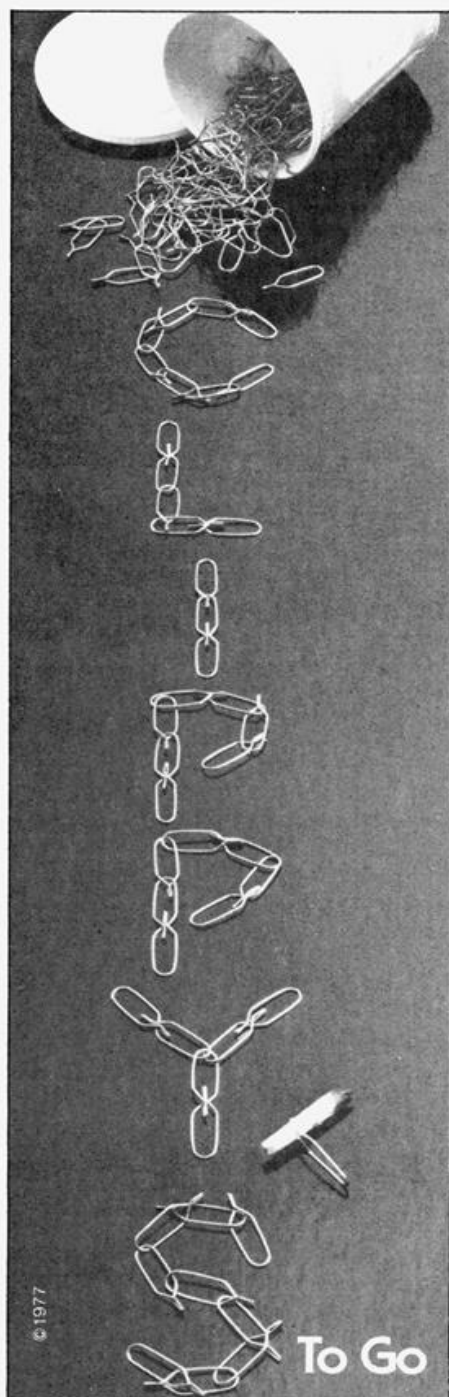
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If Love Be the Music of Food, Lay On

Time was, Lust and Gluttony were the first two deadly sins. Even today, the best things in life are illegal, immoral and fattening. Yes, the secret links between food and sex are intimate, indeed, the two being not so far apart in the geography of our psyches as Fort Worth and Dallas. We know all about Freud and his cucumbers; we know what word invariably follows "melon-shaped"; but we're quick to pass these off as the gentle ravings of our too-suggestible brains. So what's left after symbolism unzips her shimmering spandex body suit? (Ever notice how S's cluster around the subjects of sensuousness and sexiness?) Do the aphrodisiac foods work? Is it the vitamins they contain? Will a 00-cap of banana extract get me as horny as eating a banana?

The start of a sex life has always been said to be good nutrition, lots of raw fruit,

vegetables and protein, with a few occasional spices and sweets for the pièce de résistance. In fact, appetite in bed follows appetite at the table throughout our mythology: Rabelais, Bosch, Casanova and even Diamond Jim Brady with his stomach (and who knows what else) six times normal size in a healthy body.

As it turns out, many foods for the bawdy are concentrated sources of certain nutrients directly connected with the whole psychophysical fever we call love. The body uses the trace mineral zinc primarily to make seminal/vaginal fluids, and gram for gram, oysters contain over ten times more zinc than their nearest competitor. All seafood (and bananas, tomatoes, apples, guava, squash, oats, lentils and truffles) are prime sources of phosphorus essential for nerve and genital function. Except for fish and meat, coca leaves and certain seaweeds are the only natural sources of essential vitamin B12. Hence the reputation of birds' nest soup. The swallows make their nests of fish spawn and seaweed. Sea greens and fish also supply the iodine needed for the thyroid gland to maximize that old energy level. Asparagus produces the diuretics asparagine and aspartic acid, which flush excess fluids from the body, making it feel trimmer and tighter.

The one nutrient all sex foods have in common is novelty. Exotic isn't so close to erotic for nothing. And anything that can lift an occasion pleasantly out of the ordinary can heighten the sexual tension. Truffles command up to

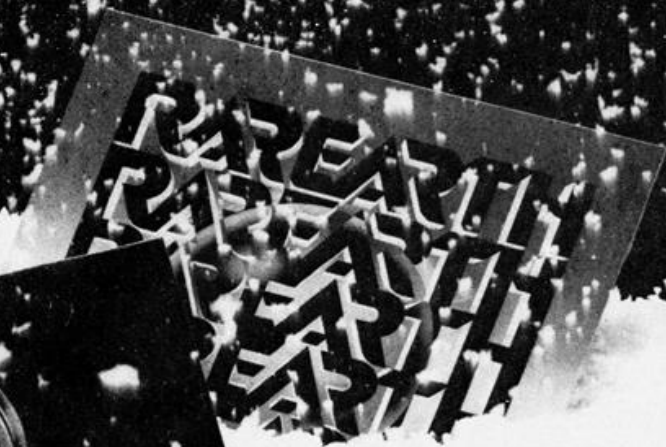


Linda Harris

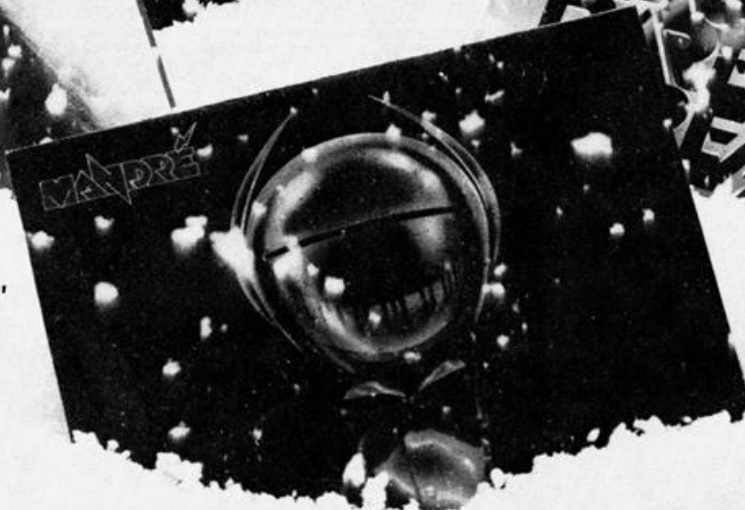
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Illustration by Vincent Amicosante

\$30 an ounce. Ambergris, a rare secretion of sick sperm whales, has often been sold as a prized aphrodisiac. Oranges were once reserved for emperors. Tomatoes turned on the Spaniards and Italians shortly after the Aztecs revealed them, but Puritan England and America thought those luscious love apples were poisonous until Colonel Robert Gibbon Johnson ate a bushel of the "wolf peaches" without dying before a capacity crowd on the courthouse steps of Salem, New Jersey, at high noon on September 26, 1820. Any high-protein foods were prized back when hunting was harder than a super-market tour. A common Persian elixir includes amber, opium, saffron, pearls and the genitals of the skink, a certain African lizard. But perhaps the rarest way of all to get those precious minerals is to go straight to the source. Eating dirt, or geophagy, is practiced by tribes as diverse as the Swedes and Javanese, and some European quarry workers make a fine clay into "stonebutter" to spread on their lunch bread.

But whether rare or commonplace, vultures have been mating with venery for so long one is tempted to paraphrase Bur-

A common Persian elixir includes amber, opium, saffron, pearls and the genitals of the skink.

roughs as: "Sex is food is Food is sex is Sex is Food." Sex becomes food every time a mouthful of jissum and its 30 calories of quality protein are swallowed. People seduce with special dinners and edible gifts. In the Middle Ages, a woman who wanted a man had someone knead bread dough on her buttocks, then baked it and gave it to him. And another Persian recipe included the quarry's pants. People get screwed by food when they let meals substitute for action they're not getting. And that late-night hit, "Fucking for Groceries," now playing in your neighborhood, is older than showgirls in cakes. People call each other chick, dish, pumpkin, honey, ducky, dumpling, tart, tomato, dish, cupcake, cheesecake and beefcake, tidbit and gooseberry grinder.

People even *shtupp* the food. Remember all those cucumber vibrators and Portnoy's liver? In John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor*, a dynamic teacher named Henry Burlingame is so frenzied by his passion for nature that he is known to whip it out and hump a tree or the good brown earth, a throwback to those lusty ancient farmers who took their seed and furrows so literally that naked teams of them would fuck and sow in the fields all night long to ensure a fruitful harvest. Not only did good food make gourmet amour, but lusty fertility rites were essential for future meals. —Gary Stimeling

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The Ultimate Expression of the Bong Culture

Skydiver was released to the public in April—and the response was tremendous. At last—a smoking bong designed by a graduate physicist—not a marketing manager. Skydiver is unique among all other bongs—unique in design, unique in action, unique in construction. Most of all, Skydiver is unique in performance. It is the current undisputed champion of stone-ing machines, the forerunner of a second generation of smoking paraphenalia.

ADVANCED DESIGN

Skydiver's design is light years ahead of anything else currently built. Tube length, tube diameter, bend angles, and burn elevation are all critically calculated. Total air capacity is carefully matched to that of the adult human lungs. Air rush is instantaneous through a giant 1½ inch diameter carb tube with its own air tight plug. The result is a product that is inherently superior to all others, thanks to the creative application of proven laws of physics.

UNIQUE ACTION

Skydiver is operated in a unique manner, due to its exclusive RIP-CORD ACTION. While other bongs require you to hold your finger over a tiny hole cut into the main tube, Skydiver has a separate 1½ inch diameter carb tube complete with its own sealing plug. With Skydiver there is no more groping for that tiny hole; you merely inhale in the usual manner and then pop the carb plug by jerking on the rip cord. And when you do "pull the rip cord," be ready for . . .

THE MOST POTENT HIT

Skydiver's oversized carb tube and exclusive "rip cord action" combine to give you ACCELERATED AIR FLOW, and that's what cool, powerful hits are all about. Skydiver's 1½ inch diameter carb tube provides 48 TIMES the draw capacity of the ¼ inch carb hole used by everyone else. This means that Skydiver's air rush is instantaneous when you pull the rip cord. With Skydiver you will take stronger hits than you ever imagined possible. Its air rush is so fast that your lungs will be filled to capacity *before you have even felt anything*. Skydiver is quite simply the most awesome stone-ing machine ever released to the public.

AND THE COOLEST HIT

The same scientific principles that enable Skydiver to deliver the most potent hits also provide the coolest hits. The degree to which a hit is considered cool is determined by the speed of the air flow. All smoke is harsh, even drawn through water, so—the faster the smoke travels down your throat, the less time it has to irritate the tender throat lining. Skydiver's ACCELERATED AIRFLOW provides the solution to this age-old problem. Recycling bongs, double-chamber bongs, etc. are the Edsels of the paraphenalia industry. Their dime-store gimmicks actually impede air flow, causing the smoke to become even harsher! Only Skydiver, with its instantaneous air rush, can give a truly cool hit.

BUILT TO LAST

Skydiver is built like no other bong. In a sea of mass-produced mediocrity, Skydiver stands apart. Each Skydiver is built by hand to the most exacting standards ever set forth in the paraphenalia industry. Skydiver is a full 30 inches tall, constructed of heavy-gauge ABS tubing, the

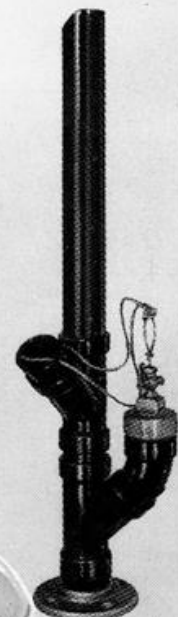
same space-age material used to build your telephone (when was the last time you broke a telephone?). Skydiver bowls are individually machined from solid brass, and then hand-polished. The rip cord is genuine leather. All tubing is painstakingly assembled and then sprayed with 5 coats of enamel—2 primer coats, 2 high-gloss color coats, and a transparent, ultra-gloss top coat for that mile-deep, wet look. The finished bong is available in 3 colors: Jet Black, Wild Cherry, or Midnight Blue; all with contrasting solid brass bowls, plungers, and bases. Skydiver is hands-down the most stunning bong ever built.

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Punks on Publisher's Row

One day soon you will open your front door and find yourself staring down the long cold barrel of a member of the Blank Generation, his or her cheeks pierced with safety pins, head shaved. This youth is working its way through business school, madam. Would you like a subscription to *Slash*? Or *Sniffin' Glue*? Or *Boston Groupie News*? Or *Punk*? Or one of the countless new glossies, tabloids and Xerox gospels that have appeared to explain and exploit the New Wave and its lifestyle? This is all happening long before any of the punk bands have played most of our cow towns. Read about it now. Tomorrow never knows.

Yes, there are almost as many punk publications as there are punk bands, and they have an energy, irreverence and amateurish insouciance that makes *Rolling Stone* magazine seem as chic as it is. But if punk overcomes, here is a guide to the punk print explosion.

Foremost among punk periodicals is *Punk* itself, the irregularly published fanzine of the CBGB's scene. Still hand-lettered by John Holmstrom and friends, *Punk* has close ties with the Lou Reed-Andy Warhol-Patti Smith-Blondie-N.Y. Dolls-Ramones-Dictators crowd and is clearly responsible for enshrining (if not coining) *punk* as the generic name for all this neohiphness. *Punk's* provocative photographs, intimate interviews and funny photo-novellas make it the most original of the punkzines. Its interviews with Lou Reed and Harvey Kurtzman are classics. \$8 for 12 issues, from Room 1212, 225 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Another Big Apple-based punkzine is *New York Rocker*, a 52-page tabloid that covers Patti, the Sex Pistols, Blondie, Mumps and all the rest as well as anybody and better than some. *N.Y. Rocker* is more aggressively professional than other punkzines and much given to reporting trade tidbits. It's not revolutionary, but it does appear regularly. \$6 for six issues, from Box 253, Elmhurst A, New York, N.Y. 11373.

Slash is Punk West, the voice of the teenage degenerates of L.A.'s Hollywood Boulevard and environs. Given over to bloodthirsty manifestos of manic panic, *Slash* colorfully covers the Dils, the Run-

aways and the groupie-grope greasiness of California's glamorous glue ghosts. "Your values are worthless," a typical *Slash* editorial assures us. *Slash* itself is well worth your \$5 for 12 issues (one year), payable to Steve Samiof, c/o *Slash*, 5103 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca. 90019.

San Francisco weighs in with *Back Door Man*, the most outspokenly sex-conscious of the punk press. Last issue featured a terrific article by Lester Bangs about his wish to dine at the Y with 17-year-old Cherrie Curry of the Run-aways, seen here in her terrific Victorian girdle and garter ensemble. "Even though I know you're nothing but a stupid bitch who thinks Quaaludes are the apogee of Western civilization," writes Lester, "I'd like to tongue your clit until it screams... until you scream louder and better in real unromantic pain like a Russian intellectual being tortured in a Soviet mental institution... lick the rust out of your eyeballs."



which are like the eighth and ninth circles of Hell." My sentiments exactly, and yours too, for the low, low price of \$5 for six handsomely printed issues, from Box 6726, Torrance, Ca. 90504.

Another Frisco punkbook is *New Wave*, already a collectors' item, since its staff quit in protest over publisher Ed Craven's decision to broaden his circulation base by including coverage of mainstream rock. The first issues, if you can find them, are classics of punk funk. "New Wave" has caught on as the formula in which older rockers and journalists can most easily comprehend punk and coopt it into their established media. The "punk" bands accept the slot if that's



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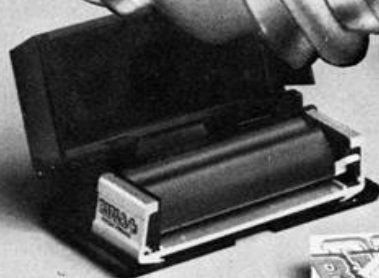
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what they have to do to get noticed. It's big business in Britain, where punks have taken over the market. The Ramones (American) sell most of their albums there, and the Sex Pistols are the number one group. British punk is meticulously covered by **Melody Maker** and **New Musical Express**, but the best glue-roots rag is **Sniffin' Glue**, a militant mimeographed magazine that is simply uncompromisingly crazy. And successful. Not only does every issue sell out in the U.K., it's bootlegged in New York. Sniffin' Glue keeps forgetting to publish subscription rates, but try a fiver to 27 Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W1, England.

Punk fashion, which means tight, torn denim, razor blades on safety pin chains, gestapo paraphernalia, etc., is a vision in itself and quite sexy when worn right. Green and scarlet hair dyes are keen. Shaved skulls may be the next step. **The Razor's Edge** is ready. The only magazine dedicated to sensuously bald women. Deep Choate makes his debut in the latest issue with an article proving that Ernest

Slash covers the groupie-grope greasiness of California's glamorous glue ghosts. "Your values are worthless," a Slash editorial assures us.

Hemingway was a bald-beauty fetishist. \$12 for six sado-erotic issues, from Talisman Press, Box 685, Palisades, N.Y. 10964.

Indeed, if you enjoy looking at punks more than listening to them, get ahold of **All the Young Dudes**, which for my money is the best buy of all. It's all photographs! And they're good photographs, lavishly printed on expensive paper. Punk musicians have the sexiest bodies and most dramatic faces in rock—sneering, sullen countenances that say SEX without saying a word. Cheap sex, not the untouchable Donna Summer superstar kind; available sex, kinky sex. Forget subscriptions—All the Young Dudes is a work of art and probably a collectors' item by now. Try making a high bid to Lower Third Enterprise, Box 224, Clifton, N.J. 07011.

Intellectuals should check out **Andy Warhol's Interview** magazine, which, though preoccupied with a world of wealth, fame and chic far beyond the street ethos that animates punk, does carry Glenn O'Brien's "Beat Niche" column. O'Brien regularly covers punk and explains it better than anyone. \$10/12 issues, from 860 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003. **Trouser Press**, the only American magazine devoted to British rock, provides a valuable perspective in covering punk as a facet of the fertile English musical scene. \$10 for ten issues, from 147 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

—Gilbert Choate

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Biofeedback has been around since the early Sixties without causing a single death or, some would tell you, a single cure. You'd think this record would qualify it as a cherished tool of modern medicine, but, perhaps because of overblown early publicity, M.D.'s have been slow to accept it. The initial rush of enthusiasm peaked around 1973, shortly after Joe Kamiya found he could monitor emotions with an electroencephalograph and that people can learn to shift their gears more easily by watching (or hearing) themselves on the EEG.

"Electronic yoga," as Newsweek put it, "seemed to offer inner exploration without drugs, religion or psychotherapy," and alpha became the wave of the future. Since then, both adherents and opponents have learned that it's not so easy to replace those old favorites. Like them, biofeedback is not a treatment you can just sit back and take. It is useless without motivation, although it tends to create its own enthusiasm as people feel their minds reconnecting with their bodies.

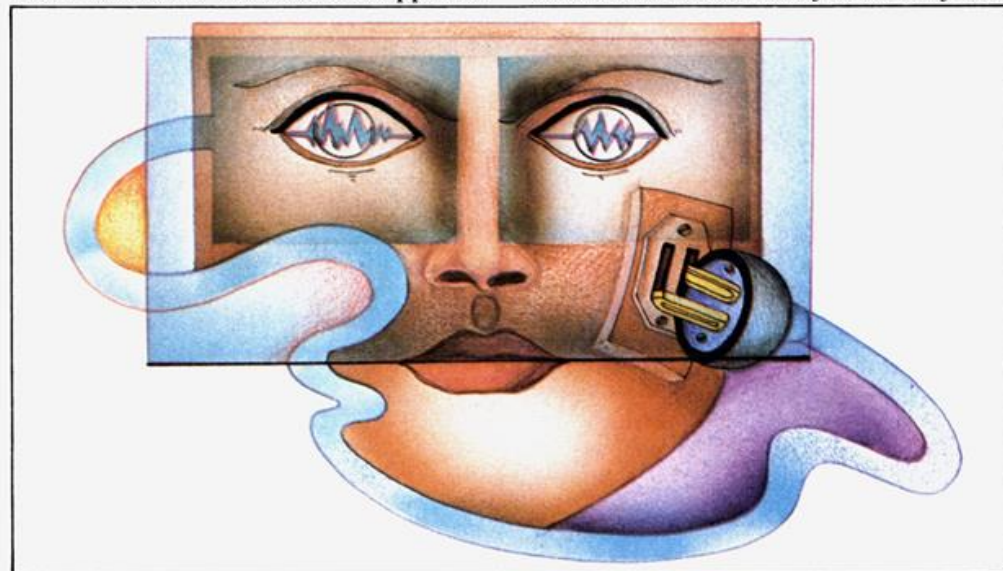
Right now, biofeedback is open to all comers, but it may not be for long. It was covered in the Kennedy-Proxmire medical device law of 1976, which empowers the Food and Drug Administration to set standards for the machines and decide who may use and sell them. Profeedback lobbyists say they must be available to the general public and all physicians—new-wave healers as well as AMA-approved

medics. Another group claims the technique shows such mixed results that only M.D.'s should be allowed to touch it. The FDA has not yet decreed.

Biofeedback therapists admit it is no panacea, and that uncritical zeal is hazardous. A migraine sufferer, for example, should make sure there's no tumor before putting on the electrodes. Being drugless and noninvasive (no knives or needles), it's among the safest procedures, but there are a few hidden dangers. For instance, a diabetic's need for insulin often drops in deep relaxation, so an uninformed experimenter could induce insulin shock unless the dose is adjusted when necessary. "The issue that remains is basically people's right to have control over their own bodies," argues engineer Philip Brotman, whose Biofeedback Instrument Company builds a full line of 15 machines. But even he won't sell some types to a client without therapeutic guidance.

Some scientists call the results unpromising. Brain scientist Robert Ornstein claims, "commercial machines... wouldn't help a person much," although "they might be fun." After years of research, Rockefeller University psychologist Neal Miller disputes the 80-percent migraine cure rate claimed by several clinics, crediting the patient's faith instead, even though the placebo effect is usually quoted as about 20 percent. But numerous recent studies with one- or two-year followups have compiled an impressive list of documented benefits, both in therapy for conditions caused or aggravated by stress and in the quest for the modern-day Holy Grail of serenity and growth.

Dr. Keith Sedlacek, author of *How to Kill Stress Before It Kills You*, has found feedback a mighty aid in asthma, migraine and other headaches, high blood pressure and several other ailments. In a test of 40 women, feedback enabled 32 to completely eliminate menstrual cramps. Obstetrician Robert Gregg of Loma Linda University found biofeedback can ease and shorten labor. Emory University's Dr.

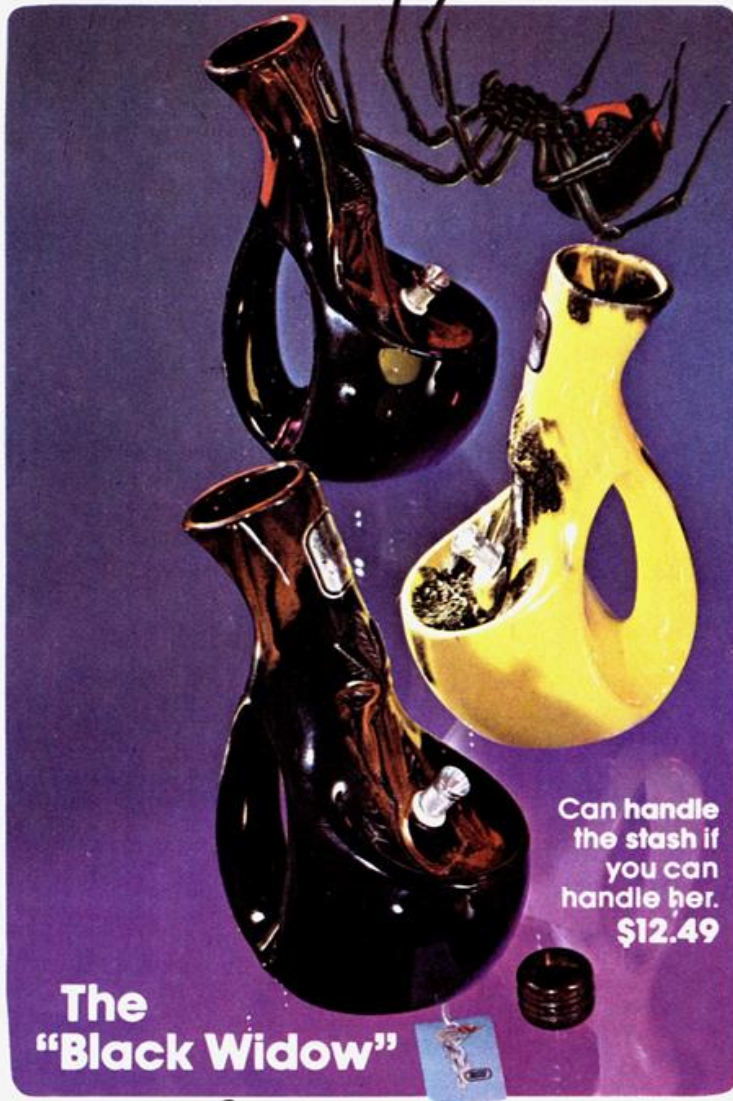


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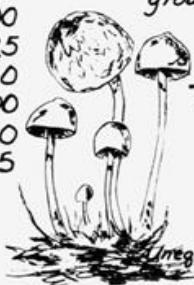
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John Basmajian finds it useful in rehabilitating stroke and accident victims.

Athletes and dancers are already using it to boost body learning and resilience. San Francisco educator Mildred Smith helps language students accelerate learning with feedback sessions before class. Many universities now offer programs in the art, and total approach health clinics like Worldhealth in New York's World Trade Center are making it an integral part of behavior change programs to overcome obesity, stuttering, phobias, nicotine habits, etc. They find it works best in a holistic approach that may also incorporate yoga, hypnosis, massage, acupuncture or psychotherapy. Sedlacek reports that about a third of his patients achieve a thorough positive life change, while another third gain control of the symptoms they sought to overcome.

The machines themselves are of four basic types. The most famous, the EEG, follows the full spectrum of brain waves, from 2 to 40 cycles per second. This range includes the high beta frequencies associated with psychic heal-

**Biofeedback tends to
create its own enthusiasm
as people feel their
minds reconnecting with
their bodies.**

ing, down through the low beta of everyday life, the alpha and theta of relaxation and concentration and the idyllic delta of sleep. The electromyograph (EMG) measures motor nerve and muscle electricity and is used for full-body relaxation. The galvanic skin response instrument, better known as a lie detector, feeds back changes in skin electrical resistance, a sensitive barometer of emotional arousal or dormancy. Finally, the temperature indicator is the most portable sensor and the one usually used for headache dispersal.

If you're interested, chances are your phone book lists a biofeedback center, or the nearest medical center can refer you. Failing that, write for information to the Biofeedback Society of America, University of Colorado Medical Center C-268, 4200 East 9th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80262. Be aware, though, that most professional feedbackers are wary of premature enthusiasm, so they may not tell you some of the most intriguing possibilities. Such less-than-standard equipment includes a biofeedback erection trainer—a combined temperature and strain monitor to help raise and extend consciousness, so to speak. Hints that the method can develop ESP or train men to lower their scrotal temperature for internal contraception also remain tantalizing promises. No harm in asking.

—Gary Stimeling



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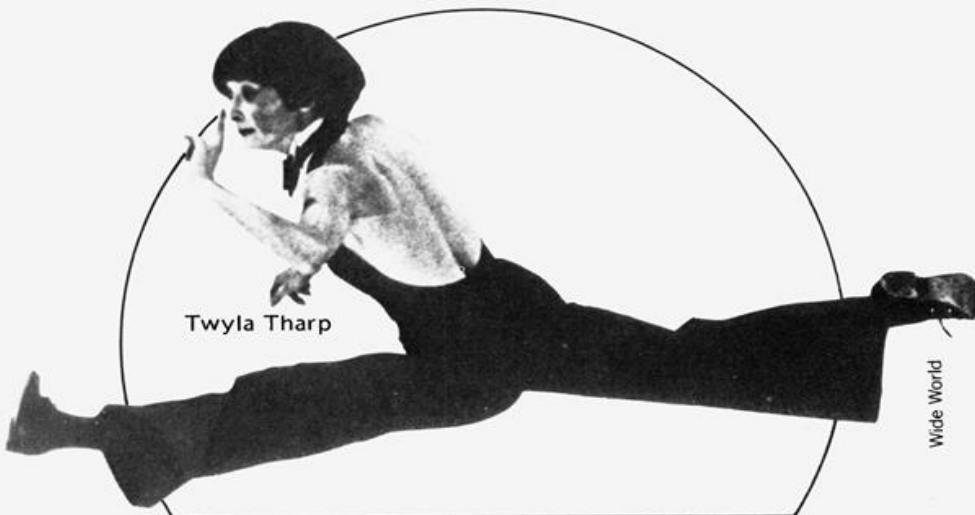
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....Just Scales



James Grauerholz, William Burroughs' aide-de-camp and charge d'affaires, says a report in this column on the death of Jacques Stern de Rothschild's Automotique, which is producing the movie version of Burroughs' *Junkie*, was greatly exaggerated. "Not only is the picture continuing," Grauerholz told us, but Automotique has already antied "six figures, a substantial part" of the bank roll. As for the alleged bread shortage, Grauerholz said the group had received "more offers than we can accept," in response to the *High Times* mention.



Twyla Tharp

Wide World

The Beach Boys' favorite choreographer **Twyla Tharp** and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* director **Milos Forman** are whipping their latter-day flower kids into shape for the film version of *Hair*, the 1967 tribal love-rock Aquarian showpiece. Meanwhile, the shaggy musical's first Broadway producer, Texas oil millionaire **Michael Butler**, is studying the reception of his new show: *Reggae*. The Rastavaganza opened on the Great White Way this fall with **Bob Marley and the Wailers** in the orchestra. But a new Broadway *Hair* got a razor cut from the critics after the first performances.

Pot politicians and suspected hedonists gathered at **Hugh Hefner's** palatial digs in Los Angeles to celebrate two recent milestones on the THC trail: New York's decrim bill and the opening of Canadian NORML. **Chris Rush** gave away a few laughs, **Gilbert Shelton** and **Dave Sheridan** auctioned some of their originals and California Congressman **Willie "Grow Your Own" Brown's** speech grabbed an ovation. *High Times'* publisher **Andy Kowal** and West Coast staff also dropped in on their way to Uranus and, of course, Hefner provided copious refreshments and joined the pitch for freedom of the weed.



Hugh Hefner

Wide World/Gilbert Shelton

The fall of King Richard at Watergate left many twisting slowly, slowly in the breeze, including **Richard Dixon**, the Milhous ringer whose resemblance led to club appearances and TV shows. Dixon's fortunes went down the drain with the plumbers. His latest appearance as emperor-in-exile was with **J. Edgar Kangaroo**, whom the Yippies jumped against Jimmy. But now Dixon has opened a Long Island restaurant, The White House. Serving "all-American food"—apple pie, burgers and cottage cheese with ketchup—the Massapequa eatery also features a show for all those who miss Tricky Dick.

Jon Anderson

Richard Dixon

Punk rockers are breathing down the neck of established guitar benders. Latest to feel their hot breath is Yes axeman **Jon Anderson**, who says he's worried about the whole punk rock thing.

Peter Frampton, trying to decipher New York's new pot law with friend **Justin Hayward**, finally caught on: "Oh, yeah, I understand. Instead of being a criminal, you're now a decriminal."

Peter Frampton

Don't run for the barn if you see a chicken with eight-foot wings, flying helmet and goggles coming down the street. Pecking a promo message on the new flick *Gizmo*, it belongs to Village Voice columnist **Howard Smith**. After playing East Coast theaters and a screening at Cannes, the film has now been released nationally. Smith, who won an academy award for producing and directing *Marjoe*, worked for three years on this zany comedy about contraptions that tried to fly before the days of airplanes.

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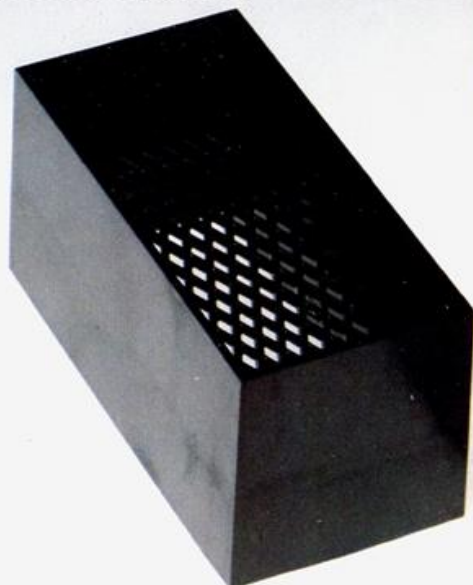
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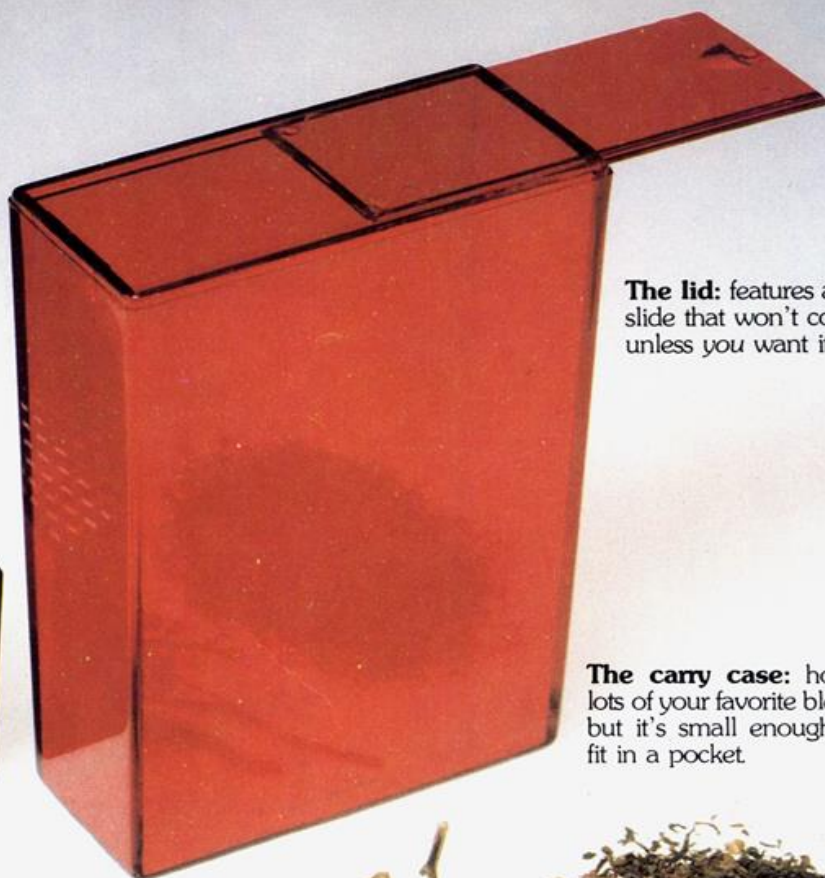
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Who Killed Top Narc?

DEA Blankets Bogota Deaths

NEW YORK—A six-month *High Times* investigation into the alleged assassination of Colombian DEA Chief Octavio Gonzalez has revealed a DEA cover-up of the events surrounding the death in Bogota in December 1976. (See "HighWitness News," March '77.)

The DEA claimed that Thomas Cole, an alleged free-lance cocaine informant working South America's Gringo Trail, walked into DEA offices in Bogota, fatally shot Gonzalez with a .38-caliber Smith and Wesson, trashed the offices and then committed suicide. Three Colombian secretaries, hearing the gunfire from an outer office, called the U.S. embassy, and marine guard Robert Koczewski was dispatched to investigate. The DEA claimed Koczewski walked into Gonzalez's office and was told to get out by Cole, whom the marine took for a DEA agent. After Koczewski left the office, the DEA says Cole put the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

But events since the double death confirm that a blanket, possibly ordered by DEA Director Peter Bensinger, has been pulled over the sensitive case.

Cole's remains were taken by Colombian police, and an autopsy was performed. DEA officials in Washington ordered the results of the autopsy sealed for security reasons, according to sources in the Colombian Ministry of Justice. The body was subsequently buried in Bogota as Cole's family could not afford transport costs back to the United States.

The sources also revealed that the autopsy report contradicts the official DEA version of the alleged assassination:

- Routine paraffin tests performed on the hands of Gonzalez and Cole showed that both men had used firearms during the confrontation. The DEA claims that only Cole fired a weapon.

- Bullets removed from Cole's body were of a different caliber than those removed from Gonzalez. The DEA claims that only one gun was used.

- The revolver allegedly used by Cole to kill Gonzalez was discovered clean of fingerprints.

- Cole's body had been brutally beaten prior to his death. The DEA



Marine Sergeant Robert Koczewski, one of the mystery figures in the Gonzalez-Cole deaths. Koczewski allegedly rushed into DEA offices moments before someone pumped a slug into Cole's mouth.

said the body was free of bruises.

The DEA suggests that after Cole shot Gonzalez he began to ransack DEA offices located in the Edificio Ugi, a high-rise office building a

few blocks from the American embassy. However, sources in Bogota say that Cole confined his search to the offices of D-man John McFallan. According to reports, DEA secretary Elenore Barryro overheard Gonzalez tell Cole that he would not leave DEA offices alive.

Although the *High Times* bureau in Bogota attempted to secure a copy of the autopsy report, Justice Ministry officials, claiming severe reprisals if the autopsy was made public, refused to release the report. However, one Justice Ministry source described the DEA's version of the Cole-Gonzalez incident as "a total fabrication."

"We're just as much in the dark as you," said the official. "The autopsy totally contradicts the DEA version of the murders, but only the highest level of this government knows what really happened, and we are not permitted to release the autopsy."

Cokers Reclaim Toot in Colombia Shoot-Out

LA VICTORIA, COLOMBIA—Several carloads of heavily armed cocaine exporters, responding to a kitchen bust on the El Reflejo cattle farm, blasted their way into a municipal court building here, overpowered four policemen and escaped with 169 pounds of pure cocaine that had been seized two days earlier.

An estimated 16 exporters equipped with automatic weapons arrived at the courthouse in the middle of a heavy afternoon rainstorm and began a blazing assault on the building. Ernesto Hoyos, the first cop to meet the attacking exporters, was greeted with a volley of bullets in the belly. A full-scale

gunfight ensued, claiming three more cops.

The gunfire alerted local garrison cops who came sprinting into the action. But as reinforcements arrived the exporters drove off into the storm, taking four more cops and all court documents relating to the bust with them.

The El Reflejo bust, the largest kitchen raid in the history of South America, had gone down two days earlier when DAS narcs hit the sleepy cattle farm in western Colombia and confiscated 169 pounds of toot, cases of carbines, 18 drums of ether and two trucks of sophisticated coke-cooking equipment.

Five persons were arrested in the raid and are now under tight security after the courthouse blast-out.

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New Canada NORML Splits on Rowbotham

by A. Craig Copetas

TORONTO—Over 4,000 people jammed Nathan Phillips Square here to mark the beginning of NORML-Canada, already rocked by internal controversy over the sentencing of Robert Rowbotham to 14 years in prison for conspiring to import one ton of Lebanese hash.

NORML-Canada was formed under a special agreement between four Canadian attorneys and the U.S.-based National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). It is a nonprofit public interest group patterned after, but not part of, the six-year-old American decrim lobby. The Canadians cautiously define their program as "being aimed at reducing the harm caused by defining marijuana smokers as criminals."

Although NORML-Canada has strongly condemned the arrest of over 100,000 of Canada's 2.5 million pot smokers between 1973 and 1975, the Rowbotham case has ignited a heated debate between the board of directors and many of the group's 300 members, who feel the decrim organization should take an active role in the Rowbotham appeal. The directors decided the case was too politically hot to handle and that NORML-Canada's involvement would only hurt the Canadian decrim movement.

Rowbotham's attorney Moishe Reiter believes a compromise could be reached if NORML-Canada filed the Canadian equivalent of an *amicus curiae* brief. An *amicus* brief is a statement of law to the court by a nonparticipant in the case who has a vested interest in the legal outcome. The trial judge can draw upon the *amicus* in the rendering of his decision. Headquartered in Vancouver, NORML-Canada is run by attorneys John Conroy, Ted Seifried, Roger Jatko and Clayton

Ruby. The group hopes to establish a regional office in Ottawa in the near future.

"Canadian drug laws are as stupid as anywhere else in the civilized world," quipped Ruby. The 35-



Some 4,000 Canadians crowd Nathan Phillips Square in downtown Toronto to celebrate Marijuana Sunday.

Harold Robinson

year-old criminal lawyer who specializes in drug cases told the crowd that Canadian laws were "utterly out of tune with the rest of society."

"We're really not asking for anything beyond what was recommended in the LaDain Commission report back in 1972," said Seifried. The LaDain Commission, the first Canadian study of the effects of marijuana, called for immediate decriminalization, which the Trudeau government also is believed to support. The prime minister balked at signing modifications put into the 1961

U.N. Single Convention Treaty that would have required Canada to extradite persons for marijuana offenses. The treaty lists marijuana on the same schedule as heroin.

"Government policy," said the prime minister, "is that if you have a joint and you're smoking it for your private pleasure you shouldn't be hassled, but if you're deliberately going out to break the law you should be kicked in the ass." As smoking marijuana in Canada is illegal, Trudeau's statement was considered as somewhat of a contradiction in terms.

Toronto Dealers Revel, Back Lobby

Toronto's street dealers welcomed the advent of NORML-Canada and promised moral and, possibly, financial support. Currently, Toronto dealers have an overstocked supply of Chitral hash from Kashmir selling at \$130 an ounce. There is also an abundance of commercial Mexican laced with toxic chemicals from DEA sprayings in the Sinaloa and Sonora regions of northern Mexico. At \$20 an ounce, the commercial Mexican seems like a deal. But many dealers intend to junk supplies rather than cause a toxic chemical panic.

"I think all the dealers should contribute something to NORML,"

said one local marijuana merchant outside David's, Toronto's punk rock club. "But a lot of Canada's dealers want to wait and see how together NORML-Canada really is before we throw financial support behind them."

"NORML-Canada is going to work out real well for the Canadian smoker," said Larry Ellenson, the American owner of Round Records, where hash pipes, underground comics and NORML-Canada literature is dispensed. Ellenson, who first came to Canada to avoid the Vietnam War, feels that the time has come for his adopted home to liberalize its repressive

marijuana possession penalties.

"There's always been a great deal of concern over Canada following too many American leads," said Ellenson, referring to Canada's battle to maintain an identity of its own. "But the marijuana issue is something that we can work together on. The end product is the same."

Less than four months old, NORML-Canada's first objective is to garner support for the coming campaign. Fifteen-dollar memberships are flowing into Vancouver headquarters (111 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V5T 1W1) from throughout the country.

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Cocaine Chefs Recoup Losses

by Bill Choyke

WASHINGTON—At the Palm Restaurant, one of the more posh spots in the nation's capital, the story goes that you could get your cocaine supply replenished simply by giving the maitre d' a hundred bucks.

The cocaine would arrive a short time later, carefully tucked away in the claws of a lobster. A hungry customer could not only get one of the better dinners in town, but have an exotic dessert too.

Recently the maitre d' and three waiters at the Palm, located in one of Washington's rejuvenated high-life sections, were arrested on coke charges. News of the bust, circulated among the political and professional elite, has shocked the restaurant's well-placed patrons.

Once closeted in the shadowy back alleys of the ghetto, cocaine has emerged in the nation's capital as a major drug and also a topical subject of conversation.

In Washington parlance, cocaine always enjoyed a particular place in a town filled with rising political stars. Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America and one-time confidant of former President Johnson, once said of a good political campaign: "It's like a good shot of cocaine, right in the nose." Moreover, the town's leading newspaper, the Washington Post, recently devoted a Sunday magazine cover story to cocaine, saying that it had grown as popular in the wealthy suburbs as marijuana was only a handful of years ago.

The subject of cocaine has also generated considerable attention in government circles. Peter Bourne, President Carter's drug advisor and friend, told a congressional committee recently that it is time for the federal government to review cocaine laws, as it is doing with marijuana. The Post reported that Bourne, a sometimes Aspen resident, was particularly incensed a couple of years ago when the Drug Enforcement Agency launched "Operation Snowflake" and arrest-

ed 13 of his neighbors, seizing \$3 million worth of toot.

"Operation Snowflake reflects a long-standing and in many ways

completely inappropriate preoccupation with cocaine by the Drug Enforcement Administration," Bourne wrote in the Washington

Drug Review. "Cocaine, once a component of many tonics, and of Coca-Cola, is probably the most benign of illicit drugs currently in widespread use.

"In Washington," he continued, "it seems to be an increasingly popular drug in professional circles."

However, it would be misleading to believe that cocaine is running rampant among Washington's young professional crowd. While it has gained popularity in such places ranging from law offices to discos, it is by far not as accessible as marijuana. Salaries of many young professionals in Washington are far above counterparts in other cities, but many still find it difficult coming up with the \$60 to \$100 for a small amount of the white powder.

The emergence of cocaine as a drug for comers in the past few years has given rise to cocaine bars and an elaborate social scene, the Post says.

"There is a special rhythm," says author Gordon Chaplin of the Potomac Magazine. "People move fast and light. There are not many of those long, shaggy-dog conversations you hear commonly in neighborhood bars. Not enough time for those. You jump on people's words almost before they are out of the mouth. The bartenders are always in motion, snappy in tailored shirts and brown Levi corduroys. And there is a flat, hard gunfighter's expression that everyone tries hard to develop.

"Style is very important," he writes. "Style in clothes, style in manner. But most important of all is the purity of your coke."



Washington's Palm Restaurant, home of food, good drink and, until recently the flakiest maitre d' in town.

Solons on Coke Junket

Twelve congressmen and their wives, including "a candidate for junketeer of the year" have gone on a tour of South America to probe cocaine traffic. Though the intent of the fact-finding force, according to New York Representative Lester Wolff, is to "investigate cocaine trafficking," the trip includes Argentina, Brazil, Panama and Chile, all areas with virtually no cocaine problem.

The 14-day, government-paid trip was turned down by several senators such as Adlai Stevenson, who "had better things to occupy

his time." One of the junketeers, Republican Senator William L. Scott, who has been chastised by newspapers in his home state of Virginia as junketeer of the year, was once described by New Times magazine as the "dumbest" congressman on the basis of a poll. Scott once mistook the Suez Canal for the Persian Gulf, balked at entering a Moslem mosque because it "wasn't Christian" and was quoted as asking former Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, "What is this Gaza stuff? I have never understood that."

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Killing Them Softly

WASHINGTON—One of the more bizarre drug escapades revealed by the CIA during the recent congressional hearings concerned a letter dated November 29, 1949, and ad-



CIA Director Admiral Stansfield Turner describes the macabre tests carried out by the agency.

dressed "Dear Bill." The memo describes a number of ways to kill a person without leaving a trace as to cause of death.

Methods listed include freezing a person to death, small doses of X-ray radiation over the entire body, sodium fluoroacetate mixed with food, and tetraethyl lead which

"could be dropped on the skin in very small quantities, producing no local lesions, and after a quick death, no specific pathological evidence." A more elaborate scheme called for sealing the victim in a small room with a block of dry ice that would release enough carbon dioxide to smother the person. The carbon dioxide death, according to the memo, posed a problem: "there would be a period of hyperactivity in the course of such a death."

John Marks, a representative of the Center for National Security Studies, is not satisfied with Turner's explanation of events and will continue to pressure the CIA for more related documents. "Admiral Turner says the experimentation has stopped," said Marks. "Even if that is so, there still remains the huge body of research, technology, equipment and other means that the CIA has developed over the years. This research product is a potential threat to our most basic freedoms if it gives the government or anyone else the ability to manipulate human behavior."



SWAT troops guard convoy of 5.5 tons of pot on its way to Newport, R.I. Naval Base incinerator. The Colombian load was popped coming into the state by freighter.

Narc Nabs Nudists

Thirty-five persons who thought they had nothing left to hide were proven wrong recently when one of the members of their nudist colony turned out to be a narc. The policeman had posed as a nudist for three months before a bust force swept the camp, about 20 miles north of Tampa, seizing marijuana, ups and downs. Among the nudists arrested was a Tampa policeman.

Pasco County, Florida, sheriff's deputies swept through the Lake Como Club at dawn following a seven-month investigation. After four months, an unnamed undercover narc joined the 200- to 300-member club and began making the regular weekly outings. None of the camp's residents resisted as they were hauled in their birthday suits to the local cooler.



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CIA Frankenstein Tactics Bared

Many of the CIA's documented accounts of human guinea pig experimentation with heavy-duty drugs read like a Fifties sci-fi thriller. In one, a New York hooker named Maggie Scarf was hired by a CIA agent named Arp to administer LSD to an unsuspecting dupe, "to study human behavior." After a professional magician, also on the CIA staff, showed her some basic

sleight of hand to slip her prey a Mickey, she went out on the Big Apple bar circuit.

She ended up with a timid veterinary surgeon named John Mish. She took him back to her "safe house" in Greenwich Village, where he bridled at the sight of "red drapes, a dressing table trimmed in black velveteen and two pictures of French can-can dancers." On one

wall was a large two-way mirror which concealed some recording equipment.

After some preliminaries he gulped down the drink laced with LSD, and "30 minutes later he had gone completely crazy," the CIA siren recalls.

"The man tore off all his clothes, ran around the room reciting the children's book *Black Beauty*,

turned somersaults, spoke in terms full of innuendo about his pet poodle and then leapt up on the sofa and jumped across to the drapes and started swinging from them before falling to the floor and knocking himself unconscious," according to the documents.

"I'd had enough human behavior to last me a lifetime," the hooker said later.

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U.S. Coke Imports:

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BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Over 45.5 tons is the new official estimate of refined Colombian cocaine entering the U.S. each year, according to the House Select Committee on Narcotic Abuse and Control. The new figure comes after the committee toured six Latin nations, including Organization of Dope Exporting Countries (ODEC) members Peru, Ecuador and Colombia.

Committee Chairman Lester Wolff said he and his colleagues were impressed with the leadership of Colombian President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen in efforts to combat marijuana and cocaine trafficking. Either Wolff's tongue was in his cheek or no one told the congressman just how the Lopez election campaign was financed. Wolff said the dope traffic is estimated to be worth more than coffee exports, but incorrectly stated that the Colombian government gains no profit from it, despite the thousands of millions of dollars it represents each year.



Chief junketeer Rep. Lester L. Wolff, D-New York, gets freebies for pointing finger at demon coke.

Wide World

On the committee's second stop, in Ecuador, agreements were signed with antidrug authorities for assistance in health and education programs as well as for setting up an improved narcotics intelligence communications network. Representative Dante Fascell said the group was "very pleased with the cooperation we are receiving from the Ecuadorean officials, which transcends any government."

"We are quite confident that the discussions will be very useful in helping us break down drug traffic coming from all parts of the hemisphere," said the congressman.

In Ecuadorean National Police headquarters, members of the committee met with local Customs and narco chiefs for what was described as "an exchange of views." Colonel Jose Arturo Pazmino Fierro gave a breakdown of bust statistics showing that for the first six months of 1977, 205 people had been arrested for trafficking, 38 for possession and 428 for use. Nearly 107 kilos of marijuana and 144 kilos of Ecuadorean cocaine paste had also been confiscated. During the 48 hours

the committee was in Ecuador, officials made two additional busts netting 9 kilos of cocaine paste and making 12 arrests.

Representative J. Herbert Burke said afterward that, though there "is a long way to go, we have got excellent cooperation from officials, as far as their talk is concerned."

In Lima the Peruvian Interior Minister General Luis Cisneros told the committee that the major part of cocaine profits go to finance "terrorism and subversion."

Brits Plug Pot Loophole

by Peter Pringle

LONDON—A three-judge High Court here reversed an Appeals Court decision that effectively legalized marijuana "shake" in Britain. The High Court ruling stated that marijuana's active ingredient, THC, was found "lurking" in the stems and leaves, and therefore possession of any part of the cannabis plant could be considered a criminal offense. Prior to the decision, only possession of the "flowering and fruiting tops" of the cannabis plant was deemed a criminal offense.

The move is seen as a major setback for cannabis law reform in Britain and a success for the Labor Party and Professor J. W. Fairbairn of the London University School of Pharmacology. For six years Professor Fairbairn had been pointing out to British lawmakers that the cannabis leaf was not covered by the Misuse of Drugs Act and that the law should be tightened up. British law divides drugs into three categories—Class A, B and C, in descending order of seriousness. Possession of any form of cannabis is a Class A offense, the same as heroin.

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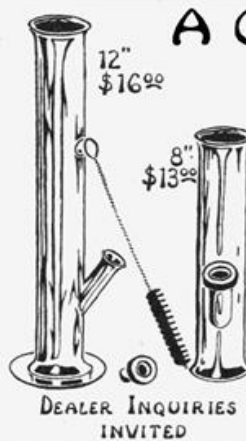
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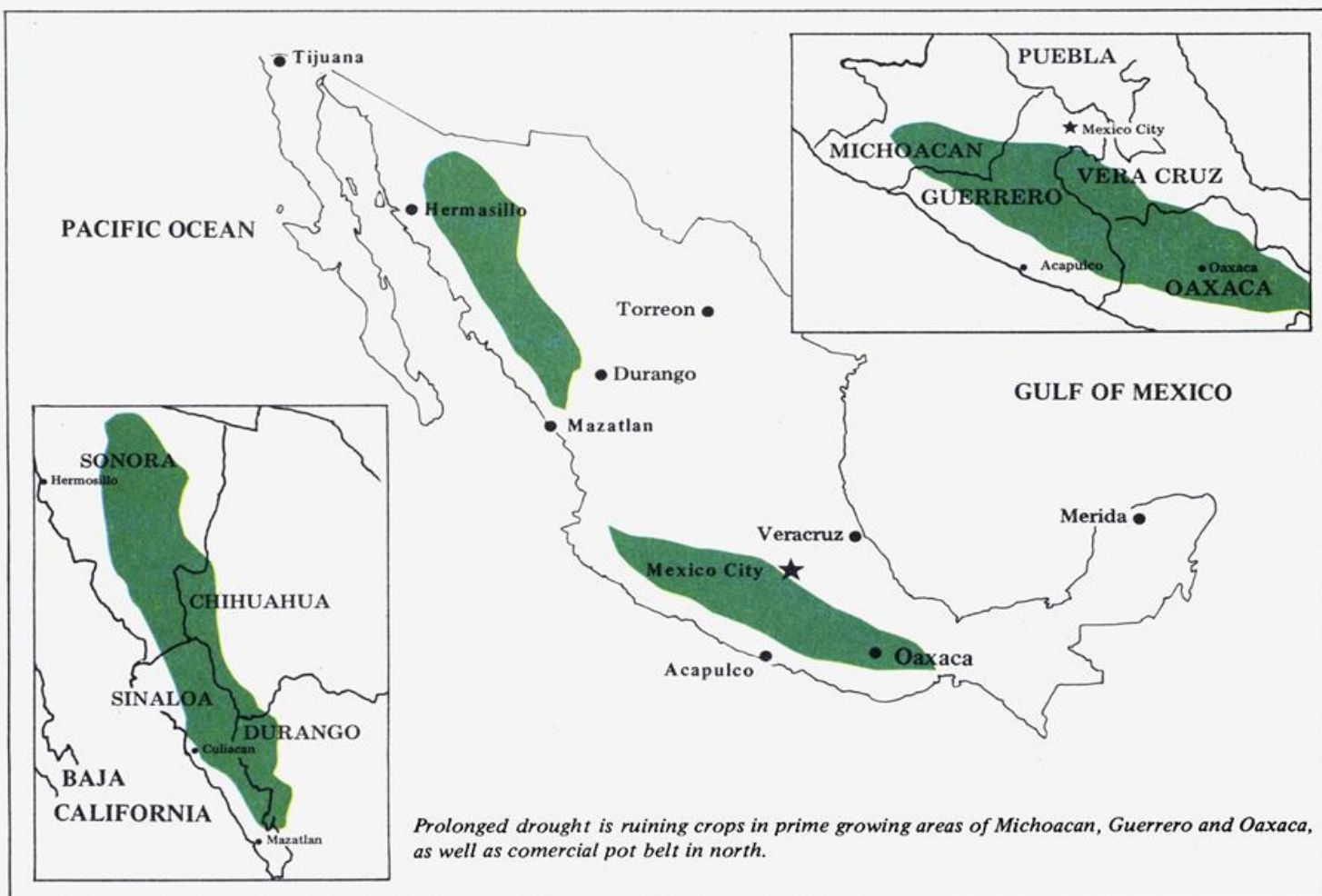
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DEALER INQUIRIES
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Dry Times for Mex Reefer

The 1977-78 harvest of northern Mexican pot, nearly obliterated by last spring's toxic chemical slaughter by the DEA, will be the smallest in recorded history due to torrid droughts that have parched large tracts of the fertile Sinaloa and Sonora growing areas. These large mountain and plateau breadbaskets produce the bulk of Mexico's commercial pot exported into the southwestern U.S.

The past two years have seen the rapid decline of the once-thriving commercial Mexican marijuana trade. Although exporters still deal in the more exotic Acapulco area grades, many of Mexico's dealers have set up shop in South America, where still-fertile lands produce what has now become the world's most sought-after pot.

The world's underground water table has dropped from six feet above sea level to an average of 108 feet below sea level in the last decade. As a result, salt water is seeping in from the Gulf of California and ruining what low-lying Mexican pot survived the DEA's eradication program. The lack of mountain rain has also stuck a horrid toll on what was once Mexico's most profitable crop. The Mexican disaster is compounded by backward water conservation methods, erosion caused by ecological negligence and the proliferation of lethal herbicides.

The trend to export more esoteric southern grades has led to stepped up violence in the area. Six persons were recently found murdered on a lonely road in Oaxaca, where they were lured into an ambush and robbed of \$60,000 intended for the purchase of marijuana.

Peasants found the bodies of three Americans from northern California, the bodies of two Mexicans and one unidentified body in a burnt-out Volkswagen van. The six men were apparently tortured before being murdered and robbed. No other information was immediately available.



Colombian Hash Pioneers Pick Profits

by A. Craig Copetas

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—The hashish industry here has boomed into a multimillion dollar export business, with growers and dealers reaping profits unheard of a year ago.

At least 50 tons of Chicle hash, grown in the fertile Llanos flatlands of southeastern Colombia, will be produced this year, according to sources close to the growers. Since 1975, foreign dealers knowledgeable in the production of hashish have taught the ancient art to Colombian growers interested in cultivating a second cash crop.

Chicle hash is coral black in color

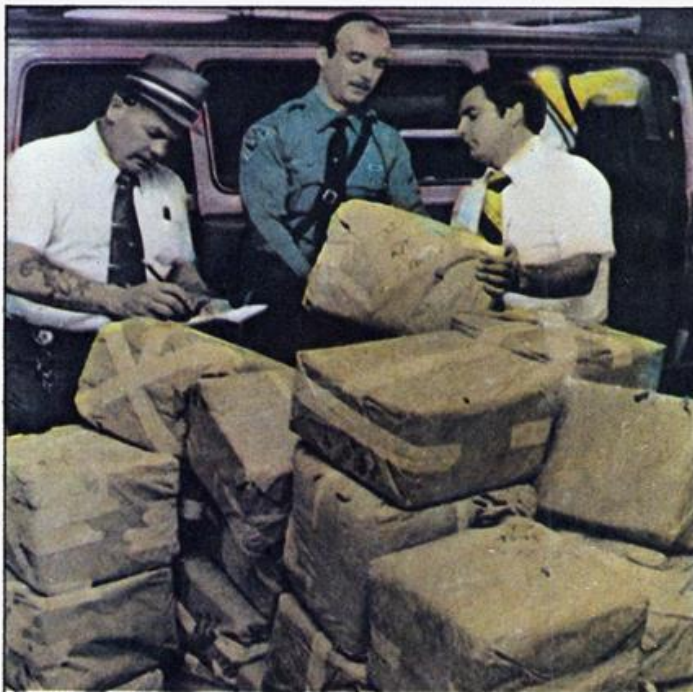
and more pliable than exotic Afghani varieties of like potency. "It's as good as any Lebanese," said one Bogota dealer who spent five years in the Mideast. "It's also cheaper."

Colombian hashish production, which began as a lark when growers began to collect pollen for extra cash, has presented new and challenging problems to local exporters. Marijuana is shipped in bulk via freighter or cargo plane, but Chicle hash is secreted out disguised like old Moroccan sandals or as hash planks interbuilt with wood in shipping crates.

Overseas prices vary, but on dealers row behind the Bogota Hilton, a hefty ounce of Chicle goes for \$8, and an export-ready pound pulls in anywhere from \$90 to \$100. Growers and dealers alike are reluctant to disclose details of Chicle's popularity both here and abroad.

However, one Colombian exporter did disclose that he intends to "smuggle as much Chicle as luck and planning allow."

"It's mostly planning," grinned the black-haired Colombian, sunglasses perched above his head. "There are many people to pay off."



These packages marked "environmental samples" failed to delude New Jersey State Troopers, who rooted out 1,160 pounds of weed. Two Miami men stand accused of highballing the reefer down the New Jersey Turnpike.

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Murder in Rio

Coke Corpses Litter Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO—Nearly 50 bullet-ridden bodies have been strewn throughout this city in an open war among rival cocaine lords, the government secret police and the Death Squad, an ad hoc organization of cops said to be responsible for liquidating political delinquents. In many cases the distinction has become blurred since a number of cops have been accused of participating in the cocaine-exporting business.

Some of the mutilated corpses bore the marks of brutal torture. A local fisherman told police chief Helder Murtino, who has been threatened with eradication if he continues his investigation, that he had seen vultures devouring five bloodstained bodies tied to tree

trunks in a local field.

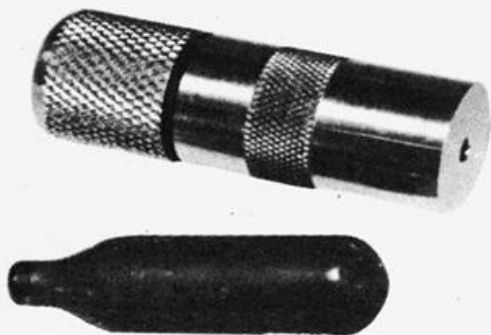
All this comes in the wake of accusations by civil rights lawyers of torture of political prisoners, directly implicating members of the American-financed police in the alleged brutalities that include electric shocks and beatings.

Spokesmen for Brazil's Department of Political and Social Police, the secret security police, denied the torture allegations. But the lawyers said prisoners were tortured by an army branch known as DOI-CODI (Department of Operations and Information and Center of Operations for Internal Defense). DOI-CODI has gained a sinister connotation among lawyers and students here because *doi* is Portuguese for "it hurts."



After years of neglect, Brazil's east coast mountains are spouting coca, making Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo new cocaine capitals.

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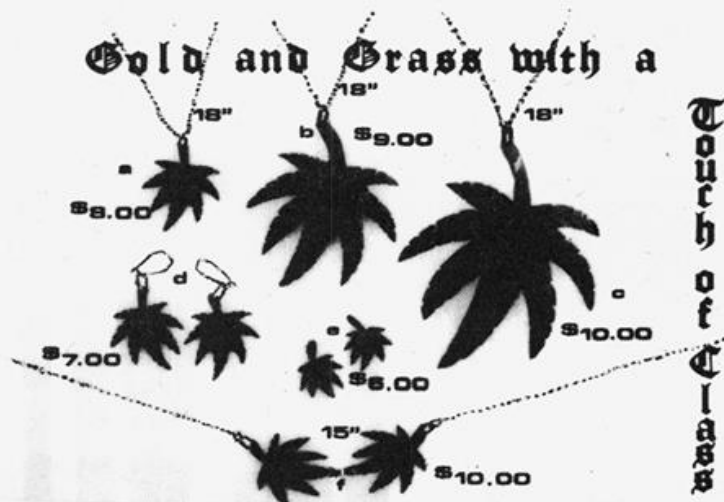
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Diamond Treasure in Stow

Daredevils to Raise Titanic

Three West German businessmen have launched a venture aimed at recovering \$212.5 million in diamonds that sank along with the ill-fated ocean liner *Titanic*.

The fabulous treasure of uncut polished diamonds, believed to be in 29 leather pouches somewhere in the *Titanic*'s strongroom, were entrusted to the British vessel by Belgian and Dutch diamond firms whose sole right to salvage the gems ran out decades ago.

"We are sure we'll be able to raise

the \$21.5 million needed for the whole operation," said 28-year-old Thomas Gfroerer, who is asking investors to sign up with minimum stakes of \$2,125 with a lure of possible profits of up to 500 percent.

Gfroerer said he and his colleagues formed a company called *Titanic-Tresor*, which has already spent over \$100,000 on legal fees, research and other overhead expenses. A Swedish salvage firm has tentatively agreed to carry out the search and raising operation. The

Titanic is thought to be somewhere off the coast of southern Newfoundland.

"The first step of our plan is to find her and take her picture," Explained Gfroerer. "This will cost 10 to 15 percent of our total investment. But we will not even begin the operation until we have \$21.5 million in the bank, where it will be

held for safekeeping."

Adventurer-businessman Gfroerer said that three or four years ago it would have been unrealistic to tackle the problem of raising the *Titanic*'s glittering prize, but the picture changed with the rapid advance of offshore technology and the advent of sophisticated underwater television cameras.

NIDA Tests Paraquat Pot

by A. Craig Copetas

Senior White House drug advisor Dr. Peter Bourne has instigated a \$30,000 government inquiry into the effects of commercial Mexican marijuana treated with the lethal herbicide paraquat. The National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA)-sponsored study was initially sparked by lobbying efforts of NORML director Keith Stroup.

Herbicide-treated marijuana is a direct result of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) campaign to obliterate marijuana fields in northwestern Mexico. The deadly chemical defoliant paraquat was sprayed from helicopters on marijuana acreage later harvested and packed for transport to North American markets. The paraquat did not kill the marijuana but left it wilted and yellow.

"Paraquat-treated dope looks pretty bad," said Dr. Richard Hawks, who is heading the NIDA investigation team. "I'm sure that it

could be sold as some sort of unusual dope."

Hawks' research will provide specific answers in early 1978. Initial tests will involve screening several hundred samples of DEA-confiscated Mexican marijuana. Hawks said that if "we don't find any paraquat in DEA samples, it doesn't mean we'll stop looking."

The inquiry is seen as a significant step towards the eventual legalization of marijuana. The White House could have squashed the study, leaving millions of smokers unaware of inhaling pot soaked with paraquat. The fact that Bourne did spawn an investigation into "the potential dangers to the smoker of herbicide-treated marijuana from Mexico" suggests that the Carter Administration thinks marijuana is here to stay, and that pot smokers should receive the same protection that Washington gives to other consumer groups.

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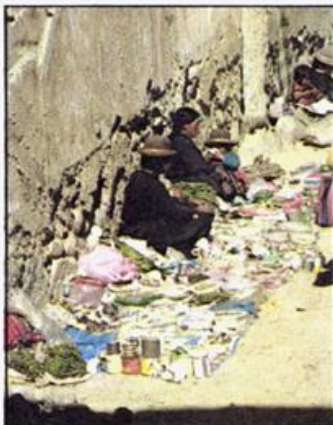
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"The llama fetus is offered from a hillside to the god Pachamama on Saturdays and Thursdays," said Isabel Hidalgo, a witch from the cold and barren Antiplano, whose mother taught her the ancient arts. "The market's been here as long as anybody can remember," said Isabel, whose llama magic is renowned throughout La Paz. "You mix the llama with wine or white alcohol and burn it. Pachamama will bring you only good luck."



Two witch women (upper left) and their herbal remedies line street. Indians (upper right) gather to purchase magic charms. Dried llama fetus (lower left). Witch women (lower right) hurry away from camera to prevent her soul from being stolen.



Powder it...



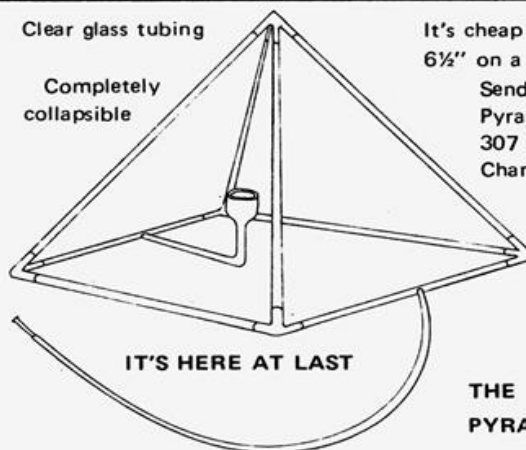
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More Grief for States-Bound Smugglers

by Ed Kiersh

KENNEDY AIRPORT, NEW YORK—The smuggler's greatest enemy these days is a small, nondescript, typewriter-keyboard console, complete with a viewing screen and teletype machine hookup. Though lacking exotic gadgetry, the Treasury Enforcement Communications Systems (TECS) has shortcircuited an ever-increasing number of import schemes at the 300 border entry points where it is installed. TECS has even helped narc nab persons wanted for crimes unrelated to drugs.

The data-processing machine's awesome potential comes from its tie-in with a huge computer bank center, where billions of bits of information are stored, courtesy of the FBI, Interpol and other agencies cooperating with Customs. But the most fearsome asset of the "beast" (see "HighWitness News," December '76) is speed, its almost instantaneous personal profile readouts.

Armed with an array of powers, the two-year-old system has sent arrest and seizure statistics soaring. With only partial TECS deployment between May 1975 and May 1976, there were 583 drug-related arrests made outside the Miami area. This fiscal year, with TECS completely installed, the total climbed to 814. The corresponding figures for Miami were 821 in 1976 and 1,023 in 1977.

A look at the operation behind these figures shows why TECS is revolutionizing drug busts. At Kennedy Airport in New York, in front of each area where incoming travelers make Customs declarations, a keypunch console, much like a TV set, stands ready with its peculiarly American greeting. As soon as an inspector types out your name and birthdate, the machine sends back signals, giving either full details of past crimes or the all-clear green light. If an inspector has the slightest doubts about information received, he can press certain

top-secret buttons (there are a series of tabs marked F1 to F8, some inverted bracket signs and slanted V's that agents are very hush-hush about) for additional classified information.

Agents boast that after five minutes worth of training, they are ready for all comers. This was hardly confirmed at Kennedy. Though agents say every arriving passenger is processed by TECS, a casual observation revealed many people avoid it. An inspector's intuition is still the bottom line for machine scrutiny. Blacks dressed in distinctive foreign garments or denim are scanned immediately. Customs agents also scan well-dressed, long-haired women and curly-headed men. Those in a suit or the seemingly unnervous get through with only an inspector's smile.

Agents differ in their use of the machine. Young Customs personnel go to the console repeatedly, as if they were unsure of their instincts. In comparison, older agents only



Nervous passengers from the Bogota-New York flight confront TECS at Kennedy International Airport.

use TECS sporadically.

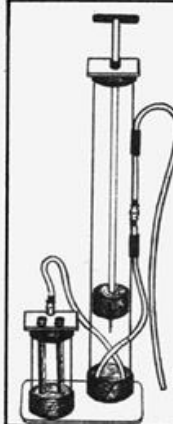
The inspector on duty said that "we were told six months ago to put everyone in," but confessed this is hardly the case. "Look, if Alitalia gets 500 boxes in a shoe shipment, do you think our people can go through each one?" he asked rather ruefully. "It's the same thing here. If someone dressed as a nun, or a family with three kids comes along, I'm not about to start using TECS. Would you?"

Meanwhile, the multimillion-dollar facility is getting rave reviews from Customs officials. They refuse to give exact dollar figures, but will glowingly talk about arrest and seizure records.

"As we get intake into the

memory bank, we're going to be incredibly effective," says New York Customs official Charles McGee. "There's no limit to what we can get from this thing. It's obvious that New York has lost its charisma for smugglers, and we're also picking up other violators. We're quite delighted."

If TECS weren't scary enough, once the machine "delights" an inspector and spots a potential mule or carrier, a more thorough search is conducted. The suspect is taken to a six-by-six, dimly-lit room, where there are only two chairs, a table, four bare walls and a tin ashtray. Not only do the leatherette chairs look uncomfortable. They are also showing signs of wear and tear.



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While Rosalynn Talks

U.S. Prisoner Killed in Colombian "Escape"

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA—Forty hours before First Lady Rosalynn Carter arrived in Bogota for discussions on Americans in Colombian prisons, a U.S. inmate was killed by Colombian police a short distance from the Bella Vista Carcel in the heart of Medellin.

Floridian Don Williamson, who had spent nine months in Bella Vista, was pumped full of 30 rounds of heavy arms fire during an escape attempt. The incident took place a few blocks from the prison in front of a small bodega. Williamson had raised both hands in the air to surrender, but Colombian police gunned him down anyway, according to sources in Medellin. Colombian and American officials in Bogota have refused to initiate an inquiry. The shooting was kept under wraps during Mrs. Carter's visit.

Williamson, charged with attempting to export six pounds of cocaine out of Medellin's Olaya Herrera Airport in September 1976, could not endure the harsh conditions inside Bella Vista and decided to escape, according to his fiancée Janice Hartstern, who is pressuring the State Department for a full investigation.

To Our Readers

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FBI-DEA Tryst on Rocks

by Maury Bonet

WASHINGTON—Under relentless pressure from critics, most of it behind the scenes, the proposed plan for a merger of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) and the FBI has been ignominiously scrapped, at least temporarily.

"The picture now," admits Con Dougherty, DEA public information officer, "is that there will probably not be a merger."

The controversial Ash Report, a three-month study commissioned by Attorney General Griffin R. Bell and headed by Assistant FBI Director Richard Ash, was created to study the feasibility of a merger, with an eye to incorporating the DEA into the FBI as a separate division.

When word of the secret report



DEA officials have effectively blocked the proposed merger of the DEA and FBI.

leaked out, all hell broke loose from critics of the idea, most prominent among them being the Major Cities Police Administrators. Their spokesperson, Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis, fired off an angry letter to the White House, saying that "The idea [of such a merger] could only be conceived by a naive and irresponsible mind... [the idea] should be junked."

Davis's remarks were typical of the storm of criticism. A loose coalition of members of Congress, diplomats, scholars and particularly police chiefs was rumored to be forming in the event of any implementation of the proposed merger.

So, while the merger plan has been relegated to the bureaucratic scrap heap, "to be studied, carefully studied," according to Dougherty, a compromise plan to merge agents of the DEA and the FBI in experimental task forces is currently being considered in its place.

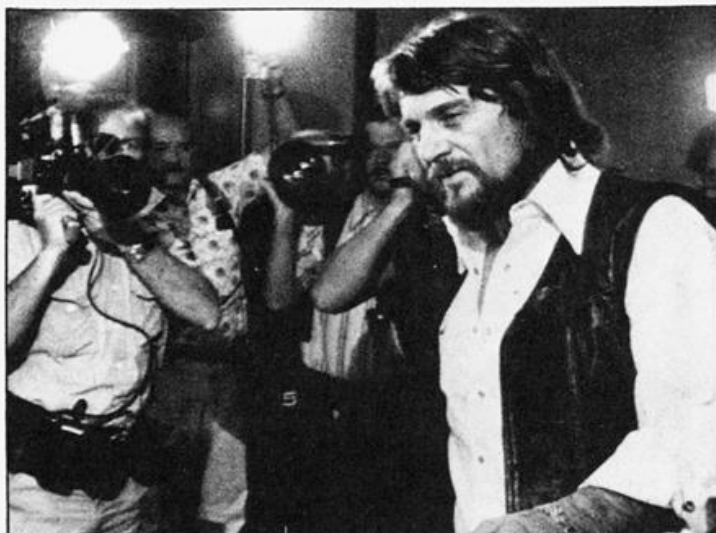
According to Robert Havel, information officer of the Justice De-

partment, "Some of the information and resources of the FBI will be brought to bear on the organized crime aspect of drug traffic" in seven test cities, as yet unnamed. Dougherty said that these task forces will be a coordinated effort on "preselected organized crime targets." No vocal outcry to this new program has been heard.

The Ash Report is only one of a series of Justice Department studies to find ways to streamline certain government operations along lines promised by President Carter in his election campaign to reorganize government.

Ash, when contacted by *High Times*, had no comment on the controversy created by his report. He would only say that "the report was submitted to the attorney general as ordered. I have nothing further to say."

A consensus of drug abuse lobby groups indicated that strong negative reaction to the plan was responsible for its quick death.



Good Hearted Woman may not have been so kind to Waylon Jennings, country-music crooner busted along with his manager for having an affair with the White Lady. Nashville court is now weighing the possession of coke charges.

Customs Reinforces

Miami Customs, banking on another year as the world's most popular port of entry for illicit dope, is beefing its ranks, expanding its facilities and opening a new "select" search area. Termed "the snake pit" because of its snarled lines and irate travelers, the Miami Customs area has been notorious for long delays.

Plans call for a new search area to be constructed, along with a "tem-

porary detached facility to divert... selected arriving passenger flights." Translated from bureaucratese, this means a new inspection area for arrivals from dope-exporting areas.

The new personnel will be among 804 additional Customs hands, most of them going to Florida or the Southwest to implement President Carter's war against smuggling.

Magnet Skews Snoops

Radar Scrambler at Popular Prices

People who wish to fly airplanes undetected will soon be able to purchase a device that scrambles radar and allows airplanes to bypass the snoop screens without showing up. The invention was reportedly used in the Israeli raid on Entebbe Airport in Uganda to free imprisoned hostages. Those planes were on the runway before the Ugandans were aware of them. The inventor, Sid Hurwich of Toronto, Canada, was awarded an Israeli medal of honor for his device.

Operating on an electromagnetic principle, "a different use for one of the oldest basic principles of electricity," according to Hurwich, the electromagnetic device also "stops bombs from going off." The weapon is a closely guarded secret that started as a device to help banks prevent thefts of money bags.

In 1969 Hurwich invited two police inspectors to his house for a demonstration. When the battery-powered device was turned on, the inspectors could not lift any of the

bags they had brought. One of the inspectors later told a reporter, "Neither Dave (the other inspector) nor I could pull the triggers on our unloaded service revolvers. We couldn't even pick them up."



Dope Hero Turns Narc

Three men arrested last year for possession of 5,000 pounds of marijuana were sentenced to three years in jail in Miami recently. One of the three, chic Eder, once on the cover of New York magazine as a dope journalist, was revealed in court as a government informer. Eder's lawyer, Michael Kennedy, said he "was shocked" and dropped Eder as a client.

Colombian Turf War Looms

Trouble is brewing between pot farmers and Indians over the lush growing lands on the Caribbean coast. Tribes that have lived in the lush jungle lowlands from Cartagena to Point Gallinas since pre-Incan times are complaining that marijuana growers are taking the best land, scaring game and acting barbarian. A spokesperson for the Kogui, Arhuaco and Arzario tribes said, "The *marimberos* [dope

dealers] offer the Indians easy money if they cooperate and threaten to kill them if they don't" and threatened war on the growers.

In Miami, a pot runner on the Santa Marta-Florida axis disagreed. "The growers have relatively few acres, and they're not in competition for the most part with the tribes, though sometimes territorial disputes occur. Mostly, it's a culture clash."

Popping Pills in Dixie

ROCK HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA—Dixie dopers report varying degrees of success—and failure—with a new method of pot consumption: encapsulated marijuana. Heads are packing number-one-sized gelatin capsules with well-manicured grass and popping the pot pills for effects similar to those

experienced in hash eating.

"I got the idea from this girl whose friend overdosed, but she was unstable," reports a local experimenter. He added that six or more caps are necessary to obtain marked consciousness alteration. Gelatin capsules vary in size from 000, the largest, to #5, the smallest.



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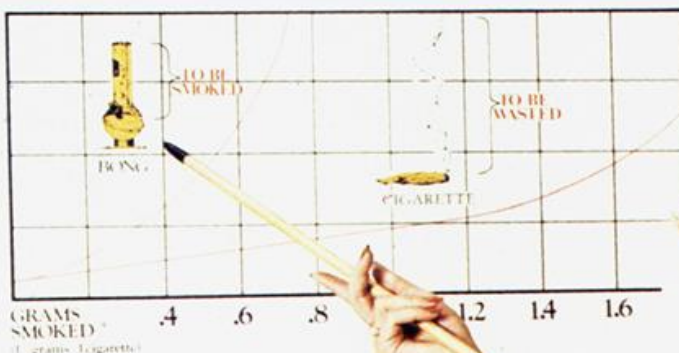
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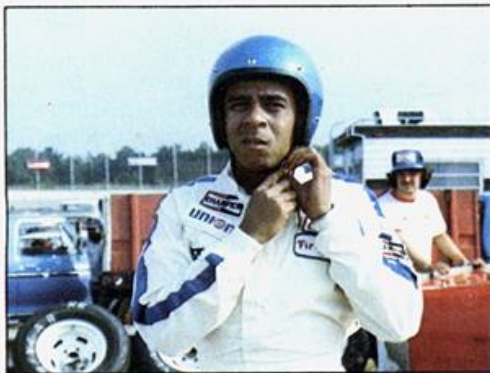


Interview

Richard Pryor

**Snortin' coke and tellin' jokes:
the streetwise style of TV's hottest comic**

by Scott Cohen



Nigger is a word that, when repeated incessantly (nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger...), quickly loses any meaning it might have had, eventually causing your teeth to fall out.

Nigger is Richard Pryor's favorite word. He uses it incessantly in his routines to mean anyone black, anyone hip or just anyone. Richard Pryor is making nigger a household word again.

Richard Pryor doesn't tell jokes. He tells stories. They are about junkies, winos, whores, growing up, getting high and getting laid. His stories are funny because the truth makes us laugh. He has a hostile sense of humor.

Richard Pryor grew up in Peoria, Illinois. He is 36. He quit school at 14 and worked as a janitor, a packager in an Armour meat plant and a rack boy in his grandfather's billiard parlor. His career as an M.C. ended when the dancing bear he worked opposite got drunk on the nightclub's whiskey and wrecked the place.

Richard Pryor's mean streets humor appeals to blacks, people who secretly wish they were black, people who like ethnic jokes, voyeurs and people like Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson.

Pryor acted in at least ten movies, wrote countless TV scripts, received two Grammy awards and won an Emmy before signing with NBC this season for his own television show.

*I snorted cocaine for about 15 years. I must've snorted up Peru. I couldn't bought Peru with all the shit I snorted... Coulda just gave it the money up front and had me a valuable piece of property... **

High Times: Is there something, some ritual you do just before you go on stage?

Pryor: Yeah, you watch your friends overdose. You see the police come into your house and degrade your mother and father, and then you watch the white man come into your neighborhood and bust all the whorehouses and preach God, and then you see them come back the next week, bark like a dog to suck pussy of a black woman who they busted last week because it was an election. You watch the dope dealers give the police money so they don't come back for a month. Or you

hear about crimes that have happened and you know who did it, and they pay people off to have it dropped. These are things that help you survive. You see children fucked up. You go to a place where they break the glass after you drink out of it. Then you watch the white kids, who are stupid, get recognition for shit they cannot do, and the black people who can and get rejected and then fall in a trap getting bitter and mad and die. You watch that and that helps. When you see your mother work and scrub and then come home tired from cooking for white people and not really able to fix a dinner for you, but do it and make it as pleasant as possible. Those things help.

High Times: How were you discovered?

Pryor: I was doing something that people were looking for, so it was easy to get discovered.

High Times: What were you doing?

Pryor: I counted on people's greed.

High Times: Were you hustling?

Pryor: Yeah.

High Times: Where were you?

Pryor: I was getting off a bus in Topeka, and there she was under the moonlight, her long golden hair, eyes dancing in the

**"You watch the white man
come into your
neighborhood and bark
like a dog to suck pussy
of a black woman
who they busted
last week because
it was an election."**

moonlight. She walked up. She had a .44 in her hand and a cup of coffee in the other. She sang this song: "Cry me a river, cry me a river, I cried a river over you."

High Times: Did anyone ever tell you your fly was open?

Pryor: Yes.

High Times: What did you say?

Pryor: "Excuse me." Did anyone ever punch you in your motherfuckin' nose? I started off snorting little pinches. I said, I know I ain't gonna get hooked. Not on no coke. You can't get hooked. My friends have been snorting 15 years and they ain't hooked.

High Times: Who influenced you?

Pryor: Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, the white press influenced me—told me how to be right-on and work for them.

High Times: Do you feel you have to be funny?

Pryor: Nope. Do you?

You get weird sexual fantasies when you be on coke (snort, snort). Hey, I got a great idea. I want you to go on the roof. I'm gonna run around the house three times. On the third time I want you to jump off on my face.

High Times: Are you aware of your public image?

Pryor: Nope. I feel I'd have one if I went for it, but I don't choose to have one. Let me put it another way. I ain't going for the hokey doke.

High Times: When you fill out your income tax and come to the part, "What do you do?" do you write "comedian"?

Pryor: I don't fill out my income tax.

High Times: Does someone fill it out for you?

Pryor: Yes, sir, but I haven't read it. I trust them. White people don't like to be one thing and that's wrong.

High Times: Who does?

Pryor: Black people don't mind.

High Times: How much of the time do you spend thinking of jokes?

Pryor: I don't really think about it. When I get ready to work I'll prepare myself. There are certain places I go to rehearse, when I have an idea of what I want to do, and then by the time I get on the stage where they're paying money, I pretty much have an idea of what I want to do. The situation presents what I do and what I know, and I can expand on that situation or implode on that situation. It depends upon the people and my energy and my positiveness when I get on the stage.

Someone told me you put cocaine on your dick and you can fuck all night. They shouldn't of told me that (snort, snort). My dick had a jones—\$600 a day just to get my dick hard.

High Times: Would you say you have a chemical relationship with the people in your audience?

Pryor: Yes, sir.

High Times: Is there such a thing as a bad audience?

Pryor: When you cut the chemical flow yourself—before you get on stage—the audience hates that and they sense it and they draw it out of you, you know what I'm saying? They give you that first five minutes and then say, "Come on." They're wishing for you, and if you don't have that, if you don't make that contact with them, if you don't tell 'em to piss-off or something and say it in the right way, you've got to have something there that makes 'em want to piss-off for the next hour or hour-and-a-half.

High Times: Do you think Johnny Carson's funny?

Pryor: (laughs) You know what? Oddly enough, yes. The motherfucker is funny. He's not funny all the time, but sometimes he does things for you that you might want to do—when you least expect. He makes you watch.

High Times: Do you usually know what you're going to say before you say it?

Pryor: No, but on that same day I've talked to myself, and since the last time I've been there I've made up routines that weren't routines when I started in the conversation. And I found out what the routine was through talking and listening—that's what I have in my mind when I

*Italicized humor from Richard Pryor's Greatest Hits. Copyright ©1977, Richard Pryor/Warner Brothers Records. Reprinted by permission.

get out there. Sometimes they're funny and sometimes they weren't funny except for that one time. So I have other stuff to switch to. If it's real bad, I fall back on a routine.

Okay, take your shit and get out. Yeah, motherfucker, pack this shit, goddammit. Shit, I'm gonna find me some new pussy. The woman come back at you, though, "If you had two more inches of dick you'd find some new pussy here."

High Times: Do you spend a lot of time in your head—talking?

Pryor: Yes, sir.

High Times: Have you ever heard a rock band called Talking Heads?

Pryor: No, sir.

High Times: Do you get high when you perform?

Pryor: Yes sir. Wait—are you asking me if I take drugs or do I get high?

High Times: Drugs?

Pryor: No. Do I disappoint you?

High Times: A little. Do you feel you're performing now?

Pryor: Yeah, all the time.

High Times: Is performing the right word?

Pryor: Yes, sir.

High Times: If you were a painter, would you think that you were performing every time you painted?

Pryor: I don't know, I've never been an artist.

High Times: Do you consider what you do art?

Pryor: Well, it's "in" to say that, but I don't know what that means. I know what to say, but it would be jerking off in my head. I'm very proud of what I've done, and I really worked hard at it to get acceptance over the years. I paid all the dues necessary. I'm real happy about it—for real. And I prefer to work for black people who decide to come to where I'm at and get into what I'm doing. That opens me up to a whole lot of other areas, and when that happens, there's magic that happens.

High Times: Is there a particular crowd you prefer?

Pryor: Yes, people leaving Disneyland.

High Times: How do they differ from a Las Vegas crowd?

Pryor: Vegas got something about it, but it also got a stigma attached to it that we're not supposed to work there—if you're creative. That's the ol' jokel yokel bullshit. Vegas is easy to put down. But that's bullshit. Everyone wants to work there. Say, man... bartender... nigger, give me my whiskey... What? I'm drunk. Nigger, fuck you mean I'm drunk... Shit, you didn't say that an hour ago when you was serving me that shit!

High Times: Where's the classiest place you've worked?

Pryor: The classiest place I've worked was an after-hours spot in Detroit, Michigan, where the niggers wore their hats all night long. They wouldn't take their hats

**"I made 'em laugh.
We snorted cocaine
all night long
and we talked shit.
And people had
senses of humor
that were
dangerous."**

off, and they wouldn't stand up for the ladies. I made 'em laugh. We snorted cocaine all night long and we talked shit. And people had senses of humor that were dangerous. I remember Marvin Gaye had a song called "Save the Children," and one pimp said, "Fuck the children, save the dope." I mean, it was cold-blooded humor.

High Times: Black humor?

Pryor: No, killer humor. I'm talking about niggers who know that Ali lost to Jimmy Young and ain't afraid to say that to his face.



"There goes your malpractice insurance."

One nigger Ali hate to fight is Joe Frazier... One motherfucker I'm glad Joe Frazier kicked his ass was Jerry Quarry. Jerry Quarry just love to get beat up by niggers... And Joe Louis was the referee. That was beautiful, Jack. Joe Louis got even after all them years. He was waiting for the chance to beat up another white boy. Jerry would say, "Break it up, Joe, he's killing me," and Joe looked at him. "Shit, you're okay. Go ahead." Shit, that's the nigger they should have pardoned—Joe Louis. Pardon him all his taxes. Shit, if you could pardon Nixon they could pardon any motherfucker.

High Times: What do you think you'd be doing if you weren't a comedian?

Pryor: Try to be one.

High Times: Was there a second choice?

Pryor: Box. Fight—I didn't want to box, I wanted to fight. That was my mistake—I ran into a boxer. He taught me a few jabs, a couple of left hooks, and I said, "Well, this is not for me. I think I'll go into comedy. How about announcing fights?" Girls'll get you killed trying to be cool. I developed a cool run—I had to. I couldn't fight. In case the girls seen me run... "Look! Richard's running." "Yes, but he's cool."

High Times: Do you meet people who are as funny or funnier than yourself?

Pryor: Funnier. They're funnier than me for a moment, but not consistently. They're not professional. They wouldn't want to be—not because they couldn't. They'd get bored.

High Times: Do you ever steal jokes?

Pryor: I steal every joke I can. Peter Frampton has funny material. Oh, baby, please don't leave. Take the TV, but leave the pussy please.

High Times: Why do you want to be funny?

Pryor: Because I can't pick up a gun and go out and shoot the first motherfucker I see.

High Times: By thinking of funny things all the time, are you avoiding other things?

Pryor: There's nothing to avoid. How can you avoid stuff? You tell me what you've avoided in your life. You still had to do it.

High Times: Do you ever have to avoid someone you knew from before you were successful?

Pryor: I have a friend who called me up one time, and I never talked to him. I never answered his calls for a long time, and he tried every way. Finally he called and said, "Tell the nigger I remember him when he was a communist."

High Times: What did you do?

Pryor: I talked to him.

High Times: To keep yourself honest?

Pryor: Yes. We talked. The nigger talked about me like a dog, and we had a good time.

High Times: How much of a communist were you?

Pryor: It wasn't that. He was just trying to

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get my attention. That was the last straw. The next thing was, "I'm gonna embarrass you. I'm coming out to the set or wherever you think you are. You're gonna remember me, motherfucker."
 "Be home 11 o'clock, you understand that, nigger, 11 o'clock bring your ass here. And bring me back a paper." And you go out and nothin' start happenin' till 11:30. All the dudes be standin' around and you say, "What are you waitin' on, man?"

"11:30—we gonna catch a bitch at 11:30," and I'd have to get home with my blue nuts, going oh, God. "Nigger, I thought I told you to be home by 11... I'm gonna kick your ass!" "Can I jack-off first?"
High Times: Do you remember your first joke?
Pryor: I remember a joke: Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, gonna beat my meat until I get plenty. I see moon, moon see me. Please Mr. Moon, don't tell on me.

High Times: Does fear play a major part in your life?
Pryor: Yes, sir. Anything you want to know about fear you got the right person.
High Times: What do you fear most?
Pryor: Breathing. I'm afraid it will stop.
High Times: Do you remember the "ap-
 plause meter" on the "Queen for a Day" show?
Pryor: Yes, sir, crying for the poor woman who came on. "My husband left me and the kids, and we had a turtle and he killed the turtle..."
High Times: Why are there so many Jewish comedians?
Pryor: I don't know there are a lot of Jewish comedians. I don't know much about Jewish. I know that Sammy Davis, Jr. is Jewish.
High Times: I read that he has a dog that's blind in the same eye that he is.
Pryor: I never saw that dog. You shouldn't read everything you believe.
High Times: Is there a joke or an anecdote you'd like to be remembered by?
Pryor: Once there was an old bull on a farm who fucked all the bullettes, when a young bull came and they started fighting. The farmer had put them in one pen, away from the bullettes. The bullettes wanted to fuck. The young bull said, "Oldtimer, I'm gonna get to the pussy," and he jumped the fence—and cut his nuts off. The old bull went to the fence and opened the gate. ■



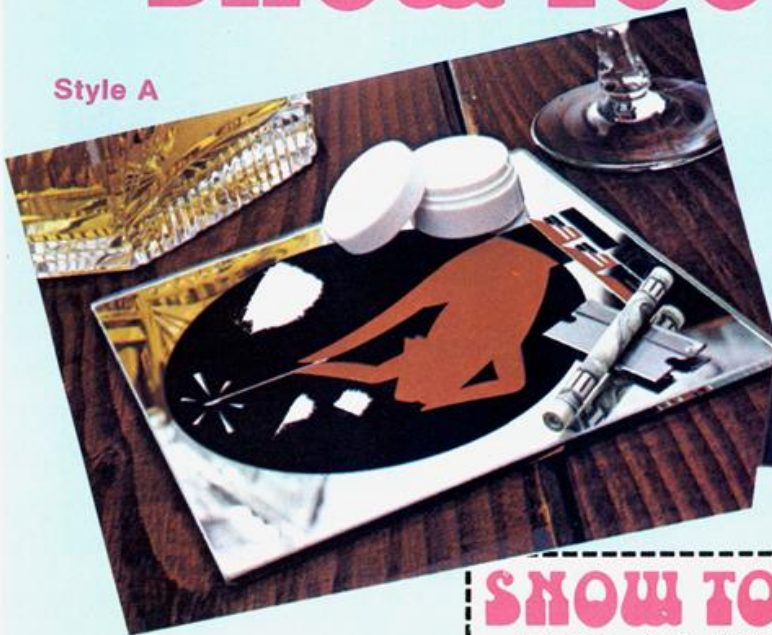
"Sorry, I got carried away."

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Tax Act Passed Marijuana Illegal

By Johnathan Greenman

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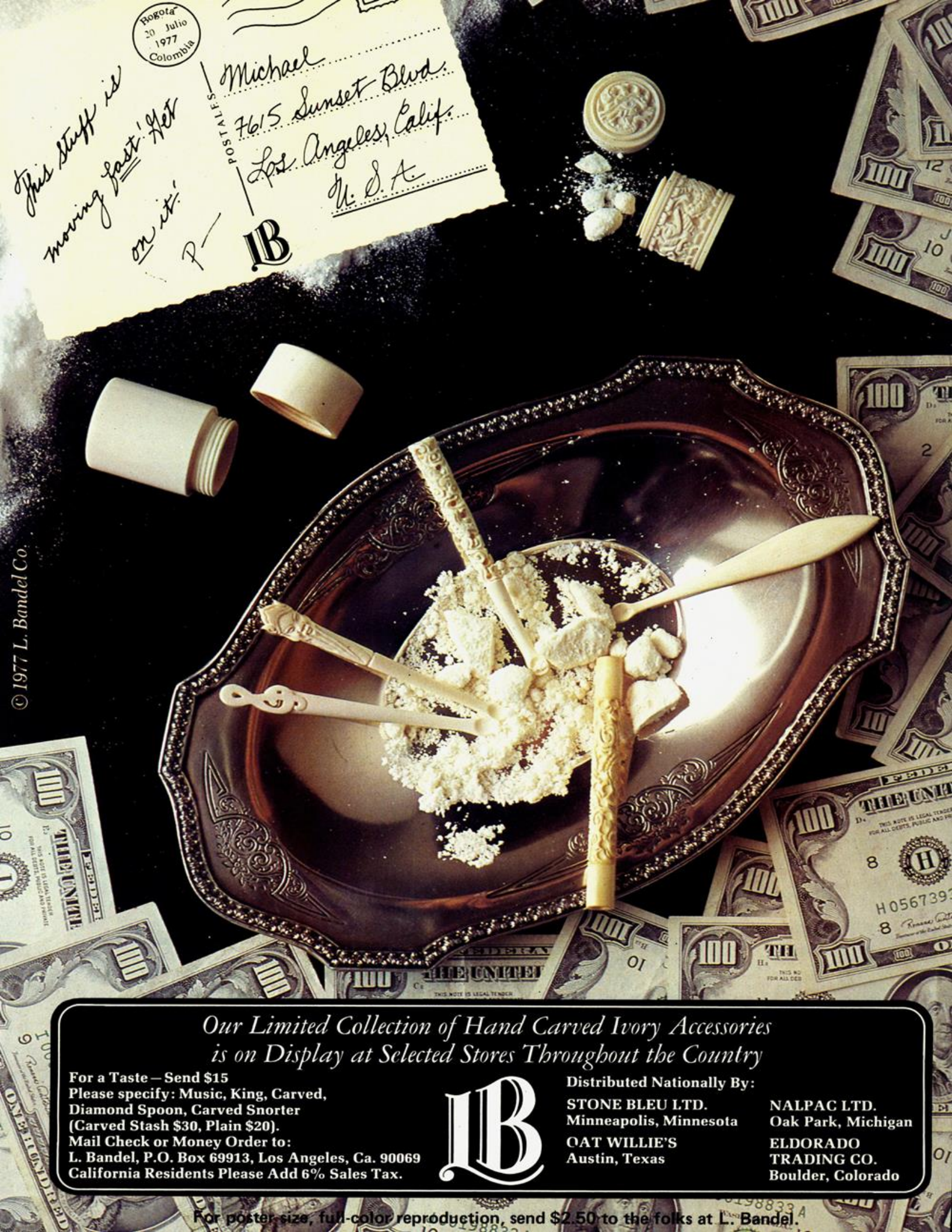
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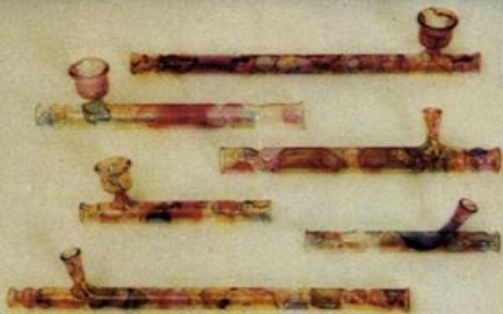
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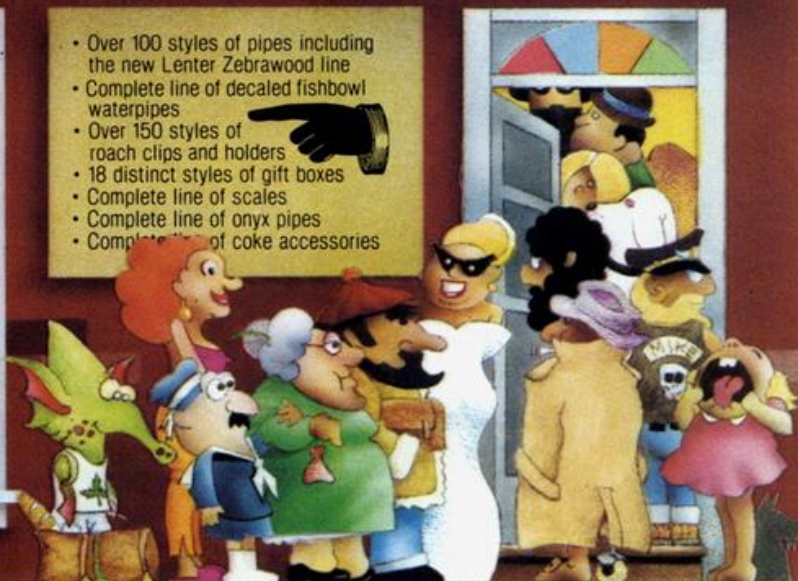
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A SERIAL NOVEL

MURDER AT ELAINE'S



The Story So Far

As faithful readers will undoubtedly recall, our story opens with a blackout at Elaine's, the celebrated literary media powerhouse hangout. As the luminaries flee in the dark, one-time media tycoon Walter Foster is found shot dead under what once had been his personal reserved table. Foster's activities have been a mystery in the two years since he lost his publishing empire and his table at Elaine's. Also mysterious is Lilah, Foster's beautiful dinner companion that night, who has disappeared before she can be questioned. Dockery, the "celebrity homicide squad" chief, has her pegged as the financial genius behind a major smuggling ring run by woman graduates of exclusive Swiss prep schools.

Meanwhile Lilah breaks into the opium dream of our narrator, a drug- and conspiracy-obsessed reporter with whom she's shared college Sandoz trips. She pleads seductively for help in retrieving a mysterious package from a village apartment. Driving there, they find themselves tailed by a Bentley limousine piloted by Victor, the literary pimp and Elaine's hanger-on who arranges assignations for authors in need of sex scene material. They escape temporarily into the city morgue and finally retrieve the package from Lilah's apartment, only to find themselves kidnaped by the literary pimp. Blindfolded and gagged with the help of his ex-child porn star protégé, they are driven to a place long sought for by Watergate investigators, dubbed "The Lost Trysting Place of the Golden Greek." There, back in '71, the White House plumbers had set up a plush love nest secretly

illustration by Michael Doret and Doug Taylor

CHAPTER
5

The 18-Minute Gap and the Last Comeback

by George R. Boz

equipped with videotape cameras and microphones. The original purpose: to lure the "Chappaquiddick girls" there to be seduced by the so-called Golden Greek and blackmailed. Unsuccessful against Teddy Kennedy, the mission was "retargeted" to develop massive blackmail potential against media potentates. At the trying place, Lilah's ex-husband, an ex-secret police colonel from the black sheep branch of the Somosa family, has prepared to question her about the missing Golden Greek tapes and the murder of Walter Foster using a special "electroshock lie detector."

At the close of the last episode Lilah began to deny she killed Walter Foster. Then she began to scream.

In the painful silence that followed Lilah's screams the Colonel began to chuckle quietly. I heard the pervasive electronic hum step up in pitch. I heard the Colonel's next question: "Tell me, Lilah, exactly why did Walter Foster ask you to meet him at Elaine's last night?"

Then I heard the sound of wood splintering and cracking. No trouble recognizing the sound: someone was kicking in the door to the apartment suite. This was the third time in the six hours since Lilah had come bursting in on my opium dream at 4 A.M. that I'd been in a room in which the door had been kicked open. I would have been more surprised to hear a simple knock.

What did startle me was the voices of these intruders. Two very familiar voices: I'd heard them just a few hours ago in the slab room of the morgue. That Irish rasp was Inspector "Hickory Dick" Dockery, the head of the NYPD's unofficial "celebrity homicide squad." That manic jabber was Saperstein, the cabala-crazed ex-neurosurgeon turned morgue wagon man who had dragged Walter Foster's dead body out from under his table at Elaine's earlier this morning.

Dockery was barking orders at the Colonel, the Colonel's doctor, Victor and his flower-child thug. Evidently Dockery had a gun, because the orders were being obeyed. Finally he turned his attention to Lilah and me, still naked and blindfolded in the Colonel's "electroshock lie detector" chairs.

"Get the blindfolds off those two, Saperstein. And the clothes on. Or maybe get their goddamn clothes on first and then take the blindfolds off. Mother of God, I do my best to preserve some decency in the conduct of my duties, but it's a losing battle, and a thankless one."

"Thank you, Inspector, sir," said Lilah,

exaggerating her Texas drawl a bit. "As a southern woman I always appreciate a man who attempts to uphold some standards in this world."

"In fact, Inspector, maybe you should put on a blindfold until we get dressed," I suggested. This attempt at levity struck the Inspector as ill-timed.

"Listen, sonny," he snarled. "You know the max for possession with intent to sell on an opium rap; my men came up with enough in a 20-minute search of your place to have you doing 20 years if you look at me crosswise, and even if you don't, I might book you into a section of the Tombs the ACLU ain't heard of and get you raped and stomped before anyone knows you're missing. So don't go breakin' my balls with wise-ass shit. Ya unnerstand?"

I nodded weakly.

"Okay," Dockery resumed. "Saperstein here and I have business to take care of, and we know you folks can help us because between the six of you, we're going to find out precisely who killed Walter Foster."

"Inspector, sir," the Colonel said, "please be assured that as a former consular official of the Nicaraguan government, I too have an interest in the orderly process of judgment and would offer you the use of these sophisticated lie detection devices to aid in your search. We all want the truth to come out."

"Listen, General Wetback, don't blow smoke up my pipes. I happen to know your consulate would love to turn you over to your relatives for an orderly process of torture and execution, so don't tempt me. Because as I'm about to explain, you may all decide you're better off if the truth does not come out. Let me explain to you ladies and gentlemen some new things Saperstein and I have learned about the murder of Walter Foster, and why all of you are going to cooperate with me."

Dockery took off his sweat-stained jacket and began pacing the rug. "I feel dirty," he began. "I found out a lot more about the literary life in the last few hours than I ever wanted to know. I learned enough about the media to elect Agnew in '84. All night I've been grilling these hotshots from Elaine's, and I've never seen such a guilty looking lot. At first none of them can explain just what they happen to be doing in Manhattan on this particular Sunday night in August. I hear in that racket they break your knuckles if they catch you leaving the Hamptons on a weekend. They came to town on 'business' they say.

"Bullshit, I say. Perjury is one to five, I explain to them. Then one by one they spill it." The Inspector's voice rose to a mock falsetto. "Well yes, Inspector, it's so embarrassing that...well, I did receive this picture in the mail. Black and white glossy. Definitely not family hour material, if you know what I mean. Divorce court material. Contract cancellation type material. Moral-leper type material."

"It's amazing some of the things people will do. Each of them gets an 8 X 10 reminder in the mail last week with a note. Three words: Elaine's. Closing Time. And a date: Sunday, August 20. Last night. Now I question them about these pictures. I don't ask them about the underage girls; I don't ask them about the German shepherds and the drugs in the pictures with them. I just ask, 'Where? Where were you when you were doing these filthy disgusting things?' And it turns out it was right here. In this room. It took me five fucking hours to piece together an address from these media jerk-offs. You people didn't have to work as hard as I did. You knew the address, and you came right here after Walter Foster's murder. I'd say it looks bad for all of you, especially when your collateral illegal activities become the subject of close scrutiny. As I look around the room I see kidnapping raps, I see heavyweight smuggling raps, I see opium possession, I see pimping and soliciting, blackmail, conspiracy... you name it—not to mention murder."

"Inspector." It was the Colonel. The Inspector sighed. "Inspector, perhaps some of these people could be persuaded to be philosophical about this little business of the pictures in the mail. Cite to them the example of one of my country's most popular leaders. He found himself approached by men who identified themselves as KGB. They showed him movies of a particularly strenuous party—well, let's be frank and call it a frenzied orgy—in which he'd had the pleasure to participate. The puritanical KGB bureaucrats were certain it was powerful blackmail material. Instead, our leader beamed and told them, 'I like this film. My people will be very proud of me. Perhaps a more cosmopolitan attitude on the part of...'"

"Enough. God, it kills me that I might have to let you off. There's nothing I'd like more than to see all you cosmopolitan scum festering in a hole. But I got more important things to think of. Doctor Saperstein here has come up with something that changes the rules of this case entirely. Saperstein, my boy, are you set to operate?"

I turned around to see Saperstein, all six-foot-six of him in his white morgue wagon jacket stained with who knows what, fussing intently with a portable cassette recorder.

It was the first time since my blindfold had been removed that I had a chance to take a good look at what once had been the bedroom of the videotaped love-nest the president's plumbers had prepared for the Golden Greek and his talented successors. I say what once had been the bedroom because there was no bed there. There wasn't much of anything in the high-ceiling, white-walled chamber. It looked as if there had been a furniture sale—everything hastily carted away to raise cash for last minute hush money payments as the cover-up collapsed. All gone except the billowy white rug, the track spotlights and the mirrors. Across the field of white shag, Saperstein knelt in a corner of the room covered with wall and ceiling mirrors, a corner where once the bed once had been, and where, once upon a mattress, the Golden Greek and friends had cavorted for the hidden cameras behind the one-way mirrors.

"I want you all to listen very closely to the tape Saperstein is going to play for you," Dockery said. "At first Saperstein didn't want to play it even for me. At first he didn't want me to know he had it. It's just a little cassette. It fell out of Walter Foster's suit jacket pocket when Saperstein was wrapping up the stiff at Elaine's. Saperstein says. He pocketed it by mistake, he says, and in the excitement of seeing all those big literary types all around he just forgot to hand it over, he says. Then I'm down in the slab room and I hear voices. And what do you know—it's Saperstein in the baby locker crouching over a cassette machine. He tried to tell me it was just a tape of some Lubavitcher Hasidic holy-man chanting he liked to play for inspiration. But I decided to listen to it anyway. That wasn't quite the case, was it Saperstein?"

Saperstein remained silent. "But I listened," Dockery continued. "And now we're all gonna listen so you'll understand why you're going to cooperate with us. Pay attention to this tape. It's only 18½ minutes long."

Saperstein depressed the play button. At first there was just static. Then the recognizable sounds of furniture shifting, and the clink of silverware against china emerged from the static. And then that unmistakable voice—suddenly it was perfectly clear who was talking.

Uh, steward, I will have some of that consommé."

Pause.

"Oh, hello, Bob. Come in. It's been, uh, a busy weekend for us all. I never do get time to relax at Key Biscayne. Uh, Ehrlichman was in here a little while ago and, uh, it looks like there may be some problem areas and—yes, come in steward, set it

down here and please close the door behind you on the way out. Now Bob..."

"Hold it," I said. "Dockery, you're not trying to tell me this is a White House tape. I mean sure, it sounds like him, but come on."

"Not a White House tape," Dockery replied. "The White House tape. The 18½-minute gap tape. Not the original reel-to-reel Secret Service tape, but a direct, first-generation transcription of what's on that tape. More people have wanted to hear what's on this than on any single piece of tape in history. Now, do you want to listen or do you want to jabber questions?"

"But it was erased. Five times. How could..."

"The White House original was erased. But theirs wasn't the only bug in the Oval Office. Shut up and listen. I'll explain later. Well, maybe so you can appreciate the whole thing, I should set the scene for what you're going to hear for the next 18 minutes, and there won't be so many dumb questions."

"I don't ask them about the underage girls or the German shepherds or the drugs in the pictures. I just ask 'Where? Where were you when you were doing these filthy, disgusting things?'"

Dockery resumed pacing the expanse of white shag.

"It's Tuesday morning, June 20, 1972, three days after the five burglars were arrested inside the Watergate. The Washington Post and the FBI are already on the trail of Hunt and Liddy and the White House connection. If they get them and get them to talk, the whole White House including the Trick himself could break out into assholes and shit itself to death, if you know what I mean. They're trying to patch together a cover-up, but it looks shaky. They need something to keep the media quiet. Haldeman comes in the Oval Office for a strategy session that morning, and as soon as the steward leaves, the prez begins to lay out his counterattack plan. It's at that very point that someone in the White House repeatedly erased the tape and left us with an 18-minute buzz."

"What were they really talking about?" Dockery continued. "The special prosecutor got hold of the handwritten notes Haldeman supposedly took during that 18 minutes. You read them and they sound pretty abstract—'What is our counterattack/P.R. offensive to top this, hit the opposition with their activities. We

should be on the attack for diversion.' That's all he wrote. Not too many details, doesn't seem to fill up 18 minutes, does it? Want to hear what they were really saying? Go, Saperstein."

The morgue man depressed the play button again, and once again that unmistakable voice.

"And, uh, Bob, as we talk about our counterattack, we have to keep in mind it's the presidency we're defending. Because this Watergate is a scab now, but the media will pick on it till it bleeds, and when they scent blood, they'll all come and wallow in it. And it's, uh, no skin off my ass, but it's off the ass of the presidency. Which is why I say no more Mr. Nice Guy for me. When I say P.R. offensive on their activities, I don't mean just public relations. I mean private relations too. Have you ever seen the, uh, so-called Golden Greek Tapes?"

"No. But I've heard rumors about the project. The naked network executives. Uh, isn't that seamy stuff, Mr. President?"

"The time has come for a bold move. Full steam ahead. Like I did with China, which was my idea and not Henry's, if you recall. We are entering a fight to the death with the media over who will govern this country, and I have a constitutional obligation to defend the presidency with all the means at my disposal. And I say it's time to expose the depravity of these so-called guardians of public morality. Or, heh, heh, let them expose themselves. Hold them up to public scrutiny before a shocked nation."

"You mean public, sir?"

"Public scrutiny. Let it all hang out, give the public the bare facts, the unmodified unlimited hangout route, let them..."

"But sir, what about the backlash?"

"Yes, they do that too. And not only on the back. But one thing is for sure, the presidency will not be their whipping boy. Bob, I'm going to show you something the plumbers have put together for me."

"It looks like some kind of big television set, sir."

"No, Bob, I don't mean the set. I mean this cassette I'm going to show on it. The machine is called a Betamax. Brand-new thing. Gift of the Japanese ambassador. Wonderful people, the Japanese. Their ancient culture and all. Although I don't understand this eating of raw fish. But all you do is put a video cassette on and switch it like so and..."

Military music drowned out the conversation for a moment.

"Mr. President, we've already watched Patton several times this week. Don't you think that..."

"Sorry, Bob, wrong cassette. Here. This is the one. This cassette is a short compilation of the most abandoned, drugged and decadent scenes from the so-called Golden Greek project. These were made after the Golden Greek himself was dismissed, and we approved a retargeting to the media cabal. We haven't synced-in the

sound track, but you'll recognize a lot of these people instantly."

Silence in the Oval Office as the two most powerful men in the free world riveted themselves to the scenes on the Betamax screen. Occasionally there would be a comment in a hushed, strained voice.

"Ooh, look at that. And the media have the nerve to accuse us of 'illegal entry.' She can't be more than 14."

"Hey, now, that's a strange scene. That woman looks like she's got her tit caught in a wringer or something."

"It must be one of those strange S&W scenes that crowd goes for."

More silence.

"Get a load of the big enchilada on that guy."

"So that's why they call him an anchor-man."

"Yeah, but it looks like it's turning out to be inoperative, huh? Ziegler will like that."

"Yeah. A pitiful, helpless giant."

Pause. Shifting chairs. Coughs.

"Uh, Bob, is, uh, what she's doing there—is that, uh, what they call 'Deep Six'?"

"No, actually, I think the phrase is 'Deep Throat'."

"Deep Throat, huh, I'll have to remember that. What an exciting prospect."

"Well, you could say that guy is gonna be Deep Six with his network when they see him in this film."

"Gee. Will you look at that, though. Some syndicated columnists do everything together."

"Yes. But catch this. I never would have believed a guy like that... such a family man."

"You never can tell, just because they have a wife and kids. Goddamn media, they talk about our bugging when they're bugging each other every day."

"That one looks like a third-rate buggery to me."

"Well, this is the tail end of the tape, if you know what I mean. Steward, I will have some of that consommé. By the way, Bob, did you know, I learned something about buggery from one of these goddamn Harvard assholes Henry is always bringing around. It is kind of funny. We were talking about Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, and he remarked that the word *bugger* is derived from Bulgaria, because of some tribe of homo Christian heretics or something who became famous in Bulgaria."

"Makes you wonder what the real meaning of Yugoslavia is, heh,heh."

"It could be quite Tito-lating."

"Well, I'm not Balkan at the idea."

There followed a lot of snickering and gleeful obscenities that made me wonder if "some of that consommé" the president was repeatedly consuming might be a code phrase—since Nixon knew he was always on tape and you never heard him ordering a drink—for a more volatile sub-

stance fueling this giddiness. Then I heard a click as the cassette in Saperstein's machine came to a halt.

Nobody said a word for a while. My mouth was dry with excitement. I could have used "some of that consommé" myself. Having covered the great cover-up trial back in '75, having listened on press section earphones to the White House tapes played for the jury, I had no doubt it was the same Oval Office voices I was hearing. Of course I should add that I'd ingested a bit of "Mr. Natural" blotter acid before entering the trial room that day, and sometime later I heard Mr. Natural's voice too, although I don't think it was on the same tape. But still, this tape I'd just heard *had* to be real: who would fake a ridiculous pun like "Tito-lating" if he wanted anyone to believe it. It's one of those awful things that people only say in real life.

"But how could it be real?" I blurted out to Dockery. "That tape was erased over and over again. The Trick got calluses doing it."

"Sure, they erased their tape. But not long after that they learned about the

**"Everybody wondered
why Nixon didn't go
the 'bonfire option'—burn
his tapes and say fuck-off.
...I'll tell you why:
because he knew, the CIA
let him know, there was
a second set of tapes."**

second taping system."

"The what?"

"You heard me. There've been articles hinting at it; it's an open secret in the intelligence community that a certain agency was aware of the Trick's private bugs from the word go. They had lines into the plumbers, lines into the White House itself. It was no problem to tap the incoming voice pickups."

"You're saying the CIA was taping Nixon's tapes all along?"

"Everybody knows Nixon and the CIA were playing a heavy game of mutual blackmail behind the scenes during Watergate. Read Ehrlichman's novel. The Trick had a load of shit he could dump—CIA assassinations, drug dealing, the lot. But the agency had some heavy shit on him. They knew about the plumbers, the bugs—and they had the tapes of the White House tapes. Everybody used to wonder why Nixon didn't go the 'bonfire option'—burn his tapes and say fuck off. Or resign and take the goddamn tapes home to San Clemente with him instead of letting all his enemies strangle him with them. I'll tell you why: because he knew, the agency let him know, there was a

second set of tapes around with all those incriminating conversations on them. They were haunting him constantly—he never knew when, or if, they'd slip out. Deliberately, they never let him know. It was psychological warfare. They tormented the guy. And it cut the heart out of the counterattack you heard him planning. That kind of massive sexual blackmail against the media had to be done so the White House had absolute deniability. But no matter how many times he erased his own tape of him planning that shit, he knew the CIA could rub his nose in it. He was paralyzed, he just couldn't use the Golden Greek tapes."

"Pardon me, Inspector." It was the Colonel. "This is certainly a most enlightening view of how democracy works in your country, but what does all this have to do with the murder of Walter Foster?"

"Figure it out. Foster gets hold of the 18-minute gap, a copy of it anyway. How he gets it I don't exactly know yet, but the timing gives you a hint. The White House and the CIA were covering up for each other until the Trick resigned. As soon as he's out, all the heavy CIA shit starts to come out—the assassinations, the drugs. There's a purge inside the CIA, and the guys who were deep into that shit in the agency, are on the outside now. Maybe one of them gets to talking to Walter Foster down in the Caribbean. Foster gets the gap tape. He listens to the Trick going wild over the Golden Greek tapes. He knows Victor here has supplied most of the women and teenyboppers for the entertainment and has custody of the tapes. Victor sells them to Foster, or maybe Victor gets himself a cut out of the blackmail take which..."

"Inspector, please, I must object," said Victor primly. "I did not sell those tapes. They were entrusted to me by some people. Recently my apartment in the Dakota was broken into. It was a professional job. They took nothing but the tapes. Perhaps the professionals were working for Walter Foster, perhaps he was working for them. But I had no dealings with Walter Foster over tapes until he called me up to accuse me of staging the burglary, to throw suspicion on him, if you can imagine that."

"I could imagine that," said Dockery. "But I have a very vivid imagination. Most prosecutors I know—they don't have that kind of vivid imagination. They have these petty, one-track minds. They'll be thinking extortion, extortion, extortion all the time you're telling them your story. Which is why you and the rest of these storytellers are going to cooperate with me when I finish my story, even if I have to use a little extortion to get me that cooperation. Where was I? Okay. Foster has the 18-minute gap. Somehow he tracks down the Golden Greek videotapes. He's got some grand scheme to use them to get his table back at Elaine's or get

(continued on page 108)



Nomad

COCA FIELDS of Bolivia

Our man in South America reports on the wild flake:
Bolivia on five grams a day

by A. Craig Copetas

Although marijuana had been smoked openly during Mrs. Carter's seven-nation Latin tour, it had taken a back seat to cocaine. Cocaine was the drug of discussion: \$1.5 billion worth of marijuana exported from Colombia in 1977 as compared to \$5 billion worth of cocaine, more cocaine kitchens to be built to handle the coca pipeline from Bolivia to Peru, huge payoffs to government officials to secure the unhindered flow of cocaine to U.S. noses and increased street prices both here and abroad to absorb the

soaring cost of subsidizing police. Said Colombian Foreign Minister Indalecio Lievano Aguirre: "Middle- and high-level officials accept bribes, especially when it comes to drugs." And when it came to drugs the drug was cocaine, Bolivian cocaine produced from tons of Bolivian coca leaves converted into cocaine paste and funneled through the pipeline north to the kitchens of Colombia, where it would be processed into coca blanco. So while Mrs. Carter discussed politics and exchanged gifts with Colombian officials, High Times went south to the coca fields of Bolivia.

Don Henrique of Chirca is a fast worker. He can field-strip a four-foot coca bush in as many seconds. He carries his lunch in a brown gunny-sack and his water in a white gin bottle. Every day at dawn, he and hundreds of other *campesinos* make the long trek from Chirca, a pueblo village in the Andes thousands of feet above sea level, to the coca fields in the Jungus Valley below, where each man has his tiny *cocal*, plot of coca plants. There, where much of the world's cocaine supply is grown, a fast worker like Don Henrique can earn as much as \$1 a day.

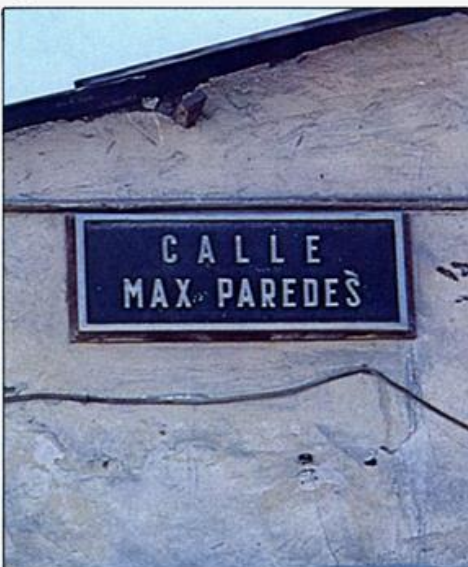
Until last summer, Don Henrique's biggest problem was the ulu bug, a coca-leaf-eating caterpillar that can wipe out a *cocal* in a couple of days. In 1976, the Bolivian government began to carry out a crop substitution plan that would ultimately replace coca, the country's major cash crop, with less profitable food staples. The plan is underwritten by the United States, and if it succeeds, Bolivia's rulers will receive millions in American aid by 1980, funds which they may distribute as they see fit. So today Don Henrique worries about American narcotics agents, Bolivian officials who want to take away his coca, and his family, who need the coca leaf to sell in La Paz if they are to survive.

Don Henrique, who has been growing coca for most of his 45 years, begins his day at 7 A.M. when he ties a white flour sack around his waist and leads his family down the misty path from Chirca to the hard clay terraces where the coca grows. Picking a few leaves and placing them in the flour sack, Henrique begins the mile-long walk to his tiled drying shed, where he scatters 50 pounds of coca leaves picked the previous day to dry on the *cancha* terrace. *Cancha* drying is a delicate process. If the sky remains clear of clouds Henrique will return in three hours to turn the leaves over. Proper drying ensures a sweeter tasting leaf and more money at the market.

On the La Paz road ten miles east of Chirca sits the hulking wood and metal coca leaf press of Chulamani. Fifty-pound bales of coca are neatly compacted and stamped *Coca Jungus* before the 16-hour



Government poster announcing the coca registration (above).



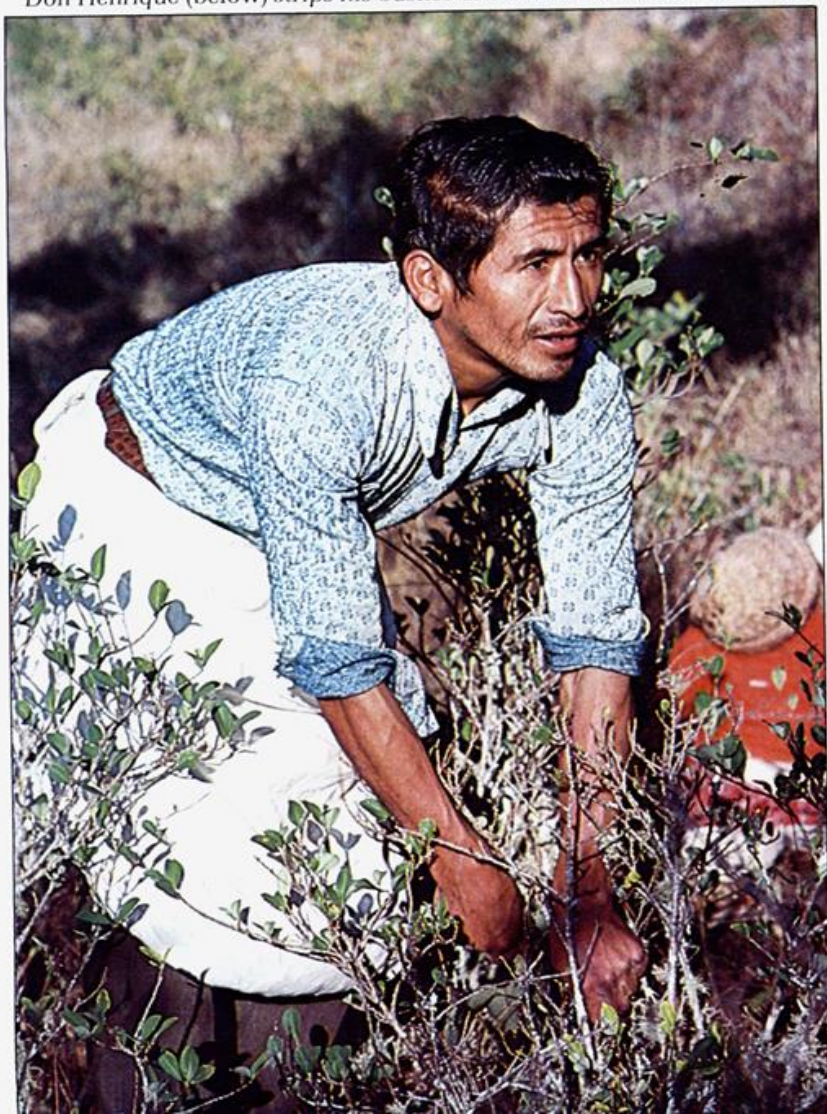
The coca street (above left). At the height of Sunday market dealings (above right), coca seller weighs out 200 pounds while wholesaler (below) deals with Indian woman.





Indian woman (above) displays her wares.

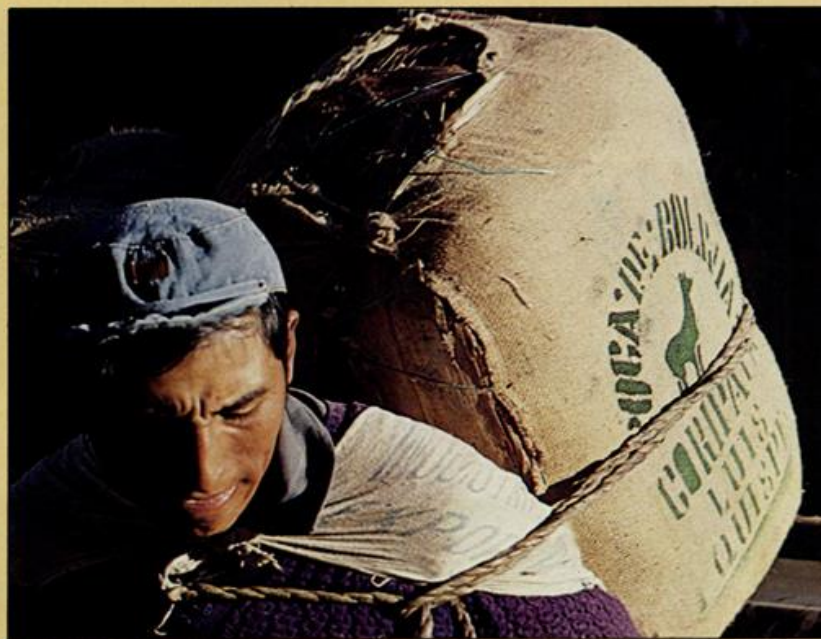
Don Henrique (below) strips his bushes and scatters coca on the cancha terrace.



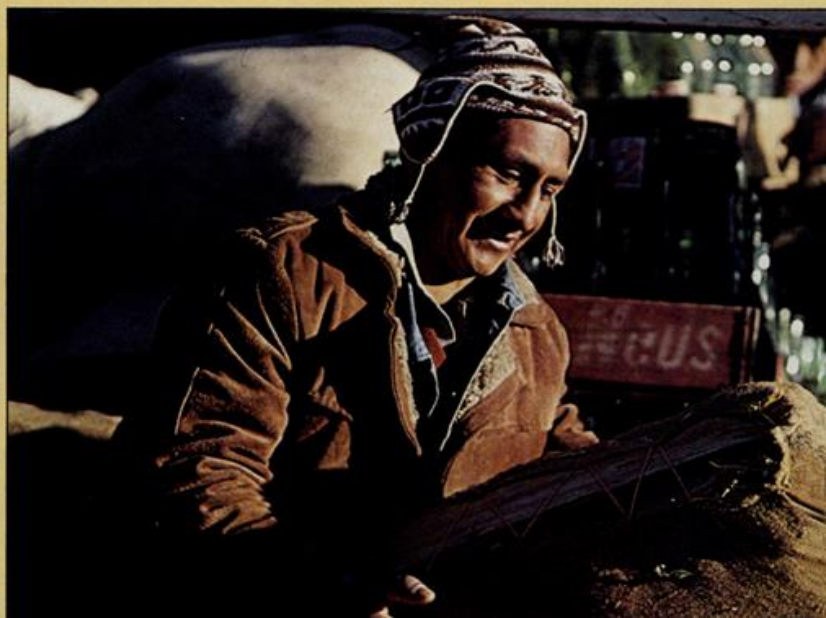


Freshly picked coca (above) dries on the cancha terrace.

Aerial view (below) of 500-year-old coca terrace in Jungas Valley.



Coca truckdriver (above) and Bolivian laborer (below) offload 50-pound bales at market.



overland journey to the La Paz market. Across the plaza from the press is a washed-out, green concrete building overflowing with Bolivian narcotics agents. They have just returned from a five-hour ride through the surrounding hills in an American-supplied Chevy Cherokee whose wheelbase is too wide for the mountain goat trails leading to the coca pueblos.

Three dust-encrusted campesinos wander toward the office and are given the nine-page coca registration form to fill out. None of them can read, and they balk when asked how many hectares of coca they grow. The burly narc is not patient. He warns the peasants that if the registration forms are not filled out properly the government will confiscate all their lands and throw them in jail. The peasants continue to resist. Frustrated, the narc puts on his hat and leads the three farmers to his jeep for a late-afternoon ride into the hills to view the cocals for himself.

As the burly narc drove off into the surrounding hills we climbed on the roof of a bus taking us back to Chirca to board the Saturday night coca convoy to La Paz. Soon the caravan was rumbling its way down the snakelike dirt road to the Sunday-morning La Paz coca market. It was the coldest night of the year and also the Festival of San Juan. Tradition called for huge fires to be lit throughout the Jungus. Liqueured-up campesinos have set portions of the thin dirt track ablaze. The coca truckdriver shot through 50-foot walls of flame that created fiery passages for most of the trip to the crossroad town of Unduavi, at the foot of the *antiplano*, the desolate plateau that separates the capital from the coca towns of the valley.

Fires lit up the sheet-metal and dirt brick town of Unduavi. It was now five degrees, and the icy winds howled through mountain passes leading into the barren *antiplano* 14,000 feet above sea level. Twenty miles back the temperature had been 80 degrees. As we chugged out of Unduavi the coca truck's eight passengers began to burrow themselves underneath 200-pound bales of coca. Teeth chattered. A freezing Indian took out his knife and slashed open a bale of the freshly picked coca. Fistfuls of the leaf bulged our cheeks for the next five hours to ward off the frost pains in our bellies. An Indian began to pass out oranges from his provision sack. They were frozen solid. At 5 A.M., barely able to move from the intense heat and cold of the 14-hour voyage, the convoy arrived at the La Paz coca market.

Spanish conquistadors who conquered this still-ancient land hundreds of years ago thought the streets would be paved with gold. Today the streets of La Paz are paved with coca leaves. Hundreds of thousands of them blanket Calle Max

America. Indians hauling hundred-pound sacks of leaf on their backs slip and slide on the leaves that have fallen onto Max Padres' 400-year-old cobbles. Everyone is chewing coca or drinking a potent coca tea used to fend off the 12,000-foot plague known as altitude sickness.

Hundreds of tons of coca leaves are transported from thousands of Bolivia's coca-bearing valleys to be sold in the La Paz Sunday morning coca market. Before dawn a traffic jam of trucks, cars, campesinos and mules chugs into market packed with burlap sacks stuffed with large and small green coca leaves. Cochabamba, Chirca, Chulamani, Yolosa, Suapi, Coripata, Arapata and Tajama leaves clog the congested street. Leather-skinned Indian coca sellers slurp coffee and eat chopped pork as they deal coca to brightly clad Indian women with copper balance scales dangling around their chubby necks. All the coca wholesalers are men, and all the retailers are women. Deals are struck inside dozens of dimly-lit rooms that line the Max Padres. After purchasing as much as 100 pounds of coca leaf, the

The Indian took out a knife and slashed open a bale of coca. Fistfuls of the leaf bulged our cheeks to ward off the frost pains in our bellies.

women leave for their wooden stalls and await the dawn chewing giant wads of leaf that have turned their gums bright green. Globes of fibrous green phlegm map the path to the coca maidens' stalls.

At dawn the coca market bursts with life. Hundreds of people swarm on the coca maidens with empty *chuspas* (leaf-carrying bags) ready to be filled. Larger amounts of leaf are dispensed in green plastic bags that prevent the sun from destroying the delicate drying process carried out on the *cancha*.

Yipta, the limestone used to release coca's life-giving alkaloid cocaine, is sold for a few pennies by the coca maidens. A sliver of the coarse gray stone scraped under the thumbnail and wedged against the gum is enough for a mouthful of leaves. The coca maidens snicker as the gringos continuously fail to lodge just the right amount of yipta against their gum.

One mile from Max Padres, on the fourth floor of a nondescript office building in the center of modern downtown La Paz, the director of Bolivia's national coca company, Prodes, was involved in a controversial plan to convince the U.S. that the legal sale of Bolivian coca leaves in tea form would benefit the country's troubled agricultural economy. Carlos Winston Estrendoiro, the 33-year-old Berkeley-educated director of Prodes, shook his head

and said that Bolivia's landlocked economy desperately needed legal exports of coca, and that the prospects for a successful American-financed crop substitution program were dim. Winston hopes the program will work, but he is more concerned in charting an economic program to find a bright future for Bolivia's backward campesino farmers. And he doubts that the American substitution plan will do this.

"Throughout the United States there are exclusive coffee and tea shops that provide a natural market for coca tea," beamed Winston from Prodes offices overlooking the internationally famous Confitaria Club, where a cup of coca tea sells for 35 cents. "Naturally, there are problems involved with this, such as the diversion of coca leaves into cocaine, but I feel these problems can be overcome."

U.S. officials, fearing legal tea would be converted into illegal cocaine, take a dim view of Winston's plan to bolster Bolivia's sagging economy.

"There are those Americans who feel Bolivia should wipe out coca completely," said Winston. "My country will never prohibit the mastication of coca. The coca leaf is crucial to the social history of Bolivia. To take it away from us would be like telling Britain to stop drinking tea."

At 50 pesos (\$2.50) per kilo, the coca leaf is Bolivia's easiest and most profitable crop, producing as many as four harvests a year. The Agency for International Development (AID) estimates that between 18,000 and 40,000 tons of coca leaf are grown annually, although sources here claim the figure to be much higher.

"Less than 10 percent of our coca crop is ever accounted for," said Winston, who is now involved in a nationwide coca census aimed at tracing every pound of Bolivian coca. It is widely believed that nearly 60 percent of the Bolivian coca crop is converted into 300,000 pounds of pure cocaine annually.

We'd like to see coca completely outlawed in the Chapari area," said Robert Moffit, AID official in charge of the \$4.5-million Bolivian coca study designed to lay the groundwork for the substitution program. "Most of the coca grown in this area is later manufactured into cocaine." The Chapari area of south-central Bolivia produces over 3,600 known metric tons of coca annually on 5,400 registered land holdings.

"Bolivia's campesinos do not directly participate in the manufacture of coca blanco," said Winston, referring to Peru, where coca farmers have been integrated into the lucrative cocaine industry. "Most of Peru's coca production over the past five years has been geared towards producing cocaine."

Emprensa, the National Coca Enterprise of Peru, was granted government sanction to grow 10,450 tons of leaves on

(continued on page 118)



The year was 1957 and I was 11 years old, lying in my dark room past midnight, carefully tuning the dial of an ancient, decrepit shortwave radio receiver under my bed, straining to listen through the blackness and the static with the volume turned low so my parents wouldn't hear. I knew nothing of megahertz (MHz) or single-sideband or dipole antennas—only that if I plugged in the box and waited for the vacuum tubes to begin glowing, a cacophony of screeches, whistles and roars—and sometimes a human voice muttering foreign gibberish—came out.

One sound in particular hypnotized me, a crushing metallic drone louder than anything else on the dial, never varying in intensity or frequency. To me it sounded like the roar of a Douglas DC-7 or a Lockheed Super Constellation in high-speed cruising flight, and I imagined that I was tuned into a Pan American pilot who'd accidentally left his microphone on. That was nonsense, of course. I didn't know it then, but I was eavesdropping on the commies.



The Radio

smugglers and other ether bandits

by Dave Noland

One of these days, some nut is going to claim that radio waves cause sterility. But until then, these non-ionizing electromagnetic radiation pulses with frequencies between 3 and 3,000 MHz remain one of civilization's great supernatural phenomena. For a hundred bucks' worth of used equipment, it's possible to talk to someone 12,000 miles away, with no monthly reckoning from Mother Bell, no "two dollars for the next three minutes," no delays due to postal strikes or revolutions in Nicaragua. You talk, they listen. Period.

No government, multinational conglomerate or intelligence agency can prevent your own personal energy pulse from skipping along the underside of the ionosphere at the speed of light, to be received and understood by the listener of your choice. And if you're clever and a little bit lucky, no force on earth can overhear your message. The phone company and the district attorney can bug your telephone, and the CIA can open your mail, but if you do it right, a

radio conversation is virtually eavesdrop-proof. Shit, radio is neater than *Star Wars*!

Of course, the CIA, KGB, Black September, the Mafia—even a few big-time dope smugglers—know all about the advantages of radio for clandestine communication. So it's no surprise that the night sky is a rich lode of secret and illegal radio signals. The varieties of cloak-and-dagger radio are as broad as the varieties of cloaks and daggers.

So-called spy-and-numbers broadcasts are sometimes heard by diligent and lucky amateur ham radio listeners on frequencies between 3 and 20 MHz. A male or female voice will broadcast a series of coded four- or five-digit numbers, sometimes accompanied by music. Spy-and-numbers transmissions are heard in English, Spanish, German, Chinese and Serbo-Croatian on frequencies ranging from 3.060 to 19.460 MHz. Their points of origin are unknown, and the codes are virtually unbreakable. Transmissions rarely last more than a few minutes, and the broadcasters never use the same frequency twice, hopping around the radio spectrum to escape detection by Interpol, the DEA, Israeli intelligence or whomever each group's particular demon may be. Such spoken codes transmitted on single frequencies are considered rather primitive forms of disguise, so it's assumed that many of the spy-and-numbers transmissions are those of underground groups with little access to high technology and multimillion-dollar funding, two distinct advantages of government agencies. Guerrilla rebels, terrorists, organized crime members and dope smugglers are the most likely sources of these broadcasts.

The Big Brothers of the world are also heavily into clandestine radio, of course. There are several frequencies on which CIA-coded voice transmissions are known to be heard, and the extent of the CIA's unknown radio network is no doubt mind-wrenching. One CIA station with the call sign KKN50 has been heard transmitting on frequencies of, among others, 6.924, 7.470, 11.095, 18.252 and 26.760 MHz. Many of these signals are reported to be in continuous-wave (CW) international code. Of course, CIA transmitters are scattered around the world; one very powerful station sometimes heard in this country is reported to be located on a tiny Caribbean island, probably in the Virgin Islands.

Interpol, the international police organization that keeps track of dope smugglers and other nefarious multinational types, has been heard transmitting from its Paris headquarters on 10.390 MHz. Other clandestine Interpol broadcasts have been monitored coming from Kinshasa, Zaire, on 6.792 MHz (the call sign is 9TK20) and Lima, Peru, on 19.130.

Virtually all governments communicate with their foreign embassies via radio, and it's certain that many of the

transmissions contain intelligence information on the host country. (Embassies are notorious for serving as respectable covers for spying operations. We do it. The Russians do it. Everybody does it.) The Russian embassy in Washington, for example, broadcasts back to Moscow on 9.040 MHz, and much of the transmitted information is stuff in which the CIA takes great interest. The Czech embassy talks to Prague on 15.804.

Other semisecret frequencies abound. Russian spy satellites have been heard on 925.24 and other frequencies. The U.S. Strategic Air Command's flying command post *Looking Glass* uses 6.762, 9.027 and 14.744. An industrial spy for Good-year or Michelin could even listen in on the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company's private radio link to its Liberian rubber plantations. The frequency is 7.775 MHz.

If you're not patient enough to search out these clandestine frequencies and wait for the rather infrequent transmissions (some ham fanatics wait for months to pick up a good spy-and-

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can bug your telephone,
and the CIA can open
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numbers signal), there are virtually infinite numbers of far-off and exotic (though perfectly legal) frequencies through which one can get cheap thrills and vicarious foreign intrigue. The DC-7 droning you hear, for example, is Russian jamming of Voice of America and other frequencies. Listeners inclined to flights of fancy are invited to tune in the Russian jamming tone and dream of fiendishly grinning Cossacks engaged in exciting, romantic counterintelligence operations.

The equipment needed to listen in on the clandestine world is cheap and easily available. A brand new shortwave receiver, able to pick up signals from about 3 to 30 MHz, is available for \$200 to \$300. A complete array of receivers able to pick up every conceivable radio frequency from VLF (very low frequency, 3 kHz) to UHF (ultra-high frequency, 3,000 MHz) would cost on the order of \$3,000 new. Used equipment to cover the entire radio spectrum could be picked up for as little as \$1,000. Try calling news agencies such as AP or UPI; they sell used equipment cheaply to radio people.

Another useful device for radio eaves-

dropping is the radioteletype machine, which can be bought used for as little as \$50. Many broadcasts are in rapid-fire, five-digit RTTY code, which the teletype machine picks up off the air and types out onto a piece of paper. AP and UPI send information in this manner. By tuning in 8.514 or 8.618 MHz, one could have a private news wire without paying the huge fees that the press agencies charge.

But suppose you want to do some clandestine broadcasting yourself. How does one go about the business of setting up a secret long-range communication system without benefit of bureaucratic encumbrance from the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) or the U.S. government? Keep tuning in.

We will assume that one wishes to set up a system to serve a dope-smuggling ring based in Miami that operates throughout South America. A clear, reliable signal and total security are the prime requirements. Cost of the whole system must be under \$20,000, and all equipment must be easily portable by automobile.

The first major decision to make in setting up one's own clandestine radio communications system is frequency selection. Since our theoretical dope-smuggling operation will be flung throughout South America, a reliable range of at least 5,000 miles is mandatory. This demand limits frequency selection severely, for certain frequencies propagate only very short distances.

VLF signals have long range and absolute reliability (neither rain, nor sleet nor sunspots can deter them from their appointed rounds). However, they require enormous power to transmit long distances, and the transmitters can be huge. The U.S. Navy has been trying to build a VLF communication system (called Project Seafarer) to talk to its submarines under water, but so far it can't find the unused hundreds of square miles necessary for the transmitter grid. The VLF band is peppered with naval frequencies from various nations and therefore heavily monitored by all major powers. Because of the expensive and power-hungry transmitters necessary for VLF broadcasting, VLF frequencies are not suitable for our purposes.

The only other really long-range band is the familiar shortwave spectrum. Shortwave signals achieve long range by bouncing off the F layer of the ionosphere, an electrified layer of the atmosphere that begins about 125 miles above the earth's surface. Signals "skip" around the world, reflecting back and forth between the ionosphere and the ground. The signal range is highly dependent on the time of day, however, because radiation from the sun changes the radio reflectivity and location of the ionosphere.

There are, of course, millions of discrete frequencies available in the shortwave band, which stretches from a frequency of 3 to 30 MHz. However, the FCC

Dope Smuggler's Frequency Guide

Here is a list of U.S. Border Patrol frequencies in the Southwest and Gulf Coast. A radio tuned to these broadcasts could allow a dope smuggler to eavesdrop on the enemy.

Frequency Call Sign Location

4616	KAD 260	New Orleans, La.
4616	KAD 262	Pensacola, Fla.
4616	KAK 860	Tucson, Ariz.
4616	KAK 840	El Centro, Ca.
4616	KAK 880	El Paso, Tex.
4616	KAK 920	Del Rio, Tex.

Frequency Call Sign Location

4616	KAK 940	Laredo, Tex.
4617.5	KAD 220	Miami, Fla.
5911	KAK 850	Yuma, Ariz.
5911	KAK 960	McAllen, Tex.
5911.5	KAK 980	Port Isabel, Tex.
14,577.5	KAK 820	Chula Vista, Ca.

and other international bodies restrict nonofficial use by amateurs to a handful of narrow bands reserved for ham operators. It is best to transmit on a legal, authorized amateur band simply because one is less conspicuous there. The CIA reportedly has computer-controlled, spectrum-analyzing equipment that constantly scans and monitors all frequencies not authorized for amateur use. Once an illegal signal is detected and the message overheard, it's a simple matter for the CIA or FCC to triangulate the whereabouts of the transmitter. "There are so many legal bands, you'd be crazy to risk detection by using an illegal one," according to one electronics wizard with no small experience in the drug scene.

For maximum range in the daytime, the 15-meter (21.000 to 21.450 MHz) or 20-meter (14.000 to 14.350 MHz) amateur bands are recommended. For night transmissions, the lower-frequency 40-meter band (7.000 to 7.300 MHz) is preferable. Within these three legal, inconspicuous bands there are 1,100 different frequencies available. These three bands offer one further advantage: literally hundreds of off-the-shelf transceivers (a transceiver is a radio that can both transmit and receive on the same frequency) are available in any ham radio store.

Once a frequency has been selected for a theoretical dope smuggler's secret communication system, the next major decision is type of equipment. The Collins S/Line shortwave transceiver is recommended. Model KWN-2, with digital frequency readout, costs \$3,500 each. (You'll need one for each operative.) The KWN-2 is about the size of a large bread box and weighs 18 pounds. This model gives access to all amateur frequencies and the highest legal transmitting power (1,000 watts, D.C.). Collins is the Rolls-Royce of radio, but in this case the high price is worth it.

For best performance, install a Mosley

TH6DXX directional antenna. This antenna not only provides excellent range and clarity, but also has a very powerful directional effect. From Miami, a strong signal can be beamed at Barranquilla without bouncing all over the place and perhaps drawing the attention of the CIA, DEA or FCC up north in Washington.

Also recommended is a high-speed Morse code sending unit. The Ten-Tec KR50 features dit and dah memory for full iambic keying and costs about \$110. Also on the market are fully automatic Morse typewriters.

Once equipment and frequency are selected, the sole remaining hurdle—and it's a big one—is to choose a method of disguising the message. Obviously, even amid the anonymous clutter of the ham bands, it would be unwise to say, "Okay Charlie, we got the shipment, about ten kilos, but he's asking \$10,000 more than the price he agreed on, and I think the stuff isn't as pure as he promised. What should I do?" Most ham operators are short-haired, fuck-communism, patriotic types who may report suspicious conversations to the authorities.

There are two basic ways to disguise a message: codes and scrambling. Coded letters and numbers, such as those transmitted by spy-and-numbers stations, require no special equipment, but are cumbersome to work with.

Is there such a thing as an absolutely unbreakable code? Edgar Allan Poe, a well-known amateur cryptologist (code breaker) in his day, insisted that there was no such thing; that every code could be broken and any message deciphered given enough time and effort. (In 1839, Poe even challenged readers of Alexander's Weekly Messenger in Philadelphia to send in their own coded messages to him. He managed to crack all but one, which he labeled a hoax, a "jargon of random characters having no meaning

whatsoever." It wasn't until 1975 that the message was deciphered.)

Poe was wrong, however; there are at least two types of unbreakable codes. One of them, the one-time cipher, has become the standard method of clandestine radio communication in the USSR and is widely used by other governments for communication with their agents and embassies.

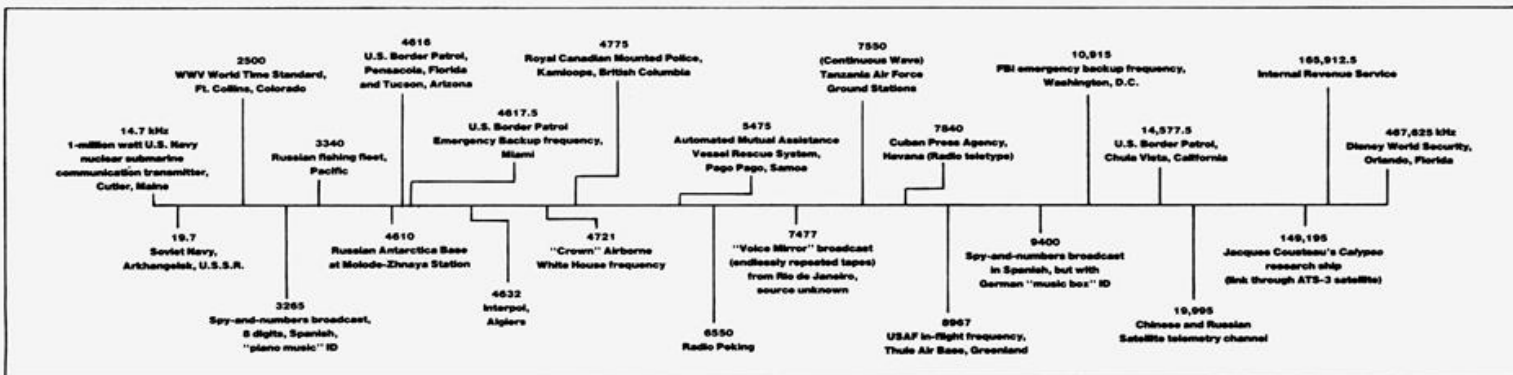
The one-time cipher in effect uses a different code for every letter in a message. Example: assume that our theoretical cocaine dealer, in radio contact with the pickup person, wishes to relay the name of the delivery agent, which is Jones. A simple code would be to replace each letter in the word *Jones* with the letter that follows it in the alphabet. (This type of code is called a "shift cipher.") In this case, *Jones* would become *Kpoft*. However, any DEA code breaker who's gotten past the fourth grade (and we're informed by reliable sources that several of them have) could decipher that message in a matter of minutes.

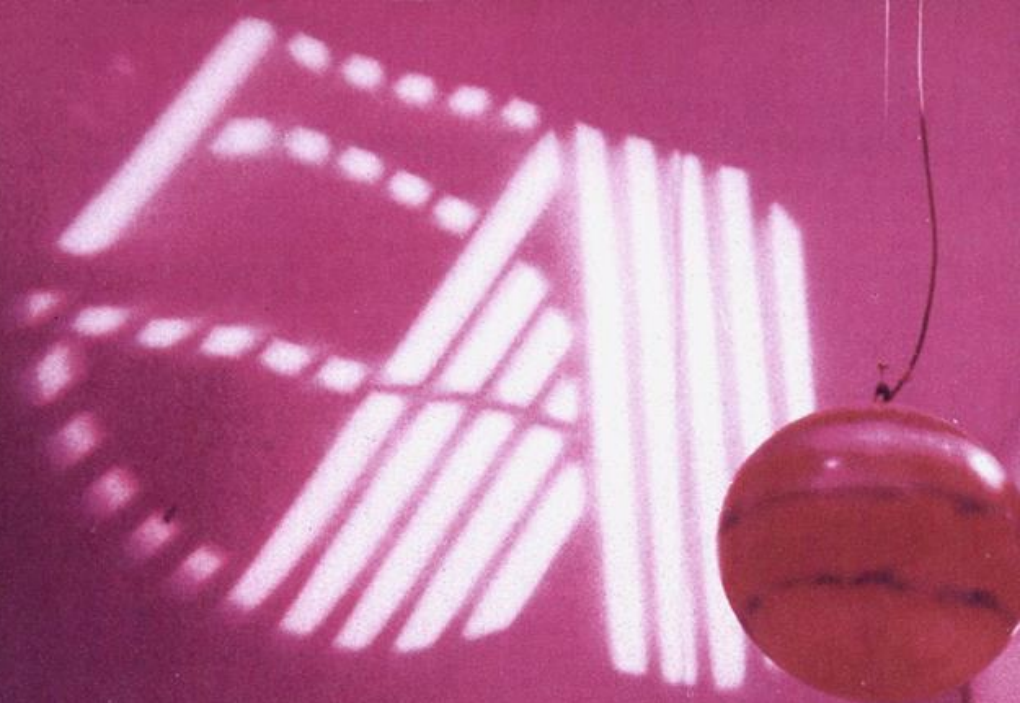
Our dealer can easily make the message undecipherable, however, by simply shifting the code with each letter. For example, the *J* might be replaced with the next letter in the alphabet (*K*), while the *O* would be replaced by the fifth letter following it (*T*), the *N* the twelfth letter following it (*Z*), the *E* the ninth letter following (*N*) and the *S* the seventh letter following (*Z*). *Jones* thus becomes *Ktznz*.

The pickup person must of course have a key to be able to decipher each letter. In this case, the pickup person would have a piece of paper with the key numbers written on it: 1, 5, 12, 9, 7, plus some more numbers to take care of the possibility of a longer message. The secret of the one-time cipher is that the key numbers are random.

It's easy to see why this type of one-time cipher is unbreakable. There is no

(continued on page 120)



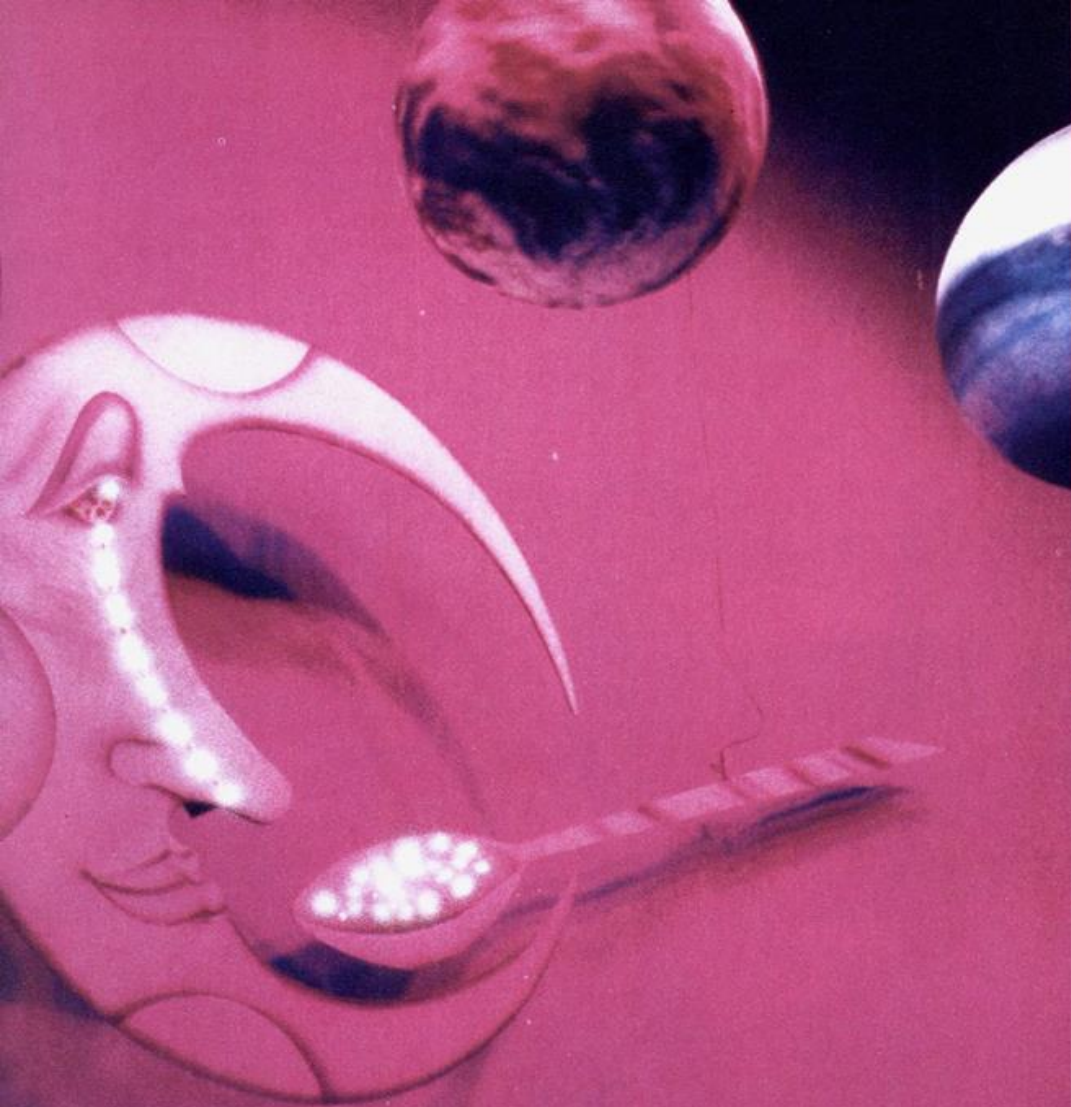


AT FIRST IT SEEMED
LIKE JUST ANOTHER FAD—
THEN WORLD LEADERS
REALIZED IT WAS TOO LATE.

INVASION OF THE DISCO

Was Son of Sam the ultimate rock critic? When he loaded his machine gun to **strafe** that discotheque in Long Island, was he preparing to make a **statement**? To drown out with the **rat-tat-tat** of his deadly weapon the brazen new Beat for the **Feet**? We'll never know—unless the New York D.A. subpoenas that 6,000-year-old dog that was giving Sam his orders. What we do know is that disco, as Charlie Parker said about **be-bop**, "ain't no love-child."

Much of the resistance to the new **style** comes from people who want to **stay** tuned for the rest of their lives to rock. And whatever you say about disco, it is not a **rehash** of something you've heard a



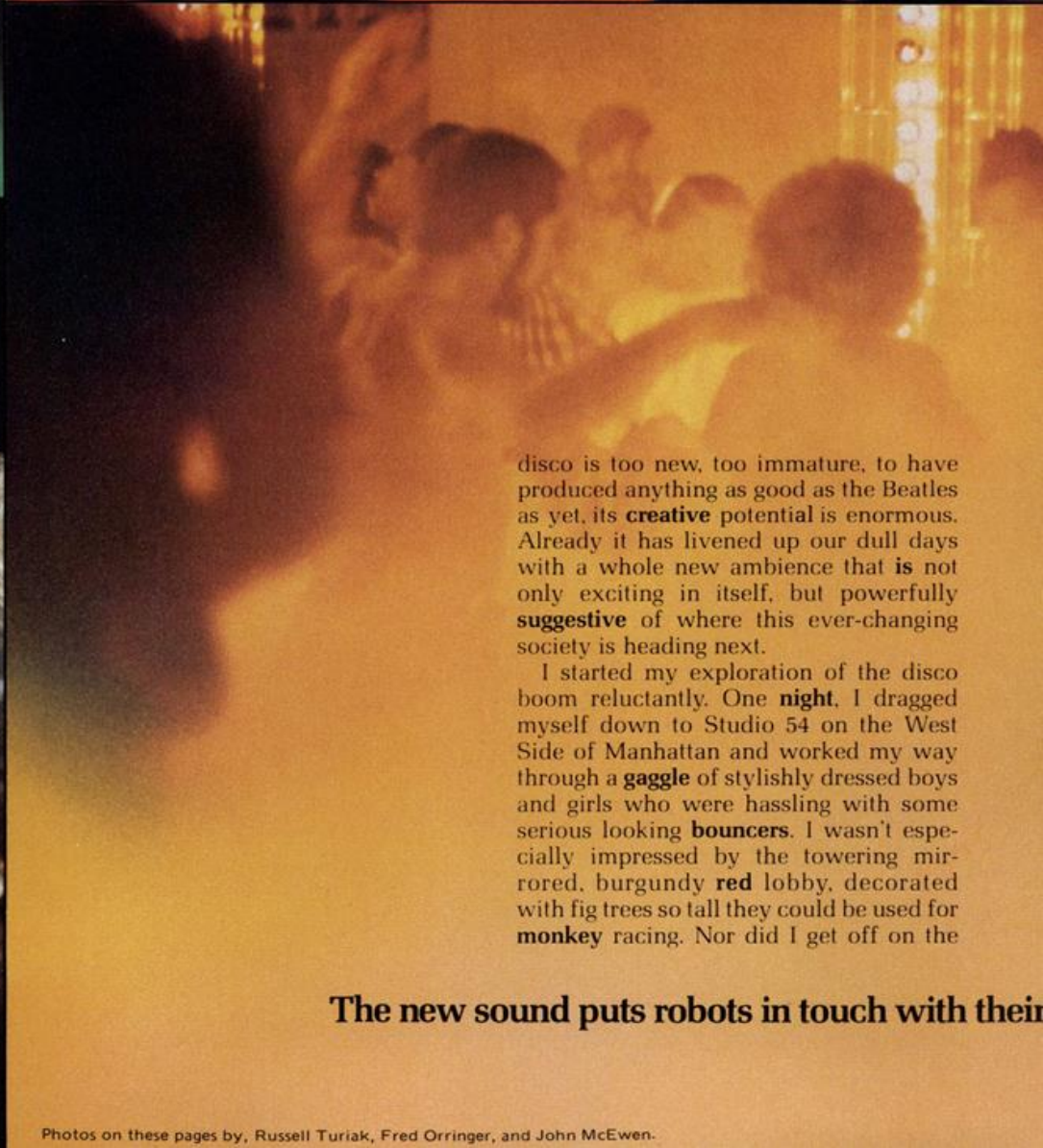
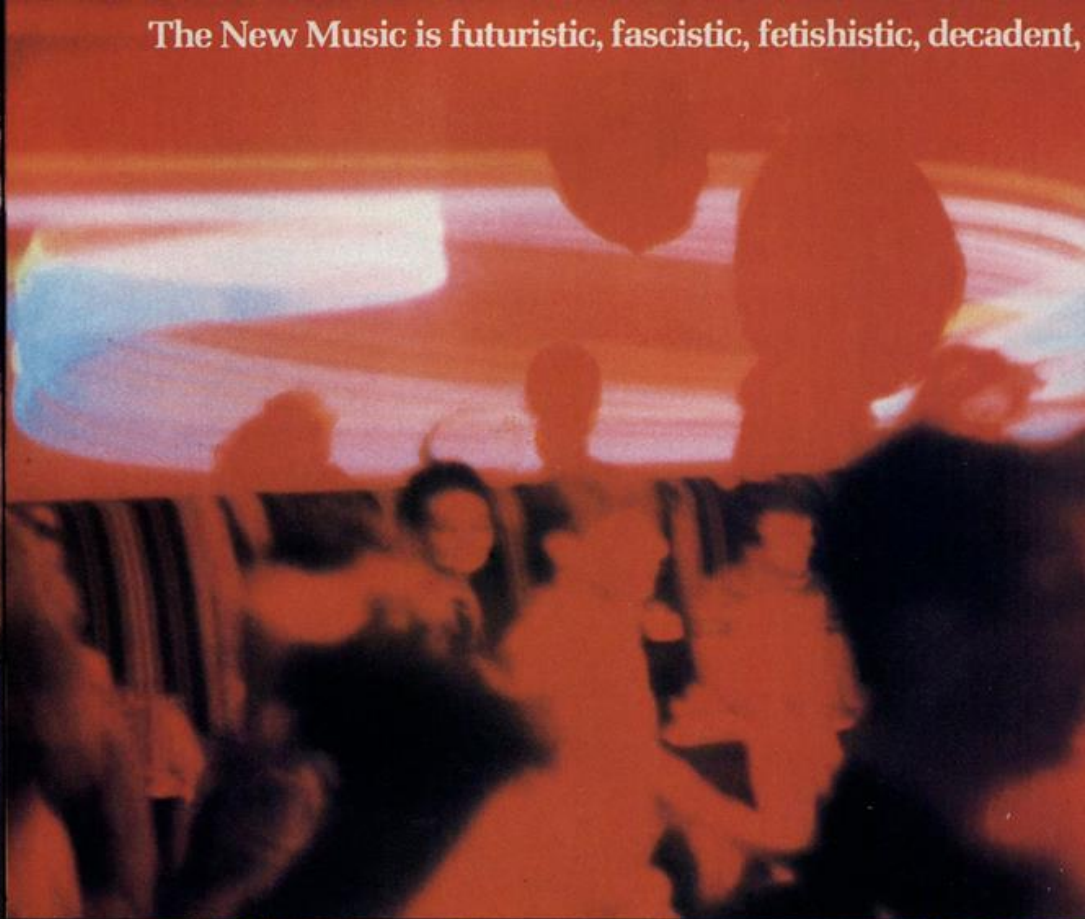
DROIDS

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

thousand times before or a pathetic attempt to turn the **clock** back to the Beatles at the Star Club.

Disco is to the **doldrummed** late Seventies very much what rock was to the late Sixties. It is a sudden stab of **lightning** through an atmosphere dense with piled-up tensions, frustrations and deadly boredom. Like rock it comes right up from the **guts** of our culture, from the ghettos and from the **pits** of technology: the factories, assembly lines and winky-blinky computer control **panels**. Disco right now is in that exciting takeoff stage where every day you discover some kooky **new** sound or some crazy concoction of art and **technology** that blows your mind. Though

The New Music is futuristic, fascistic, fetishistic, decadent,

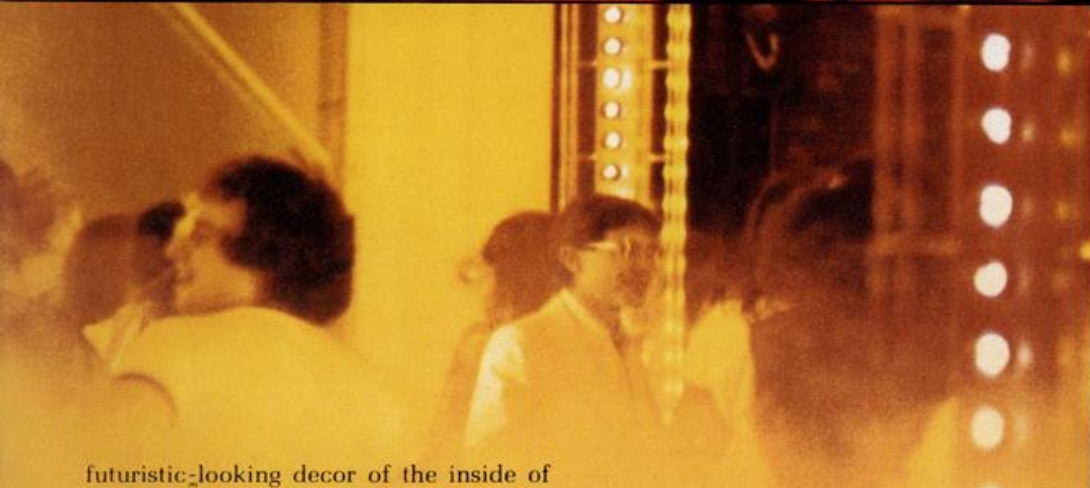
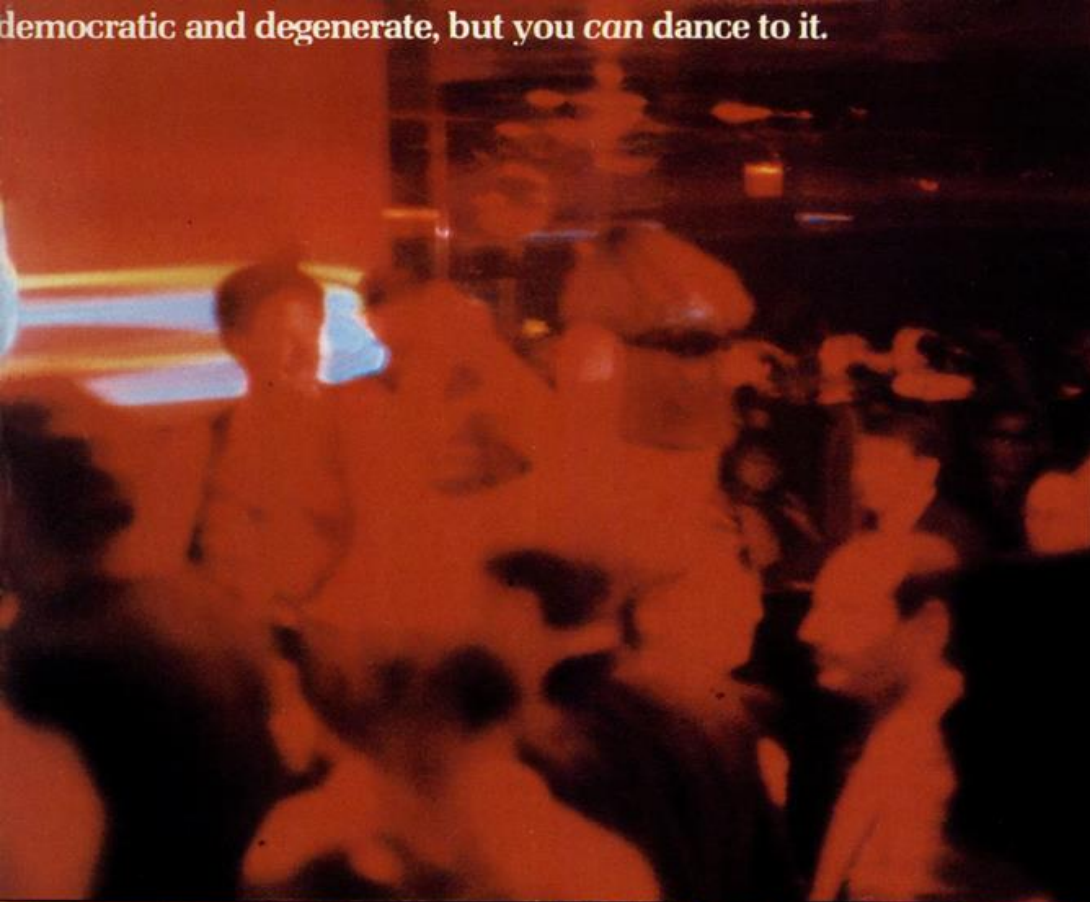


disco is too new, too immature, to have produced anything as good as the Beatles as yet, its **creative** potential is enormous. Already it has livened up our dull days with a whole new ambience that **is** not only exciting in itself, but powerfully **suggestive** of where this ever-changing society is heading next.

I started my exploration of the disco boom reluctantly. One **night**, I dragged myself down to Studio 54 on the West Side of Manhattan and worked my way through a **gaggle** of stylishly dressed boys and girls who were hassling with some serious looking **bouncers**. I wasn't especially impressed by the towering mirrored, burgundy **red** lobby, decorated with fig trees so tall they could be used for **monkey** racing. Nor did I get off on the

The new sound puts robots in touch with their

democratic and degenerate, but you can dance to it.

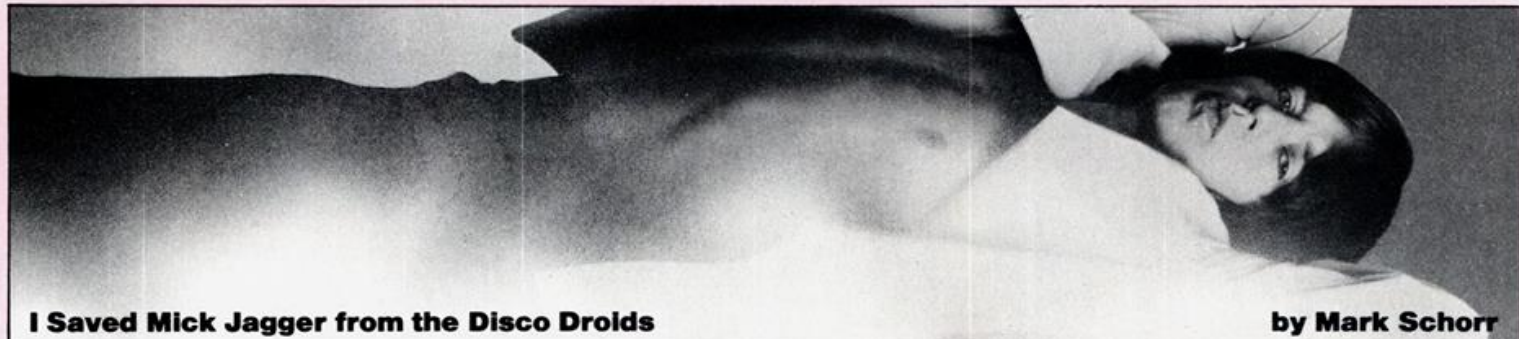


futuristic-looking decor of the inside of the **club**, with its black-banded silver cushions that look like oxygen **tanks** or its quadrangular streamlined juice bar that reminded me of the days when it wasn't hip to **drink** alcohol. It wasn't until I had approached the cavernous dance floor and taken my first look at the stunning extravaganza of lights, sounds, **sets** and perpetual motion both of man and machine that I got a tremendous **flash**. Suddenly I was filled with that marvelous sense of **exultation** that floods your mind when you catch a glimpse of the future.

Let me give you an idea of how it feels when you **step** out there under the guns of those enormous **black** speakers, when you're razored and **lasered** by those incredible **lights**, when you're practically



roots. I have seen the future and it's Regine's.



I Saved Mick Jagger from the Disco Droids

by Mark Schorr

It was a little after 3 A.M. when the front manager pointed to a shaggy head of hair on top of a light pin-striped suit and told me, "That's Mick Jagger over there. Make sure no one bothers him. Tell them Jagger wants to be alone tonight."

I walked over slowly, working to wipe an excited grin from my face. Choruses of "Satisfaction" and "Let It Bleed" danced like sugarplums through my head. I crossed my arms and drew myself up to my full height as I stood guard behind the hero of my adolescence.

The first person I stopped turned out to be a member of Jagger's party. While I was detaining him, a couple made an end-run around us and introduced themselves to the Rolling Stone. I shoed them away and successfully fended off the next four people who approached. Most of my work as a bouncer at New York's Studio 54 discotheque was to push people away.

After about 20 minutes, Jagger, a half-dozen male friends and one of Studio 54's owners visited the men's room. The two women in the group waited outside. While one of Jagger's friends opened a packet of aluminum foil on the sink counter, I

stood in the doorway and stopped other patrons from entering.

"This is quality coke, the best in New York," someone said behind me. There were shuffling sounds, as if a sudden bout of hay fever had struck.

I was posted like an alert German shepherd ordered to prevent mere mortals from violating the sanctity of the celebrity-inhabited rest room.

Five minutes after their party in the men's room, Jagger rinsed off his face and reached for a paper towel. The dispenser was empty. Disco owner Steve Rubell promptly offered him the front of his shirt. Jagger wiped his weary nose and million-dollar mouth on the fabric.

I turned to face a burly man who had opened the outer door. "I'm sorry, we've got to fix something in here. It should be ready in about five minutes," I told him.

"What do you mean? I gotta pee," he said, shoving me aside. I stepped back in front of him. I grabbed his right arm. I was unpleasantly surprised to find it was packed solid under his denim jacket.

Latent machismo tendencies rose to the surface. I frankly didn't give a damn about Jagger's privacy. I had politely told

the man to wait a minute, and with no provocation he'd shoved me. He looked like the barrel-bodied physical type who'd enjoy butting heads. I tried to guess whether he'd lead with a left or a right.

Before anything could happen, Jagger and the others came out of the bathroom, murmuring that they were done. Jagger said something to the man, but it was unclear whether it was placating or insulting. The man glared at the rock star.

The group went into the balcony. They walked to the center of the loge and looked down on the more than 50 people dancing below. Jagger, puffy-eyed and smiling, sat sipping wine and talking to a woman. I stood behind him, quivering from the receding waves of my adrenaline rush.

Other than two tenacious transvestites who insisted they were close friends of the star, a couple of autograph seekers and some stoned-out fans, the rest of the evening was uneventful.

At 4 A.M., the Midnight Rambler put on dark sunglasses, and I escorted him and his lady friend to a waiting limousine. They rode off. I never even got a chance to say hello.

picked up and hurled about the enormous kinetic **energy** generated by the new disco sound mixes.

Brrrrrump! FEE-FIIIE! FOE-FHUMB! YO LOO-KIN DOWN DA BAR-REL O DA DE-BIL'S GUN! Brrrrrump! NO-WHAAAARE TO RUN! YOU GOT-TA MAKE A STAN AGAINST THE DE-BIL'S GUN! Roaring like King Kong in rut, the bass-barreltone boogie voice **booms** in the darkness. Broken by flashes of lightning and tympanic claps of thunder, the night is filled with terror. You feel like you've crashed in the Congo. Between the elements and the **animals**, you don't stand a chance.

Then, miraculously, the scene **shifts**. Instead of the *Heart of Darkness*, you're standing in Times Square. Winking-blinking, racing-chasing lights **bedazzle** your eyes. As these Broadway fireworks **ignite** the night, you take another fix on the scene. This time you **pin** it. Cape Canaveral at ground zero. Right? Look at that squadron of towering **pencil-shaped rockets** standing out there on the hangar floor. Fashioned of chrome-plated wire

and **studded** with winking red and yellow lights, they look like Space-Age totem **poles**. Wait, though! Hold it! What's happening? The fuckers are lifting off! In unison! A dozen of them **sliding** through the dark overhead. Each one **kissing** off the earth with a volley of blinding **flashes** from its rotary taillight.

Behind they leave the ground crew. Clad in spectral **white**, these boys and girls are thrashing about in the semidarkness when suddenly all **hell** breaks loose. Zap! Zap! Zap! A score of blinding strobes is raking the floor. Fluid motion is arrested, stopped, **freeze-dried** into black-and-white **snapshots**. Zap! Zap! Zap! Zap! Your brain is starting to reel! You're flying while standing still! Then the back wall of the hangar—or is it Dr. Frankenstein's lab?—lights up. And you **crack** up!

You're looking at a fascinatingly funny apparition. It's Old Man Moon! That emaciated **crescent**-profiled old fool! With his toothless senescent jaw jutting up to practically touch his pendant **coxcomb**. In the midst of this concave punim hangs his tired old hose **nose**. Detumescent, like a spent shlong. But, wait! Help is

coming! Rejuvenation! A surrealistically distended coke **spoon** is stuck under his limp shnozz. Cocaine as white bright bubbles goes flying up the Moon's proboscis, as high as his **evil** little red eye. The dancers **scream**! The beat booms louder! The floor fibrillates! Then the whole crazy scene comes to **climax**!

Down from the dark heavens comes a thick soft fall of **snow**. Thousands of feathery white flakes fluttering down upon the milling white figures below. Pennies from heaven. Bennies from heaven. Now **Christmas** in July.

Yes, I am struggling to capture and communicate the **flux** of hallucinatory impressions that come flooding through your sensorium in **just** a few minutes inside one of New York's revolutionary new discotheques. The particular **dream** theater I'm describing was once the San Carlo Opera House, later a CBS studio for "What's My Line?," now a cavernous **shrine** to the gods, muses and oracles of industrial **chic** and intergalactic funk.

Studio 54 is the wildest **trip** you can take these days in Big Town. Even more important, this Palace of **Pleasure**, this

High Times

top 40

The High Times Top 40 is the Fortune 500 of dope. This guide to the most potent, precious and prettiest crops of 1977 shows exactly the kind of things grass gourmets look for when they inspect fresh stash—which they do, by the way, and in a good light, before even thinking about smoking it! A fine strain of marijuana, like a fine wine or cigar, has its own characteristic flavor, appearance and aroma; it is as unlike any other plant as two snowflakes. Learn to distinguish the vulgar or presumptuous, domestic window-box hybrid from the truly amusing, little-imported thoroughbred. Study these leaf and twig formations for clear guidance on smokability!

The High Times Top 40 were chosen because they, above all other pot plants, are truly representative of this great vintage year 1977. For wine lovers, great years may fall a quarter of a century apart. But in pot, there's always another great year in store—in fact, there's one due in '78. ■



1. Oaxacan Red



5. Acapulco Gold



9. Colombian Gold



13. Hawaiian



2. Guerrero Gold



3. Oaxacan Sinsemilla



4. Oaxacan Gold



6. Thai



7. Guerrero Gold



8. Thai



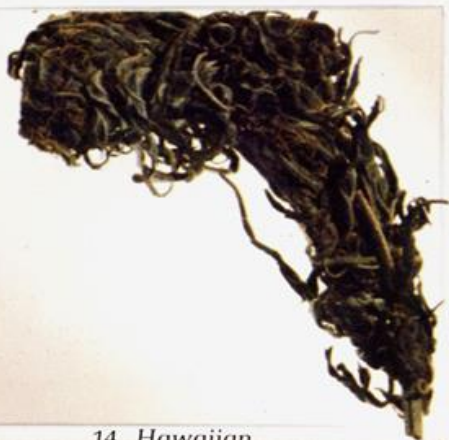
10. Thai



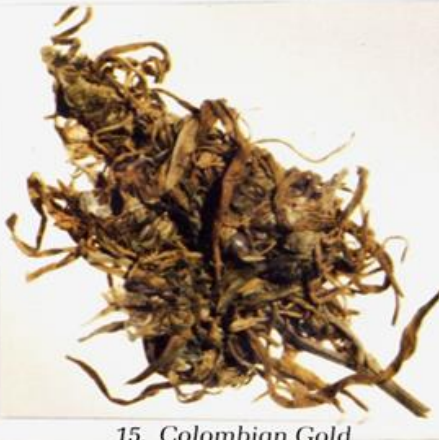
11. Oaxacan



12. Colombian Chiba



14. Hawaiian



15. Colombian Gold



16. Guerrero



17. Acapulco Gold



18. Blue Hawaiian



19. Colombian



23. Thai Stick



24. Maui Wowee



25. Colombian Gold



29. Nicaraguan



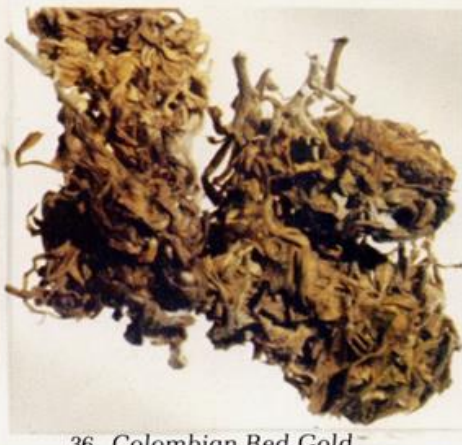
30. Colombian Red Gold



31. Colombian Red Block



35. Colombian Gold



36. Colombian Red Gold



37. Colombian Gold



20. Michoacán



21. Maui



22. Oaxacan



26. Colombian Red Gold



27. Colombian Multi



28. Colombian Gold



32. Hawaiian Maui



33. Colombian Gold



34. Orange Colombian



38. Stickless Thai



39. Oahu Hawaiian



40. Colombian Red

THE WEIRD PAGAN ORIGINS OF XMAS

by Glenn O'Brien and Douglas Kelley



We're going to cover our houses with flashing lights and deck the halls with holly. We're going to burn the yule log. We're going to make a terrific rum eggnog and try to french-kiss normally off-limit members of the opposite sex under a sprig of mistletoe. We're going to set up a fireproof aluminum evergreen in the living

appy birthday, Baby Jesus! Let's see, how old are you this year? 1977, give or take a few? That's pretty old, but we haven't forgotten. This year we're going to honor you even more than ever before. We're going to spend hundreds of millions of dollars on microwave ovens, snowmobiles, Fonz dolls and other tokens of our love for one another.

room. We're going to have one hell of an office party. We're going to take the kids to sit on the lap of a fat, bearded elf impersonator. We're going to be big tippers. We're going to watch a lot of football on TV. We're going to have a nice big ham and a turkey. And on New Year's Eve we're going to go to a great swinging couples party, put on funny hats, drink as much as possible and think about all the things we're not going to do next year. All to remember you, Baby Jesus!

This is the way that Americans will celebrate their biggest religious holiday? Not in prayer and fasting, but in riot, debauch and feasting? Some Christians don't really approve of all this hoopla—they see it as a part of the recent trend of commercializing Christmas. But is that all it is? Or is there an even more sinister side to Xmas? The occult Xmas!

This suspicion is nothing new. In 1652 Britain's Parliament actually outlawed Christmas because of revelations that Jesus' birthday was little more than a front for the weird bacchanalian orgies of neo-pagans. It has been uncovered that mistletoe was first kissed under by Druid sun worshippers, who did so before

going out to throw the baby on the burning Christmas tree. It has been uncovered that kindly old Santa Claus is in fact a clever disguise for a pagan god! We know that the yule log was the totem of cruel Aryan fire worshippers! And we know that December 25th was probably not even J.C.'s birthday!



he Xmas front was invented by Roman Christians in the fifth century. They had spotted this new religion as a comer and knew that with the right marketing approach it could take over the world. Nobody knew what day was actually Jesus' birthday, but they knew everybody's favorite holiday was the Winter Solstice on December 25, a

day wildly celebrated as the Birthday of the Unconquered Sun. All the wily X-tians had to do was change Sun to Son, and make a few minor changes in art direction.

Like Xmas today, the pagan Roman Xmas was more than just a day off; it was a swingin' holiday season. People went wacko for weeks, partying nonstop. The season was called the Saturnalia after the god Saturn. Saturn was, among other things, Rome's god of agriculture, and so the season was marked by devout wining and dining. But Saturn was not just a minor-league specialist god. He was one of the heavies and was considered to have run the whole shebang during the legendarily happy Golden Age, after which his turf was taken over by Jove (Jupiter), a no-more-Mr.-Nice-Guy.

During Saturnalia Romans acted like it was the Golden Age all over again. Everybody knocked off work, including the army. School was out. Convicts were allowed to party. Slaves were freed for the duration and were even waited on by their masters.

When the world learned from the Romans that it could have Christianity and a good time too, it began to see the light of Xmas. It spread throughout the civilized world and then some. Of course, many people realized that Jesus' birthday party seemed an awful lot like the old pagan drinking and fucking season. England's legendary King Arthur was among the first to initiate the true Xmas spirit into X-tianity. *The History of York* (1785) recalls:

At this time (521 A.D.) that great Monarch Arthur... kept Christmas in York... and spent the latter end of December in Mirth, Jollity, Drinking and the Vices that are too often the Consequence of them; so that the Representations of the old Heathenish Feasts dedicated to Saturn were here again revived... Our Countrymen call this Jule-tide, substituting the name of Julius Caesar for that of Saturn. The Vulgar are yet persuaded that the Nativity of Christ is then celebrated, but mistakenly for 'tis plain they imitate the Lasciviousness of Bacchanalians, rather than the memory of Christ.

And so it went for hundreds of years, getting wilder and wilder. Even the most devout Christians fell victim to the lure of the Xmas spirit. As Niccolini recalls in his history of the Jesuits:

In most monasteries... there begins at Christmas a series of feasts which continues till Lent. A ball enlivens and terminates the feast; and, to render it still more animated, and perhaps to show how completely their vow of chastity has eradicated all their carnal appetite, some of the young monks appear coquettishly dressed in the garb of the fair sex and begin the dance, along with others, transformed into gay cavaliers.

As the Reformation snowballed, there were more and more pious Christians to abominate the fun. Anti-Xmas agitation reached its peak in 1652, when, on Christmas Eve, the Parliament of a less merry England declared the holiday illegal.

But it's not easy to ban something like Xmas, and the government was nearly brought down by intense rioting in London, York, Canterbury and other centers of mirth and jollity. For a while Xmas went underground in England. But in a few years it was restored by King Charles II and came back wilder than ever.

Santa: Anagram of Satan

Checking out the career of Santa Claus, we find few links between this jolly old elf and Christ. In fact, he seems to be a pretty suspicious character. St. Nick, supposedly the originator of the Santa myth, turns out to have been an obscure, rather undistinguished Greek who is Greece's patron saint of sailors. Actually, St. Nick made it big in Holland and other Northlands, where it was his reputation for generosity that got him on the Xmas wagon. Why in the North? Many Santa-ologists have pointed out striking resemblances between the jolly old elf who lives at the pole, and the Nordic thunder-god Thor, who was a December 25th birthday boy long before Jesus.



Have Yourself a Pagan Little Xmas

Now that we know where our Xmas cheer comes from, let's be big about it. Pagan, shmagan—it works doesn't it? So this year when you get your tree, remember Osiris and Bacchus and the other birthday boys. When you sit on Santa's lap, try getting a tip on corn futures. And when you kiss under the mistletoe, imagine yourself naked and painted blue. A pagan Xmas can be fun and profitable. ☐

XMAS, XMAS, Read all about it.

Photographic proof positive that America goes mad over Xmas.



Wide World

LOOK OUT BELOW...

This human Xmas tree was formed by 90 churchgoers in Wichita, Kansas. Unfortunately, when they started to climb down, the 30-foot structure tipped over and 25 had to be hospitalized.



Wide World

YULE NEVER TOP THIS...

Here's a festive yuletide idea: disguise yourself as a Xmastress or a snowman. These girls did. You can too! All you need is a degree in hairdressing and a brain the size of a sleigh bell.



Wide World

ENTER KRISHNA KRINGLE

Starting last year, the familiar sidewalk Santas, the Volunteers of America, have been getting some competition from members of the Hare Krishna sect. Their motto is: Ho, ho, ho, Hare Krishna.



UPI

THE BEST DECORATION OF ALL

This is Italian starlet Patrizia Funari's way of saying "Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year" to you, her many fans. A nice chassis, but a terrible paint job.



UPI

'TIS BETTER TO GIVE...

Last year, David Warren and his two small sons stood at a downtown San Francisco corner giving away potfuls of money to passers-by for Xmas shopping. He and his twin 11-year-old sons Mark and Michael gave away money from an old-fashioned steel pot as a protest against Xmas commercialism—and also to illustrate the true spirit of holiday giving.



Wide World

IS THIS THE REAL SANTA?

This unusual trophy resides in Anchorage, Alaska. It is believed to be none other than the late Bullwinkle J. Moose wearing a phony beard.



MOMMY! THAT MONSTER ATE MY PRESENT!

His name is Tyrannosaurus Rex, and he is a real dummy who lives in the Museum of Science in Boston. A favorite with grade schoolers, they made him his own stocking and wreath. He would rather have had one of the kids for lunch.



WE COULDN'T AFFORD A REAL TREE SO WE BOILED DOWN RUDOLPH...

Students at the Auburn Alabama School of Veterinary Medicine were greeted by the decorated skeleton of a white-tailed deer. Artist Rhoda Jeffery (left) adds a finishing touch while Nadine Harper, a medical illustrator, puts a gift under the "tree."



BITING THE HAND THAT BLESSED HIM...

Little Ronnie Brooks, three, was so impressed with the dignity of Cardinal John Krol that he chomped down on his finger. The Cardinal, who had been affectionately tickling the kid under the chin at a Xmas party for handicapped children, took it in all good fun.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD LEFTOVERS

Inside the miniature coffin on the right are the well-traveled remains of a turkey that was a Xmas meal in 1955. Each year the remains are mailed from the Bill Ward family of Wichita Falls, Texas, to the Robert Morton family of Torrance, California. Although started as a joke, the annual trip of the remains has become a ritual for the two families. It is a challenge to see who can still get a sandwich out of the old bird.



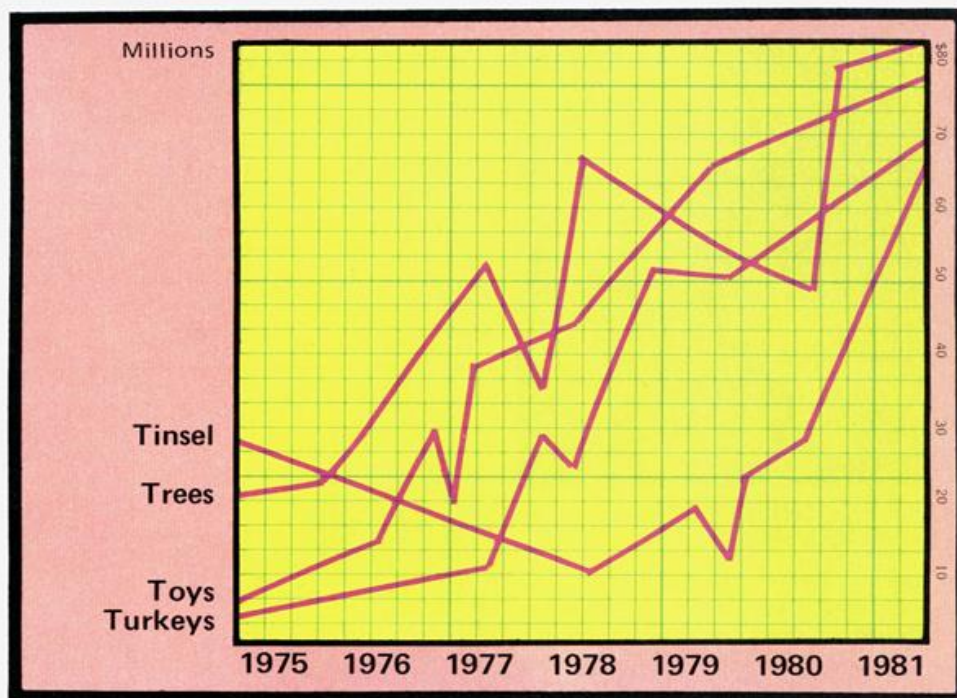
These rare photos collected from world news services show how Santa Claus gets from the North Pole to your house.

1. Xmas day minus three. Santa and his toys are loaded onto the secret *Donnerblitzen*, an atomic sub, for a two-day trip to his secret Greenland base...
2. ... where he's airlifted out in a reconditioned 747 cargo plane. To save time after he bails out, he free falls to within 200 feet of the ground before he opens his parachute. Often youngsters find large holes in the ground on Xmas day. These occur when Santa hits a little too hard.
3. He lands on skis at approximately 175 mph. Gifts and other debris are spread all around as shown here.
4. Along the ocean states he uses his honorary dolphins, Dancer and Prancer, to get him around.
5. For the trip through Texas and up the Midwest and the West Coast, Santa uses this trail bike that was donated to him by President Marcos of the Philippines.
6. This is Santa as he appears at your house. Note the traditional cigar and white gloves. Photographers were able to grab this rare shot while Santa was caught on a TV aerial.

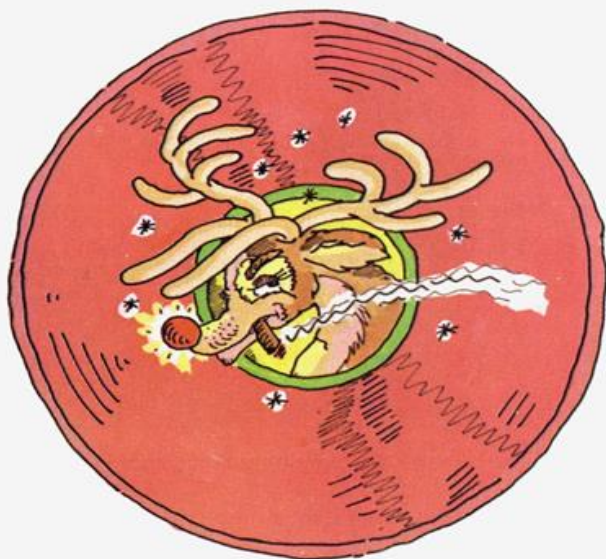
DECK THE HALLS WITH CONSUMABLE COMMODITIES

Fa la la la la

France and England may go down with the Concorde. The Arabs may have a strangle hold on the USA. But Christmas has everybody by the balls. The entire retail establishment rises and falls on the ticker-tape of Xmas goodwill towards men. When America is feeling merry, retail sales rocket to approximately 60 billion dollars per month. When inflation and world tensions keep the shoppers away in droves, conglomerates teeter on the brink. But even then, fortunes can be made by the right idea—like the pet rock. This year things are looking good. Toys are up. (Last year's Cher and Bionic Woman dolls saved Mattel.) So this year let's have a very merry, and keep all those toy and tinsel execs off the ledges.



HIGH TIMES XMAS TUNES



Xmas is not just a time for giving and for bacchanalian orgies. You'll probably remember the wine and women (or men as the case may be), but don't forget the song, because there are lots of good ones. Here's our Xmas playlist.

1. Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer—Gene Autry
2. Santa Claus Is Coming to Town—Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters
3. Jingle Brass—Nashville Brass
4. Santa Claus Rooftop Junkie—David Peel
5. If Santa Were My Daddy—Jimmy Osmond

6. White Christmas—Bing Crosby
7. Santa Claus Is Coming to Town—Jackson Five
8. Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree—Brenda Lee
9. Jingle Bells—The Singing Dogs
10. Have Reindeer, Will Travel—Johnny Mathis
11. Twinkle, Twinkle Little Me—The Supremes
12. That's What I Want for Christmas—Nancy Wilson
13. Jingle Bell Rock—Bobby Helms
14. Feliz Navidad—Jose Feliciano
15. Sleep in Heavenly Peace—Barbra Streisand
16. The First Noel—Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians
17. O Come All Ye Faithful—Perry Como
18. Jolly Old St. Nicholas—Eddy Arnold
19. 'Twas the Night Before Christmas—Art Carney
20. Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer—The Chipmunks
21. Happiest Xmas Tree—Nat King Cole
22. White Christmas—Darlene Love
23. I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus—The Ronettes
24. Silent Night—Sister Rosetta Tharpe with the Rosette Gospel Singers
25. Christmas in My Home Town—Charley Pride
26. Frosty the Snowman—The Ronettes
27. I Believe in Father Christmas—Greg Lake
28. Bells of St. Mary's—Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans
29. Merry Christmas Darling—The Carpenters
30. Santa Claus Is Coming to Town—The Crystals
31. You're All I Want for Christmas—Al Martino
32. Christmas Medley—Mitch Miller
33. Sleighride—The Ronettes
34. Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer—The Crystals
35. The Best of All Christmases—Darlene Love
36. Here Comes Santa Claus—Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans
37. Parade of the Wooden Soldiers—The Crystals
38. What Are You Doing New Year's—The Orioles
39. Cold Turkey—Plastic Ono Band
40. Silent Night—Phil Spector and Artists

Six Great Americans Tell "What Xmas Means to Me"

JOHN WATERS, director of *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble*

What's the best thing you ever got for Xmas?

The meatball sub commercial they showed at the local drive-in where I grew up. It was the "visit the concession stand" trailer.

How did you find out there was no Santa Claus?

Other kids told me in school. I was shattered. I believed in Santa Claus after I found out there was no Easter Bunny. That was the first to go. I saw women dressed as bunnies at department stores and was expected to believe that they hopped up to my door Easter morning.

What's the real meaning of Xmas?

Gettin' gifts.

PROFESSOR IRWIN COREY, comedian

What's the best thing you ever got for Xmas?

I don't get for Christmas. I get for Hanukkah. But the best gift I ever got was a swinging party with 16 couples. I got through eight of the ladies before I had to go home.

How did you find out there was no Santa Claus?

Is Santa Claus dead? He might as well be if he only comes once a year. And when he comes it's down the chimney and in my sock. But at least when he comes it's all over the world.

What's the real meaning of Xmas?

You can keep Christmas. It's all right. But forget Easter. We found the body.

GERARD DAMIANO, X-rated film director

What's the best thing you ever got for Xmas?

I haven't gotten it yet.

How did you find out there was no Santa Claus?

I did a very bad thing. My mother thought I was asleep, but I just lay there with one eye open and watched her decorate the tree and put the presents under it. When she was finished I jumped up and said, "I caught you." I think she was more disappointed than I was.

What's the real meaning of Xmas?

I think it's a very sad day. It used to be a great religious holiday, but now it's totally commercial. I still put up a tree for my kids, and I made the same mistake my parents did by telling them that there's a real Santa Claus who lives at the North Pole. But I think it's terrible to lie to children. It's like when parents tell their kids that sex is bad and then they grow up to find out it's great. Now I'm trying to tell them that Santa isn't a person, he's a feeling.



Mr. Goldstein, your gift is ready.

AL GOLDSTEIN, editor of *Screw*

What's the best thing you ever got for Xmas?

I got a hooker once. The staff of the magazine saved up and got me a beautiful blonde hooker who gave me a wonderful blow job. I thought that captured the spirit of Xmas.

How did you find out there was no Santa Claus?

When he gave me a blow job. And he wanted \$5 for it.

What's the real meaning of Xmas?

It's an X-rated holiday. It panders to our baser instincts.

ADNY SHERNOFF, guitarist, keyboards, vocals, The Dictators

What's the best thing you ever got for Xmas?

My first guitar.

How did you find out there was no Santa Claus?

I never believed anybody dressed like Santa Claus would come into my neighborhood after dark.

What's the real meaning of Xmas?

It means a week off from school.

ANDY WARHOL, artist/filmmaker

What's the best thing you ever got for Xmas?

My two front teeth.

How did you find out there was no Santa Claus?

You could tell it was a girl and not a guy.

What's the real meaning of Xmas?

Well, X means kissing, so it's really a kissing holiday.

SANTA CLAUS: The Horrible Truth

An exclusive interview

High Times: There have been a lot of rumors of strange goings on at the North Pole. Flying saucers and such things.

Santa: Well, I myself have never seen a flying saucer, but my sleigh is constantly being taken for a UFO. I've been chased by fighters, potshots with nuclear warheads and heat-seeking missiles. They've thrown the whole book at me.

High Times: How have you managed to avoid that kind of firepower?

Santa: Since the sleigh is unarmed, I go lickety split.

High Times: Some UFOlogists claim that there's a Nazi UFO base at the North Pole.

Santa: I've heard zese ridiculous rumors, but I zink if zis was true I would have seen some of zese fellows. Now at the South Pole, maybe the Russians and Americans look for zem—I don't know.

High Times: Santa, you're also known as St. Nick. Are you German? You seem to have a German accent.

Santa: Actually it's Yiddish. Anyone can work their way up to be Santa Claus. I got my start at Gimbel's 34th Street.

High Times: I thought you were a nonprofit organization?

Santa: Oh, we were, but last year I was bought out by a toy

conglomerate. Now they just pay me to take the orders and you know, generally promote Christmas.

High Times: They pay you to promote Christmas? We thought you owned Christmas!

Santa: Nope, not any more; sold them everything: the sled, the reindeer, the factories, the name, the logo, even the elves. Now I'm like Colonel Sanders, I like it much better. I get a flat percentage, and I only work November and December.

High Times: How much did you get for everything?

Santa: Oh, that's not important. Let's just say that I was able to pay off the rest of the North Pole and have a few bucks left over. I want to build a hotel and condominium complex called "Santa's Worldtop Hideaway."

High Times: This is terrible! What if kids find out there is no Santa Claus?

Santa: They'd never believe it. Besides, the corporation is planning to phase out the Santa Claus image over the next ten years and replace him with a red and green clown named "Christmas the Clown." He'll be more like Ronald McDonald and less like me.

High Times: Don't you feel that is a mistake?

Santa: Well, I don't know. I suppose they felt like they should keep up with the times. They are looking for someone more like Dwayne Hickman or John Travolta, someone who can do department store demonstrations of new products.

High Times: It has been said by your critics that you are a little perverted when it comes to young girls. How do you react to that?

Santa: Ho, ho, ho! I guess I am a little perverted. I love to see their pink lace undies and their cute little faces when they ask for some expensive item, but I never did anything.

High Times: Nothing, Santa?

Santa: Well, maybe a feel here, a little pinch there; nothing more than I am entitled to as Santa Claus.

High Times: Is there really a Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer?

Santa: Yes, but Rudolph is my brother, not a reindeer. And he's retired now. He owns a shopping center and some apartment buildings in Finland.

High Times: And the other reindeer?

Santa: Zolid shtate.

High Times: Solid state?

Santa: Ja.

High Times: What about the elves?

Santa: The elves are for real.

High Times: One last question, Santa, what do you want for Christmas?

Santa: Well, I've got my health and that's the most important thing. And my retirement is well provided for. I have all the material things I want. There's really nothing.

High Times: Nothing?

Santa: Where did you say you were from?

High Times: *High Times*.

Santa: What have you got in your bag?

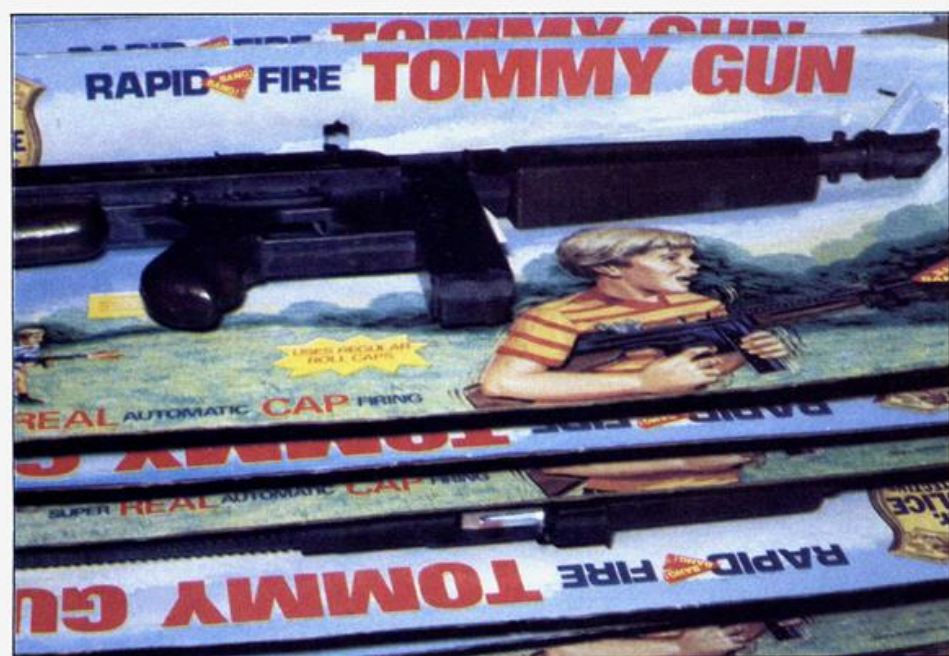
(Rest of tape inaudible.) ■



TOYS '77—Santa's Got a Brand New Bag!

Beyond the Valley of the Xmas Toy

Now that there are several "physically correct" male dolls on the market, you can really start playing around. Nothing is left to the imagination when today's boy and girl dolls strip down for action. On the right we see the plastic version of Archie Bunker's grandson, Joey Stivic, receiving some occupational therapy from the nubile Suntan Tuesday Taylor, a doll that is capable of getting a Copper-tone tan in less minutes than you can microwave a grilled cheese sandwich. They are both made by Ideal, but few think that their relationship will last. All baby Joey ever wants to do is drink and wet, while Suntan Tuesday Taylor is a swinging fashion doll. There are many high fashion dolls around these days, and they are more fleshy and buxom than you might remember. Buy a doll this Xmas—they are more easy to manipulate than real people.



Hurt, Kill, Destroy! For Age Three and Older.

Did you ever get angry at a sales clerk and want to pull out a Tommy gun and blast him or her to pieces? Yes? Then you need a toy gun that looks real but sounds phony. Your bank teller might not tremble at the sight of the one above, but there are other more realistic models. The Starsky and Hutch gun set includes life-size copies of Starsky's .357 Magnum and Hutch's slightly less impressive automatic. Both guns are huge, larger than some children, perfect for knocking over the corner liquor store. Another sick toy, not

shown here, is the Earthquake Tower. This five-foot monstrosity sways and rumbles as if in a Californian nightmare dreamed up by Irwin Allen. It tries to combine the best features of the movie *Earthquake* with those of the movie *The Towering Inferno*. The mayhem is only as limited as your imagination: falling debris, hot steam pipes, raging fires, the works. Another good toy is the Charlie's Angels Target Set. You get two dart guns and some pictures of the girls to shoot at. For you auto-racing fans, we have the Super Sonic Power Brand Tournament of Thrills featuring "Wild Power Spin-outs." Well, all right!

Beyond Ken and Barbi— The Total TV Orgy

The biggest part of the doll biz this year is the celebrity doll, or the "TV" doll. Once you're out of the store you can undress all of the following: Cher (in three different sizes!), Diana Ross, Starsky and Hutch, Farrah Fawcett Majors, her husband Lee Majors (the Six Million Dollar Man), Donny and Marie, Telly Savalas, Evel Knievel, John-Boy and Ellen Walton, Henry Winkler, Toni Tennille and Jaclyn Smith. You and your friends can take turns arranging and rearranging them on your living room rug. You can have them changing beds more times than an Italian musical comedy. The Sonny Bono doll is so realistic, his plastic hair feels greasy.



A Lifetime Supply



of PEYOTE MAGIC...

It lasted 15 months

by J. F. Burke

Most of my life it's been boo, booze and blow. I didn't get into trips until I was 42, in 1957, when a friend of mine in Santa Fe introduced me to peyote. A Taos Indian had given a dozen peyote buttons to each of several persons in Santa Fe's art colony. One of them, a serigrapher who did realistic still lifes of mushrooms, had been waiting for me to arrive and trip with him.

I knew very little about peyote at that time, but I did know enough to be aware of the problem of getting it past our palates, so I pulverized the dried buttons in a Waring blender and tamped the powder into gelatin capsules. Otherwise our soft palates might have reflexively ejected the peyote, which I'd been told was incredibly bitter. We washed the caps down with cold mountain well water.

My friend's trip must have been very strange, for he spent the first eight hours wrapped in a Navaho blanket, curled up like a chrysalis in a cocoon and chanting in a language that sounded Indian to me. After eight hours he emerged from his cocoon smiling, looking beatific and saying nothing. Very mysterious.

Afterwards, when I asked him what language he'd been chanting, he said English. I objected that it didn't sound remotely like English but very much like some Indian tongue. He said that was just my own mental confusion, a peyote hallucination. When I asked him what he'd been chanting *about*, he said he'd been chanting "in praise of everything," as he put it. Just what an Indian shaman might do, I commented. He ridiculed the thought. But if he really believed he'd been chanting English, he was out of his tree. English it was not.

As for my own trip, I spent the first four hours laughing, just laughing, for everything was laughable. It seemed to me that laughter was the truest response to the world. Apparently I'd needed a good laugh for a long time.

The next time Mescalito came to me, I was with my wife Rosa. We ate peyote every day for 15 months. Mescalito stayed with us all that time. Sometimes I feel he never left.

Rosa and I sent to Smith's Cacti Ranch in Laredo, Texas, for peyote, which was legal then and was being sold in the East Village for 25 cents a button. We got it by mail order at \$10 per 100 buttons plus \$3 postage. You received your shipment via parcel post with a U.S. Department of Agriculture stamp on the carton attesting to the purity of the contents. This was back in 1961—the good old days!

Our first shipment arrived on a Friday. A few of the buttons had rotten spots from being locked up in the mailing carton for several days. These were big, fresh, green, juicy buttons. We cut out the bad spots. Then we set the hundred buttons out around the apartment, wherever there was a horizontal surface. They were everywhere. They seemed to have *presence*, as we say in theater. They were fleshlike to the touch, and they looked lovely with their elegant little silvery tufts. We could smell them, too, an earthy smell, quite delicate. They looked like big, round living emeralds. Or perhaps imperial jade.

I cut a slice off one, and we tasted it. Words have not been coined for such unbelievable bitterness. So we had a problem. How to eat this little green god? You can't pulverize the fresh, juicy buttons and cap them as with the dried ones. We knew that people had tried to minimize the taste by brewing infusions, boiling porridge, making milk shakes. We decided that somehow we'd meet the problem head-on. So we slept on it.

While we slept, Mescalito was everywhere in the room, 100 of him. Saturday morning we woke up *knowing* how to handle the eating problem. We removed the tiny silvery tufts, washed the buttons in cold water, dried them gently with soft towels and then chopped up a few of the biggest, fattest, juiciest. We *minced* them. We also ground some dark Brazilian beans and made a pot of strong coffee laced with honey.

Still, it's no easy task chewing the bitter green mass prior to swallowing it. You chew like a rabbit, keeping it in the front of your mouth, well away from the soft palate. Then, when it's ready to be swallowed, you put the cup of coffee to your lips, swallow the peyote and follow it immediately with the coffee so that you're washing the peyote past the esophagus before the soft palate can react. Once it's past the esophagus you're home free, except perhaps for a queasy stomach.

Some people experience nausea, and some even throw up, but it's no big thing, for the

peyote comes up much easier than it goes down, and it doesn't have to stay in the stomach long for the active principle (mescaline) to enter the bloodstream. I've never had more than a very slight queasiness, and I've never thrown up. The queasy feeling doesn't last long. Anyway, I enjoy the initial toxic reactions, particularly the muscle spasms. Orgasmic.

Now, one of the most significant things that Mescalito taught us about ourselves during our 15 months' regimen is that peyote itself does not taste bitter. This is not a paradox. If you continue eating peyote every day, and long enough, the bitterness decreases. Eventually it will go away altogether. But the peyote itself is a constant factor, so it can't be the cactus that changes. If it was bitter, it will still be bitter. Ergo, the peyote wasn't bitter; the peyote eater's taste was.

Certainly peyote clears and heightens the senses, all of them, so that we see, hear, taste, feel and smell differently, more intensely, deeply, clearly. It shouldn't be surprising, then, that the taste of the taster changes. To put it another way, Mescalito is not only a teacher. The little god is also a profound physician. For some of us, peyote can be a psychic purgative.

We'd done our homework, so we knew what was then generally known about *Lophophora williamsii*. Since the main active principle is the alkaloid mescaline, the dosage of which varies around 400 milligrams, depending on one's body weight, we assumed the peyote dosage should be measured likewise. Being a small woman, Rosa ate only three of the buttons, big ones. I'm 5'11" and then weighed 175 pounds, so I ate nine. Then we smoked some reefer and waited.

In about 20 minutes I became restless, so instead of waiting for the reaction I went out and spaded the new garden plot. We'd just moved into the apartment and had yet to start our first seeds. The arable part of our garden measured some 30 by 40 feet, but it took me only half an hour to turn the earth and weed it. When I was done, I was sweating so heavily I looked like I'd been standing in a cloudburst. And I smelled like a cab horse. I undressed and went into the shower. Rosa joined me.

When we came out, still naked and dripping wet, we saw with wonder the paintings on our walls glowing as if alive. The walls themselves seemed to breathe. The big tree in our garden was moving not only its limbs, branches and leaves, but its very bark seemed to undulate. Everything was in pulsating motion.

I felt like singing, so I picked up my mandola and began to tune it. And here Mescalito rid me of a very annoying problem. I'd always loved to play stringed instruments and sing, but I had no tone control. I was utterly incapable of tuning the instrument accurately, and I couldn't sing on pitch. I could hear the awful sounds I made, all right, but I couldn't help it. My habit was to play and sing only

when I was alone, but of course from time to time someone would have the misfortune to hear me.

On this peyote morning I tuned the mandola accurately and sang truly for the first time in my life. I felt like a fledgling in first flight. Free! Rosa and I often sang duets after that, when we were tripping. She taught me her Portuguese songs, *fados*, and I taught her Mexican and Spanish songs.

On that first peyote Saturday we were so charged that despite our long shower we had to take our energy to bed, and there we merged, entwined like Aztec stone carvings into a single complex form, interpenetrating, so that we could not tell who was inside whom. For a time we seemed to be lying atop a great pyramid in Mexico, alone together under a high blue sky, our kaleidoscopic orgasms surging, ever changing, reaching into all parts of our bodies, filling us with brightness and sheer ecstasy.

It must have been early afternoon when our apartment and unplanted garden were suddenly transformed into a Mexican ha-

**At \$10 per 100 buttons,
we received
our shipment with a
U.S. Department of
Agriculture stamp
on the carton
attesting to
the purity of
the contents.**

cienda somewhere in Chihuahua, and we seemed to see golden chamiso bushes and a tall yucca with a yucca moth hovering among the pearly flowers. We could smell the desert and hear lizards and small birds chirping. The fantasy—or as Carlos Castaneda later would say, this other reality—was very substantial even though we knew we were in Manhattan and there were no chamisos or yuccas, much less yucca moths, in our backyard. And we saw much more, which later I set down in a poem.

Yucca welcomes her lover under the moon.
He hovers like pale kisses, fluttering.
Silkworm weaves his mandarin cocoon.
Cat schemes by a groundhole, muttering.
Owl waits and watches, hooting mirth.
Hummingbird drinks nectar from the rose.
She opens her secret petals ardently.
Roots strongly embrace the warm and willing earth.
And all things love to be sweetly bound, not free.
Ask the yucca's personal moth, who knows.

Of thoughts like these our waking dreams are spun:
We would be as flowers that follow the sun—
Oh, never count the hours!—As the river grows
from streams and flows to the sea, so would we be.

After our first four hours' rush, we had four hours of very high euphoria and fresh perceptions and then four hours of gently settling back, except that we didn't get all the way back to where we'd started. We never did. Not quite.

We went to sleep high that night, slept beautifully and woke beautifully in the dawn, ready for love and a good breakfast. We were in for a surprise. When we'd prepared our usual eggs and toast, we didn't want the eggs. Couldn't eat them. Though very hungry, we were nauseated by the smell of cooked eggs. What we really wanted, and what we ate with gusto, was fresh fruit, bread, cheese and coffee. We didn't know it yet, but Mescalito was already turning us into vegetarians, curing us of smoking tobacco and giving us a distaste for alcohol. The little god also got us into reading yogic literature, but that came with time.

We ate peyote again at sunset that day, which was a Sunday, and made a night trip. Again we took it to bed and got deep into our inner spaces. Clinging together, entwined, floating freely in space that was both microcosm and macrocosm, we saw atoms and molecules as miniature solar systems and galaxies, and we saw the visible universe as a crystal of star systems, which of course we recognized as the mescaline molecule. When we'd reached the thumping conclusion that the universe was a colossal crystal of mescaline, we understood. Mescalito has a cosmic sense of humor. To put it philosophically, the little god was demonstrating oneness.

The following day was Monday, but I didn't go to the office. I'd decided during the night to try working behind peyote, since we'd found it to be such a powerful energizer. However, discretion being the better part of valor, I thought I'd better run the experiment at home. I could imagine some pretty funny scenes if I should start tripping at Westpark Publications. I wasn't sure what a working dosage should be, but that it was possible to work on peyote I had no doubt, for a seafaring friend of mine had once dealt craps in Las Vegas while on peyote, and he had to keep a lot of action sorted out in his mind. He said peyote helped him do it fast and accurately. Three buttons, he said.

Huxley had written in *The Doors of Perception*, "Mescaline... gives access to contemplation—but to a contemplation that is incompatible with action and even with the will to action, the very thought of

(continued on page 146)

NOTORIOUS NORBERT

THE NARK

by SHELTON AND SHERIDAN

THE BUREAU OF DRUG RECRIMINALIZATION HAS A POWERFUL NEW WEAPON AT ITS DISPOSAL: A PORTABLE COMPUTERIZED BLOOD ANALYZER THAT CAN DETERMINE BY AN INSTANT READOUT IF THE SUSPECT HAS HAD ANY ILLEGAL DRUGS IN THE PREVIOUS WEEK!

LOOKIT THAT "HIPPIE TYPE" IN THAT VAN!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S DRIVING ERRATICALLY TO ME! DOESN'T HE APPEAR TO BE DRIVING ERRATICALLY TO YOU, TOO, SERGEANT NORBERT?

PULL IT OVER, BUB! YOU WERE WEAVING ALL OVER THE HIGHWAY BACK THERE !!

AW, I WAS JUST TRYING TO MISS THAT CHUGHOLE!

YOU'RE GONNA TEST ME FOR MARIJUANA INTOXICATION? HA HA! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE BIG WEED FAMINE? I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN ANY GRASS IN AT LEAST TWO MONTHS! YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, BUDDY! LET'S JUST SEE WHAT THE TEST RESULT IS!

THE ANALYZER MACHINE IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE A BLOOD SAMPLE AND DETERMINE ITS THC CONTENT, BUT IT HAS INSTEAD BEEN SET UP (BY MISTAKE) SO THAT IT KEEPS TAKING BLOOD UNTIL IT HAS COLLECTED A CLEARLY ILLEGAL QUANTITY OF THE DRUG.

LOOK AT ALL THOSE NUMBERS JUMP AROUND! WE'LL GET THIS DRUG FIEND YET!

HEY, SARGE! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TURN THAT MACHINE DOWN!

OH MY GOSH! THE THING SUCKED EVERY DROP OF BLOOD OUT OF THE POOR GUY !!!

PUT THE SWITCH ON REVERSE! PUMP THE BLOOD BACK INTO THE MAN BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BLOOP!

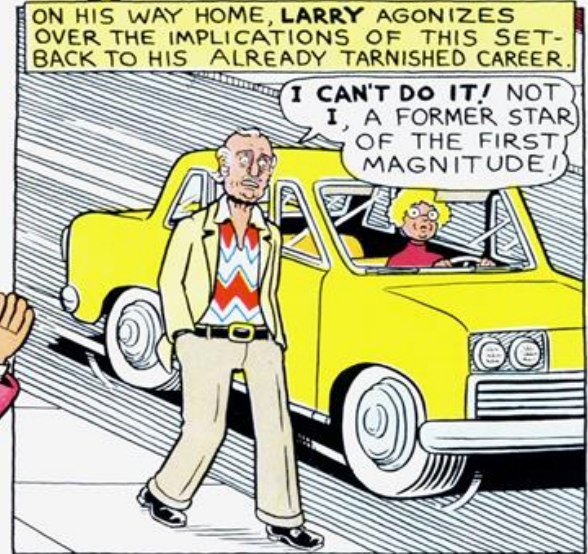
HE'S ALIVE! HE'S COMING BACK TO HIS SENSES! THANK GOODNESS!

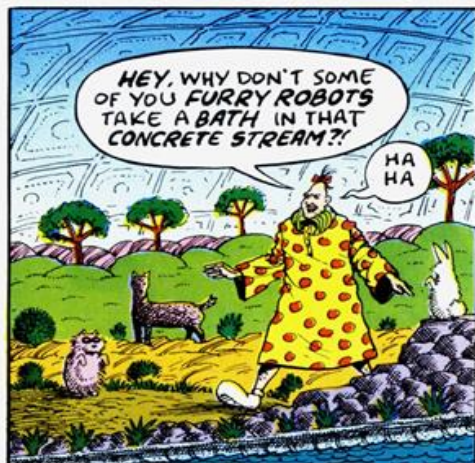
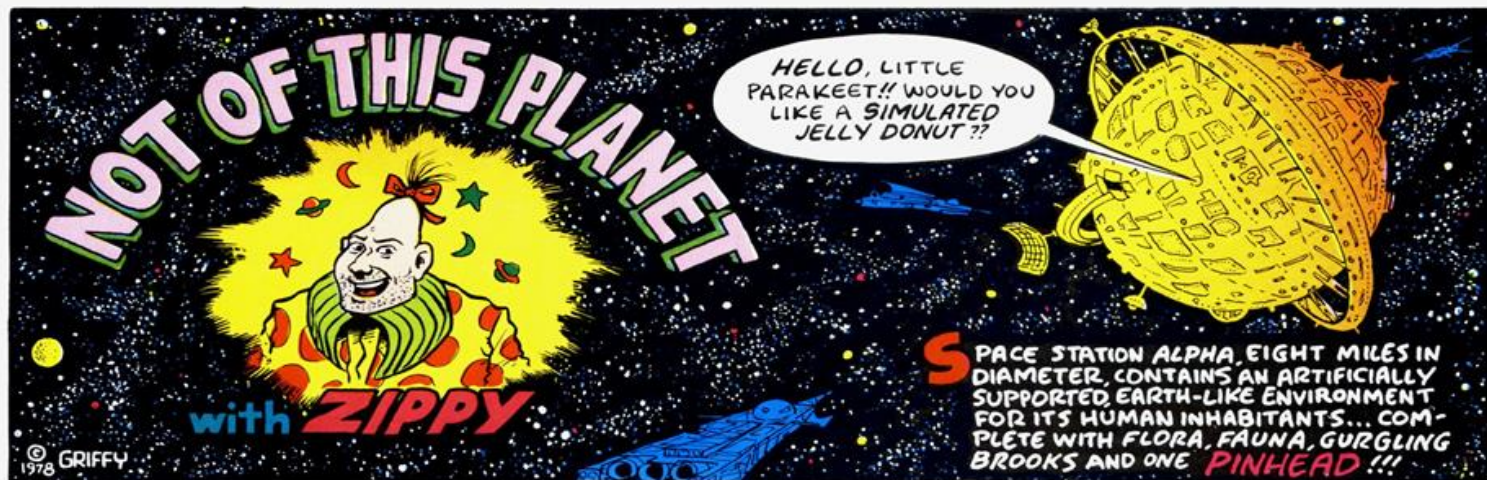
WOW, MAN! FAR OUT! WHAT A TRIP!

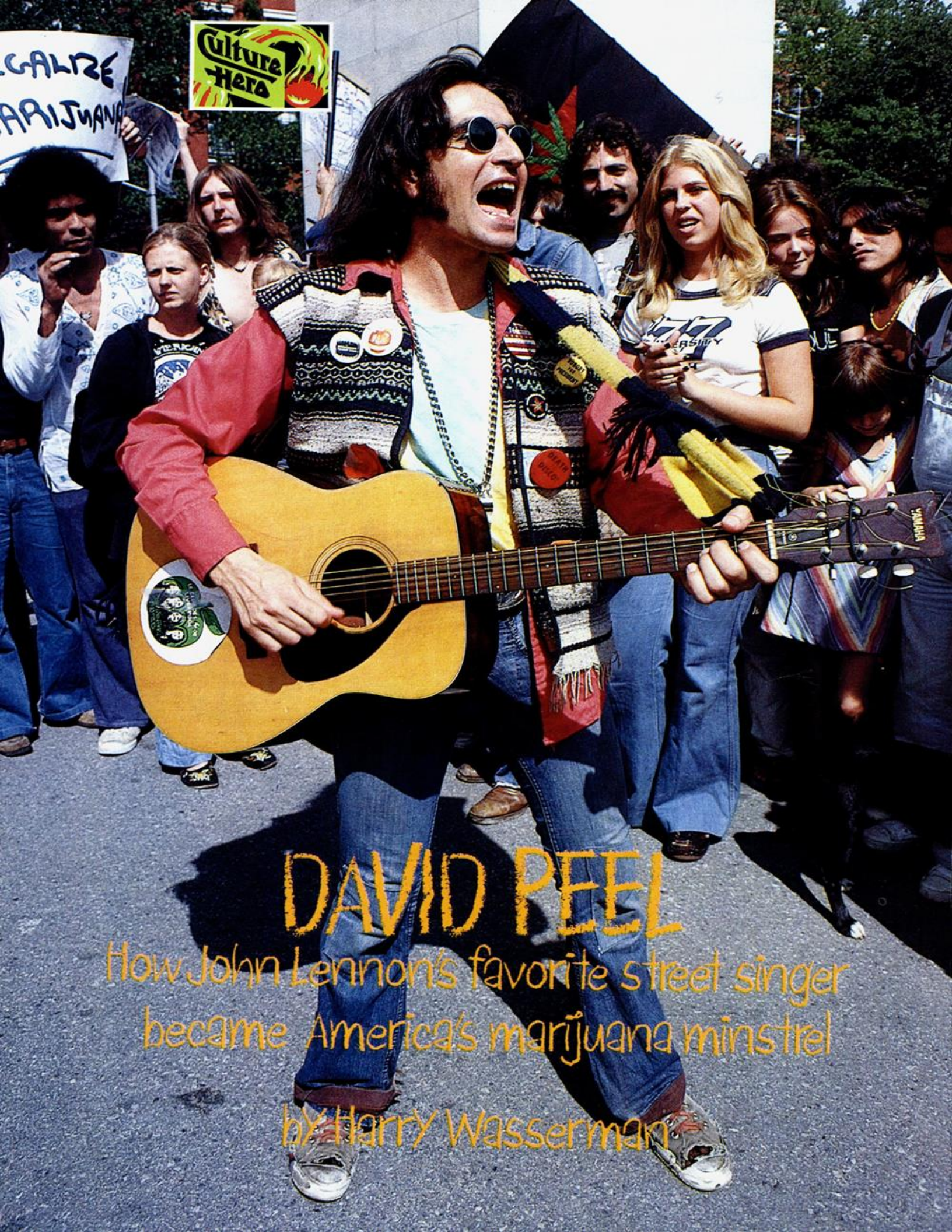
WHERE CAN I GET ONE OF THOSE MACHINES?

THE END

INCOGNITO







DAVID PEEL

How John Lennon's favorite street singer
became America's marijuana minstrel

by Harry Wasserman

can't stand it anymore!" screamed Chuck Berry, running offstage in disgust halfway through a set backed by East Coast street troubadour David Peel and his ragtag band, during a concert in Asbury Park, New Jersey. "David Peel is the only friend I know whose subconscious craziness is on par with mine," said the late Jim Morrison of the Doors, who recorded on the same label that released Peel's first two albums, *Have a Marijuana* and *The American Revolution*. "It took Picasso 40 years to become as simple as David Peel," said John Lennon, who along with Yoko Ono produced David's third album, *The Pope Smokes Dope*, on Apple. "David Peel is the epitome of vulgarity," said Eldridge Cleaver while hiding in the safety of Algiers.

Street singers supposedly play for spare change in freak communities like Berkeley and Greenwich Village because they haven't made it big enough yet to get paying gigs. If they got the right breaks, so the theory goes, they would leave the streets for ritzy club dates, sold-out concert tours, Holiday Inns, limousines, beachside property in Malibu and mansions in Beverly Hills.

David Peel negates that image. He's met the Beatles, Dylan and Jagger, toured the country, recorded on two major record labels and appeared in three movies. But he still used the profits from his successful first album to support his free concerts and gadfly activities. These have included protests against Warner Brothers' exploitation of unpaid festival participants by charging admission to the movie version of Woodstock and by free shows to warn customers away from the same company's counterculture ripoff road show, Medicine Ball Caravan. Peel has freed himself from the huge record companies by recording his last three albums—*Santa Claus Rooftop Junkie*, *An Evening with David Peel and Bring Back the Beatles*—on his own label for a few hundred bucks each. True to his conviction that music must be free, Peel still sings in New York's Washington Square Park and at the Mills ("No Cover") Tavern.

Peel could have been an army veteran on his way to a career as a Wall Street broker if he hadn't been stopped in his tracks by the Sixties. The Puerto Rican kid David Rosario, who used to hang around bowling alleys while attending high school in the Jewish section of Brooklyn, was drafted into the army in the early Sixties. "between the time they had the advisors and the annihilators in Vietnam."

After almost getting kicked out of the army, he came home and worked at a Wall Street agency until he was kicked out "because I was wearing hippie ties and hippie glasses." So he went to Haight-Ashbury to join the burgeoning counterculture. When he came back, his parents kicked him out of home. "He was

"I used to sing with the bikers, winos and freaks. My philosophy was the only in-crowd was the out-crowd."

a kick-out, not a runaway," says longtime friend A. J. Weberman. He hung around Central Park uptown until the sleazoids there kicked him out, too.

Banished to Washington Square Park, he played harmonica in various street bands until they, too, kicked him out "because I was a little too extreme sometimes"; so he taught himself to play a guitar he had bought for \$14.

"By this time my philosophy was the only in-crowd was the out-crowd," Peel remembers. "I used to sing along with the bikers, the winos and the freaks in the park. I was totally against people just listening to a musician without participating. Blacks taught me the simple melodies, and Tuli Kupferberg's band the Fugs gave me the underground flavor. When I first saw the Fugs play, it was love at first sight. I knew shock value had to be the



way to reach an audience. I tested it out with the words *fuck* and *marijuana*, which was a very strong word at the time, and *getting high* and the word *hippie*. This drove all the people crazy, and they would sing the catchy words while joining in on cowbells, sticks and tambourines."

Peel's first prelude to marijuana was a mild, albeit self-induced, high from smoking the baked scrapings of a banana peel. "It looked like grass," recalls Peel. "We kept it in vials and called it banana grass." "Banana Grass" also became the title of his first song, which began: "Yesterday I went to the A&P / Looking for some grass and some LSD / Looking on the fruit shelf what did I see / A dirty yellow peel looking right at me." He became known as Banana Dave, and soon he called himself David Peel. He started the Banana Trippers with two other guitar-strumming street singers, Billy Joe White and Harold Black. They played at the first Be-In (B for bananas, which were smoked there in abundance), and they later became house band for future yuppie smoke-ins.

"We soon sang about pot, LSD, you name it," says Peel. "And I learned all about dope."

Peel and his band got their first chance on a major label the day LBJ abdicated, when they were discovered in Washington Square Park, singing among a coterie of Bowery boys, dead-end kids and street urchins. "I wanted to call my group the Drugs," says Peel, "but it was a little too harsh. I lived in the East Village, so we called it the Lower East Side." The group insisted that its first album be recorded live, so a sound crew came out on four successive Sundays in 1968. "As usual, we started out with just the three members of the group," recalls Peel, "and as usual we finished with about 500 people."

Before punk there was Peel, screaming cogent political harangues and songs of frustrated youth over simple guitar chords and pulsating drumbeats. Lyrics like "Up against the wall, motherfucker" (pre-Jefferson Airplane) and "I like marijuana / You like marijuana / We like marijuana, too" on *Have a Marijuana* became the rallying cries of an entire generation.

Peel went electric in 1969 on his second album, *The American Revolution*, making such lyrics as "We're from the Lower East Side / We don't care if we live or die" sound identical to the British punk band the Clash, who have become the anarchist political theorists for a generation of alienated working-class Brit kids almost ten years later. Indeed, the Clash's song "White Riot" seems to be a remake of Peel's "I'm Gonna Start Another Riot."

John Lennon, too, spotted rock primitivism in its prime and signed Peel to record *The Pope Smokes Dope* after Yoko Ono brought him along to hear Peel play in the park.

David Peel still inhabits the same cockroach-infested Lower East Side slum apartment as when he first moved here in the Sixties to sing about dope, sex and revolution. The cracks in his plaster walls are hidden by a montage of cultural mementos: photos of him with Lennon and Jagger, covers of all his albums from *Have a Marijuana* to *Bring Back the Beatles*, a plastic pot plant in the rafters next to a "Keep Off the Grass" sign, a poster advertising "Sodom and Gomorrah Day," a banner from Disneyland, a stolen A&P sign and a doll dressed in stars and stripes and wearing racing goggles, its outstretched palm cradling a human skull. When he's not singing, he's at home writing lyrics to his forthcoming albums *King of Punk* and *The Pope Snorts Coke* or working on his new book, *Rock 'n' Roll Bible*. His telephone rings constantly. "I am David Peel," he replies, while the caller at the other end is amazed to just look up Peel's name in the telephone book and talk to him. "I'm no pig like some rock stars," Peel reassures. "They die with the failures of their own successes." ■

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Murder at Elaine's

(continued from page 72)

back at the people at the other tables. Mother of God, who would believe anyone would go to all that trouble over a crummy table? But I've just come from talking with that Elaine's crowd, and for these people it's a goddamned *matter of life or death*.

"So what does it add up to? Somebody inside Elaine's found out what Foster was up to. Maybe somebody who received one of those 8 X 10 pictures in the mail; maybe a friend of one of those guys who writes about the Mafia asked for an introduction to someone; maybe there was a contract taken out on him by the literary crowd. On the other hand, maybe it was some friends of the Trick himself, like your employer, Colonel—Mr. Letzgo down in the Caribbean. Maybe he found out Foster had the gap tape and decided Foster had to be erased to keep the gap silent. I don't know yet exactly which party ordered the hit, but maybe they needed to set up a beautiful young woman to lure him to the site of the hit. Or maybe the beautiful young lady had reasons of her own for wanting Walter Foster dead. We know the gun was hers, and her prints are on the gun. I dusted it myself. She has a lot to lose in the way of years in jail if she doesn't play along with Saperstein and me the way I'm sure the rest of you will."

Lilah looked flushed and worn. "Inspector, I know how pleased you must be with yourself for having cracked the case," she said, still able to summon her best southern-belle sarcasm. "But I know how absolutely relentless you New York detectives are in your desire to see justice done; so I would be doing you an injustice if I didn't explain to you why you've got the whole damn thing ass-backward."

"You say someone, probably me, killed Walter Foster to prevent him from making some tapes public? Did you ever consider the possibility that he was killed in order to make the tapes public?"

"You're not trying to sell me some story about the CIA snuffing him to surface the gap, are you?"

"No. I'm saying he killed himself in order to sink the whole Elaine's establishment with the waves his death would make," Lilah declared. "Because he figured a spectacular murder investigation would surface not only that tape in his pocket, but a whole ton of tapes—video-tapes made right here, which he'd hidden away somewhere. He told me something about a safe-deposit box key that I would find in case anything had happened to him. I haven't found it, but I'm sure it would lead to those tapes, which was just what he..."

"Hold it there, young lady," Dockery interjected. "Saperstein, did you find any sort of safe-deposit or any other key on

Foster's person?"

"No, Inspector," the morgue man replied, "and as you know I looked very thoroughly." I looked at Saperstein very thoroughly. It seemed to me that he was trying to maintain a poker face, which meant he did not have a very convincing poker face.

"All right, young lady, perhaps before you try to explain how he committed suicide when your prints are on the gun, you can warm up with an easy one. Why were you there with him last night, and what exactly was your relationship to the late Mr. Foster?"

It was almost two years ago that I first met him," Lilah began. "Victor introduced us, or should I say, Victor put him on to me. God, was he ever on to me. He seaplaned out to my place in the Keys after Victor had primed him with Joe Kennedy stories: how my little island house was once the headquarters of old Joe's Caribbean bootlegging empire—and I'm sure you didn't leave out the rumors about old Joe and my mother and the question of whose child I am, did you, Victor?"

"Kennedy blood," she continued. "Some people are mesmerized by the hint of Kennedy blood. I don't know who he wanted more—me or what he saw of old Joe in me. He didn't get either. It's funny, the Kennedy thing. I think for Walter Foster, Elaine's was once his Camelot. And they took away his little round table."

Lilah stood up. "That was the last time I saw him until last night. Oh, he called me, he wrote me, he sent emissaries. Then last week he sent me a calling card I couldn't ignore. It was an 8 X 10 black and white picture that looked as if it might have been snapped off a TV screen. If you must know, the picture revealed me and a certain celebrated consumer advocate, on a bed, ah, consumer-testing, you might say, the effectiveness of certain exotic devices. I'm not ashamed of that evening, but I was upset about the damage it might do to his cause if the picture fell into the wrong hands. Well, who should happen to call the day after but Walter Foster. He didn't admit to sending the photo, of course. Instead he told me some wild tale about people threatening his life, breaking into his place, trying to blackmail him. He told me he had to have a gun to protect himself, and said if I'd bring it with me to Elaine's we could discuss common measures against our common problem. I was dead certain he was the 'problem,' but I had to meet him to find out what his game was."

"Why would he come to you for a gun?" Dockery asked.

"I may look like a frail, delicate flower of southern womanhood to you, Inspector, but my daddy grew up in Dalhart, Texas, and he taught me more about guns by the time I was ten than half the men on



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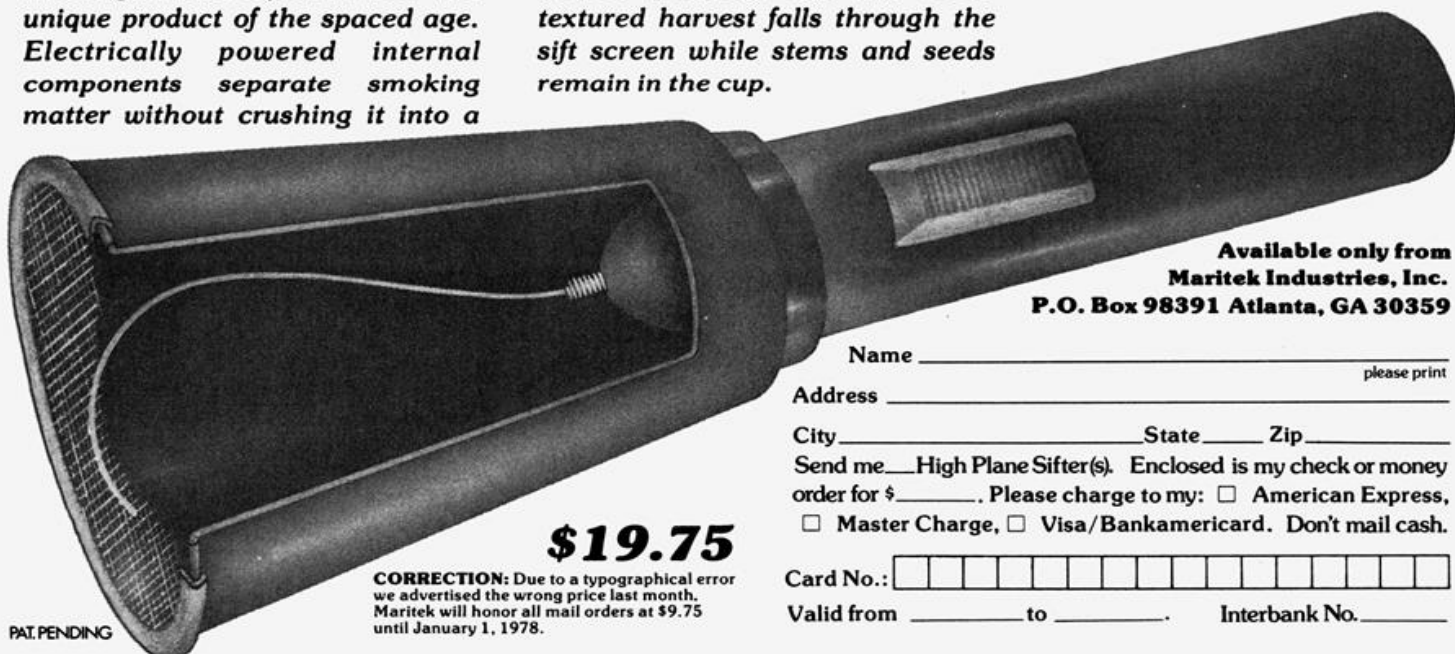
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your force know now. Foster had seen my collection down at the Key, of course." Lilah paused. "But I don't think it was just my gun he wanted to use that night. He wanted my body too."

"You mean he..."

"No. Not that way. Not last night. Last night he wanted my body for his obituary. What I mean is, I think he was planning the suicide to look like murder, but he didn't want the obit to read 'shot while dining alone.' With me along he gets 'shot while dining with a lovely young woman.'"

"Are you sure it shouldn't be 'shot by a lovely young woman'?" Dockery asked Lilah. "All you've just said makes it sound even more likely you did it. Motive: blackmail. Case closed. If he wanted to release those Golden Greek tapes so badly, why'd he have to kill himself to do it? Why not just release 'em and stick around to watch the shit hit the fan?"

"That's what I'm getting to, Inspector. He explained the entire thing—why it had to be suicide. I tried to talk him out of it, but he had it all planned from the very moment we sat down at the table. First thing, he wanted to make sure the gun I'd brought him was loaded. I pushed my pocketbook under the table to him. Then in so many words he admitted he was responsible for that picture I got in the mail. He said it came from the tapes and that for playing along with him he was having the originals delivered to my apartment downtown, along with a safe-deposit box key. He told me to destroy the tapes and mail the key to the homicide squad if anything happened to him. I found the tapes in a package just as he'd said, labeled doggie vitamins. I last saw them in the back seat of Victor's limo before this charming young maiden here blindfolded me."

"Finders keepers," the flower-child thug piped up.

"We'll see," Lilah said, casting an ominous glance at the ex-child porn star. "In any case, there's one thing I didn't find down there—that safe-deposit key he talked about at Elaine's. No key, nowhere."

"It's strange," Lilah continued. "It was when I asked him about returning the key that he began getting into his strange death trip. 'I won't need the key ever again,' he said, 'I've found the key to another kingdom.'"

"I know it sounds weird. The key to another kingdom. It doesn't sound like Walter Foster. I told him it didn't. That Walter Foster is already dead, he told me, dead and born again. Come on, you and Chuck Colson, I said. But he was serious. He'd had a real spiritual conversion down there in the Caribbean, he said; not the born-again Christian sort, but something mystical. Now Walter Foster is the last person in the world I'd thought I'd hear talking like a flower child, but he was full of this hippy-dippy stuff. I just didn't

know what to make of it, but he went on and on about media being 'the veil of illusion' he'd pierced through; how he'd had a vision on the other side of that veil; how the scales fell from his eyes and he saw Elaine's was a Temple of Illusionists, his table the altar piece and he, Foster, the high priest.

"It was charming in a way. Maybe it was intended with the obits in mind, but he seemed so earnest and so sincere about the 'phoniness' of it all—he was like a 40-year-old Holden Caulfield. He may have been the only completely sincere customer in all of Elaine's. It stopped being charming when he started talking about death. He kept saying something like he had to 'exorcise the karma' he had created at his table. When I asked him what he was talking about, he said he could offer himself as a sacrifice upon his altar, purge negative karma by taking it with him into his next few reincarnations."

"By this time I was getting a little nervous. I tried to talk him out of the suicide trip. I said to him, 'Why don't you just start another magazine empire, Walter? You're not too old. You could be right back at the center of everything at Elaine's. Table and all.'"

"No," he said. He had to go through with his self-sacrifice. "Don't you understand," he told me. "I know now that life is more than the name of a dead magazine. I don't want to become what I already was. I want to be remembered for what I've become!"—It got very convoluted.

"Just before the lights went out—he kept looking at his watch so I'm sure he'd arranged an exact time for the blackout with some unwitting flunky—the whole rap turned biblical, and I got lost. He said something about the jawbone of an ass and the pillars of the Philistine temple and..."

"Samson!" This was Saperstein the cabalist suddenly coming out of his fog. "Samson killed heaps of Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, but then when he pulled the pillars of the Philistine temple down on top of himself and the Philistines, the Bible comments that 'the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.' Book of Judges, chapters 15:16 and 16:30. You could look it up."

"Highly intriguing," Victor spoke up. "One could see the jawbone of the ass a metaphor for the media power he once had and, well, it certainly looked as if he wanted the pillars of Elaine's society to come tumbling down on top of his corpse. Don't forget," Victor added "I was an English major before I became a pimp."

"Don't you see now, Inspector," Lilah pleaded. "He thought he was performing some religious mission. When the lights went out he stood up. I knew he had the gun in his hand, and I tried to stop him. I got my hands on it once—that explains the prints—but he wrenched it around and suddenly it went off. I went into shock

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and just ran blindly out of the place."

When Lilah finished, everyone in the room turned their attention to Dockery.

I guess that explains everything then, huh?" the celebrity homicide cop began blandly. "He was born again to kill himself, you were just an innocent bystander who happened to have your hand on the gun, and you must think I was born yesterday."

"But, Inspector," Lilah protested. "It's all true. It happened just like that."

"Oh, I don't doubt you for a moment, young lady. I've heard of stranger things in 30 years of celebrity murder cases, although I can't think of one offhand. It's just that with a story like that you're a cinch to be indicted. And if you try telling that story to a jury, they won't be able to keep a straight face even if you could."

"They'd probably make it murder two what with the blackmail motive. Fortunately for you and for the rest of the criminal element in this room there's not going to be a trial; there's not even going to be an indictment. The case is going to be closed in 12 hours, because we're all going to participate in a little cover-up. As for you, young lady, you're going to give me a cleaned-up statement, and then you're going to leave the country for a while. We're going to forget the religious bullshit, and you're just going to say he was despondent. Forget that 'struggling for the gun' story. You probably made it up anyway. We're gonna wipe your prints off the gun, and then Saperstein is gonna slip into the slab room and put some prints from the stiff on it. We'll tickle the autopsy and ballistics data, and then we're going to declare it suicide."

"But it was suicide," Lilah said. "I just told you that..."

"There's a difference between you saying it and me saying it, young lady. I got to tell it to a D.A. and a pack of reporters. You say what I tell you to say and you walk. You don't play along and you walk out of here in cuffs. I don't give a shit about the consequences to you, but there are other kinds of consequences a man in my position has to consider."

"Inspector," Victor suggested. "Perhaps we could all participate in this little cover-up with more unfeigned enthusiasm if you could be more explicit about the purpose it serves."

"Unless you have enthusiasm for kidnapping, extortion and morals charges, you'll do exactly what I say. Besides, isn't it obvious what will happen if this turns into a full-scale murder case? Every goddamn thing the Trick wanted to come out will come out—all the secret scandal—and this time with murder mixed in."

"Goddamn. It will be the media's own Watergate," I exclaimed. "Not only will it show the depravity, hypocrisy and moral bankruptcy of the people who drove Nixon out of office, it'll look like these media people would use murder for their

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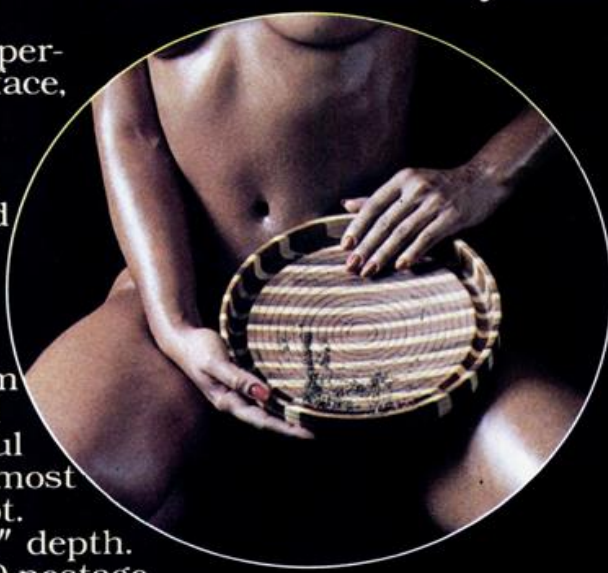
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cover-up, not just hush money like Nixon. Walter Foster's death in Elaine's is like the 'smoking gun' in the Oval Office of the media barons. My God, it could be enough to fuel a final Nixon comeback."

"Interesting you should mention those particular words, *final comeback*." This was Victor talking now. "Those words ring a bell." Victor lit a cigarette. "The final comeback," he repeated. "I heard that phrase tossed around a few times in the presence of the Colonel and his new employer, Mr. Letzgo. Apparently a number of very wealthy friends and sympathizers of the former president were talking about some sort of legal restoration of the legitimate presidency. I'm not sure whether they had constitutional means in mind. This could be their Reichstag fire."

"I must insist on pointing out," the Colonel said, "that my employer, a productive citizen of Costa Rica, has never attempted to meddle in U.S. politics since his, ah, phony indictment. In fact, he asked me specifically to come to New York to check on the activities of Foster in relation to these mythical Golden Greek tapes in order to prevent any meddling."

"I don't believe a word of that, Colonel," Dockery said. "But you all must admit the consequences of not covering up begin to look very messy, don't they, ladies and gentlemen? You could even say national security is involved here."

I looked at Dockery closely. I just could not tell what was going on behind his grim expression.

"Maybe, Inspector, you could tell us what's in it for you?" I asked. "Aside from devotion to national security."

"Well, sonny, there's Social Security for one thing. I'm past due for retirement. The wife's got a place picked out in Orlando, not far from Disney World, and I want to use up some of my pension before my second heart attack. If we don't wrap this case up right now, I'm in for a year of wallowing in filth, and I want out now."

"Okay, enough jabbering. Let me tell you something about a cover-up. The reason the Trick fucked up Watergate was that he could never bring himself to come through with the pardons that the burglars were demanding. He got them cash, plenty of cash, but they still faced jail. Okay, I'm the law in homicide in this town. You're all pardoned. Or better, you're on probation, because my guys will be watching you. That's another thing I can do the Trick couldn't. I can take out a contract on each and every one of you. Now get out of here, all of you, before I throw up."

"Uh, Inspector, there is one thing we've all forgotten, isn't there? The videotapes. Lilah has hers, but there are dozens more. What has become of them, might you know?"

"Saperstein and I have a good idea where they are, but because of the danger of leaks, of course we can't tell you. But as

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"Lilah," I said. "Of course I didn't want to bring it up when the Inspector was grilling you about your relation to Foster, but you did leave out that horrible practical joke he played on you. The nervous breakdown it caused."

"What are you getting at? Why make the cop suspicious? He didn't believe me anyway. And Foster didn't know I knew he was behind that episode. You don't still think I killed him, do you?"

"Well, I just wonder if your version of Foster's death last night at Elaine's was the whole truth."

"Darling, it was the essential truth. That's what counts. I only made up one tiny thing."

"Which is?"

"Well I *didn't* try to talk him out of suicide. I thought it might be the best thing. Why stop him? I thought it was a heroic gesture. It was his finest hour."

For a while I wondered what *had* happened to the Golden Greek tapes so many people wanted so badly. Had Dockery and Saperstein found and destroyed them? Or were they in the hands of the final comeback group?

As I write this I no longer wonder. Dockery has retired from the force. He's got three networks bidding for a prime time series based on his best celebrity homicide cases. He just sold the rights to his life story to a big publisher for six big figures and he's got several heavyweight writers "very interested" in writing it. He sits up at Elaine's at a table with Saperstein, wheeling and dealing—he's becoming a big-time agent for other cops and cop shows—while Saperstein writes cabalistic formulas on napkins and tries like the ancient mariner to press his calculations upon one in three. Saperstein seems content with that, despite lucrative offers by certain publishers for a book and TV series about an "investigative morgue man." The talk was it took a lot of pleading and groveling by several network heavyweights before Elaine relented and granted them the right to sit at Walter Foster's old table. ■

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Coca Fields of Bolivia

(continued from page 77)

40,860 licensed acres in 1977. The majority of this coca is chewed in the country or exported for dealkalization for use in soft drinks. Nonsanctioned Peruvian production claims over 22,000 tons of coca, convertible into 60 tons of cocaine.

Nobody has an accurate figure of the total amount of coca and cocaine produced in Bolivia and Peru. Nor can anyone say for sure how much of it is channeled out of the country. Figures quoted here represent averages taken from interviews with representatives of Prodes, Empresa, Bolivian and American narcotics officials and cocaine exporters working in both countries.

"If Bolivian coca farmers had a legal and profitable alternative to selling coca to cocaine manufacturers, the problem of enforcement would be easier," said Winston. "Our economy desperately needs an overseas market for coca. Prodes will attempt to find and help create these markets."

But before tackling the enormous obstacles preventing coca tea from being sold in American supermarkets, Winston must first administer the joint U.S.-Bolivian plan to register thousands of cocals. To do this Prodes has employed 46 people and a Lear jet used to recon 424,163 square miles of rugged coca-growing countryside. High-altitude infrared photos of cocals will later be checked against census figures. Any campesino who fails to fill out the nine-page report will have hell to pay, even if the extra cocal hidden behind the coffee bushes is not used for conversion into cocaine.

Prodes has assisted in the distribution of thousands of color comic books (mostly to illiterate peasants) depicting flashy gringo cocaine dealers arriving in Bolivia with thousands of dollars to buy coca. The comic book story ends with the handcuffed gringo being led to jail and the poor campesino who sold him the coca losing all his lands to the evil profits of coca blanco.

The greatest fear of the coca growers is that the crop substitution methods used will turn out to be the same as those employed in Mexico and Thailand against marijuana and poppies: burning, napalming and chemical defoliation. Although an all-out air war on Bolivia's cocals has yet to occur, there is a growing fear of this throughout the country.

"If the government takes my coca away and tells me to plant something else, I don't know what I am going to do," sighed Don Henrique as our mules carried us up the mountain from a humid day working the cocals. "The government knows that there is no other crop that can give us the same cash return as coca. I do not understand why they do this. Without coca we will die." ■



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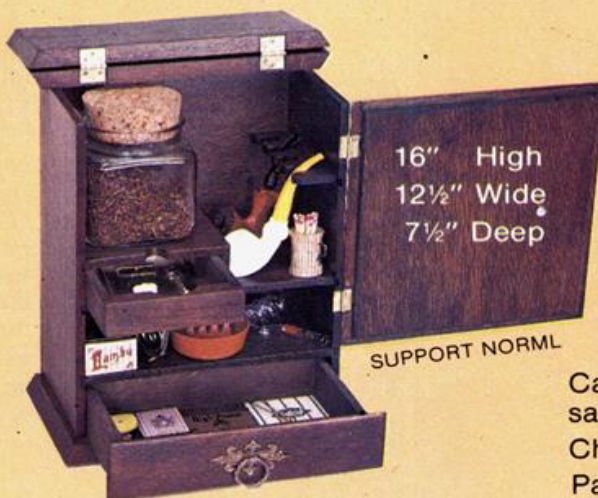
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Pirate Radio

(continued from page 81)

formula or pattern. Any letter can be represented by any other letter.

The one drawback of the one-time cipher is that the decoding key has to be just as long as the message. If a dealer wanted to broadcast long, detailed instructions, the pickup person would have to be supplied with an equally long decoding key. Obviously, for unplanned or emergency communication, this would be impractical.

The other type of unbreakable radio code is called the trap door cipher. The trap door concept was formulated only in 1975, and because of it there are a lot of professional code breakers standing in unemployment lines today. The trap door cipher is not absolutely unbreakable in the sense of the one-time cipher, but calculations show that a CIA or DEA eavesdropper could unravel the code only with the help of a highly sophisticated computer program that would have to run for literally millions of years. (By that time, dope may be legal anyway.) The technical details of the trap door cipher are too obtuse to explain here, but the system is foolproof, easy to decode and encode, and is totally impervious to forging. If you're a dope smuggler or a spy, this is the code to use. If you're a ham radio operator, narc or other eavesdropper, your decoding job is a lot tougher than it used to be. In fact, it's so tough, you might as well give up.

Unfortunately, there is a problem with these sorts of codes: they are illegal for use in radio transmissions by private citizens, and their presence on the airwaves, especially the ham bands, would very likely arouse suspicion. The solution seems to be to use some sort of innocuous substitution code—the weather, for example. (Ham radio operators, for all their skills at tracking down other far-off hams, unfortunately have very little to talk about once contact is established. Virtually the only topics of conversation are their equipment and the weather.) "It snowed down here this morning, but not as much as we thought," or "Our new single-sideband receiver arrived this morning, but it's not working quite right and the bill is higher than the advertised price," would be two innocent-sounding ways to report that a cocaine shipment had arrived, but that purity and price fell short of expectations.

There are other, more sophisticated ways to disguise a message. Electronic scrambling frees the smuggler from messy coding and decoding. Among the several types of electronic scrambling:

● **Multicasting.** By talking on one frequency and listening on another, one is able to cut an eavesdropper's listening chances by 50 percent, at least for a while. It's at least twice as hard for a listener to

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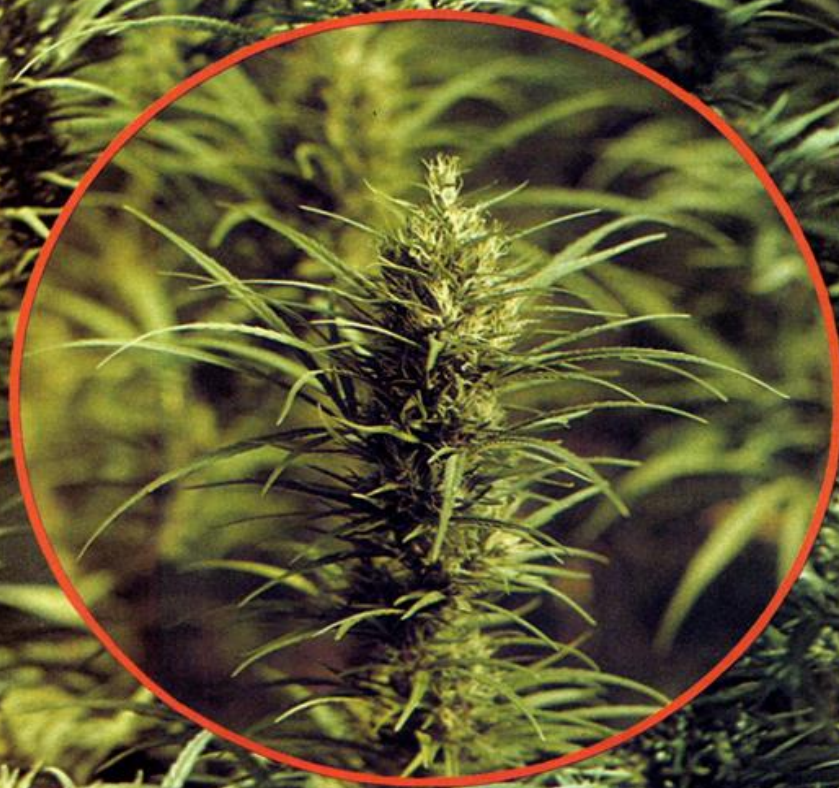
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figure out what's going on if he or she can only hear one side of the conversation.
 ● **High-speed code.** Record a message in Morse code at a slow tape speed, then play it back over the air at high speed. With this technique, transmission rates of more than 100 words per minute are possible, a speed virtually unreadable by all but a tiny handful of Morse code experts. While the presence of high-speed Morse code on the airwaves does not in itself arouse suspicion, don't transmit any faster than about 100 words per minute. Superhuman rates will attract somebody's attention.

● **Signal scrambling.** Various electronic devices can do all sorts of weird things to a signal to make it unintelligible. Of course, the listener must be equipped with a similar machine that knows the unscrambling technique and can convert the scrambled gibberish into intelligible sound. One such device, used by rock musicians to create wild audio effects, is the 1745-N Digital Delay Line, with pitch-change capability. Built by the Ken Schaffer Group, New York, it costs about \$4,000 each—and don't forget, you'll need one at each end of the radio link.

● **Frequency scrambling.** This technique is a favorite of the CIA, according to some sources. A message will be broadcast on, say ten different frequencies, each for one-tenth of a second at a time. Thus, any eavesdropper listening on any one frequency will get only one-tenth of any transmission, obviously an incomprehensible signal. Such frequency-splitting techniques require some additional equipment and precise time coordination with WWV, the international time standard broadcast from Denver and Hawaii on various frequencies. It's quite possible that the CIA has developed incredibly advanced techniques for finding and decoding scrambled signals, so beware.

The next few years hold promise of truly astounding advances in the clandestine use of the airwaves by the Forces of Evil. For one thing, 1978 and 1979 will be periods of unparalleled clarity and range of reception on the shortwave band. The sun's 11-year cycle of sunspot activity is due to peak in the next couple of years, and this will have a dramatic effect on the ionosphere and therefore shortwave propagation. Secondly, progress in miniaturization and digital processing techniques may soon make it possible for a complete shortwave transceiving system to be built the size of a pack of cigarettes, with improved reliability and at a lower cost. Of course we all know that the CIA achieved that technology years ago, and may be even now refining a satellite that can eavesdrop on your conversation by aiming a laser beam at your window and analyzing the way it vibrates in resonance with your voice. R2D2 and CP30 are nothing compared to what they'll be doing with radio waves in the next few years. ☐

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Dec. '77

No. 28

Condors and Coca:

A Feast of Blood

Femme Sadists
in Short Supply 126

Pot Plane
Soars Again 127

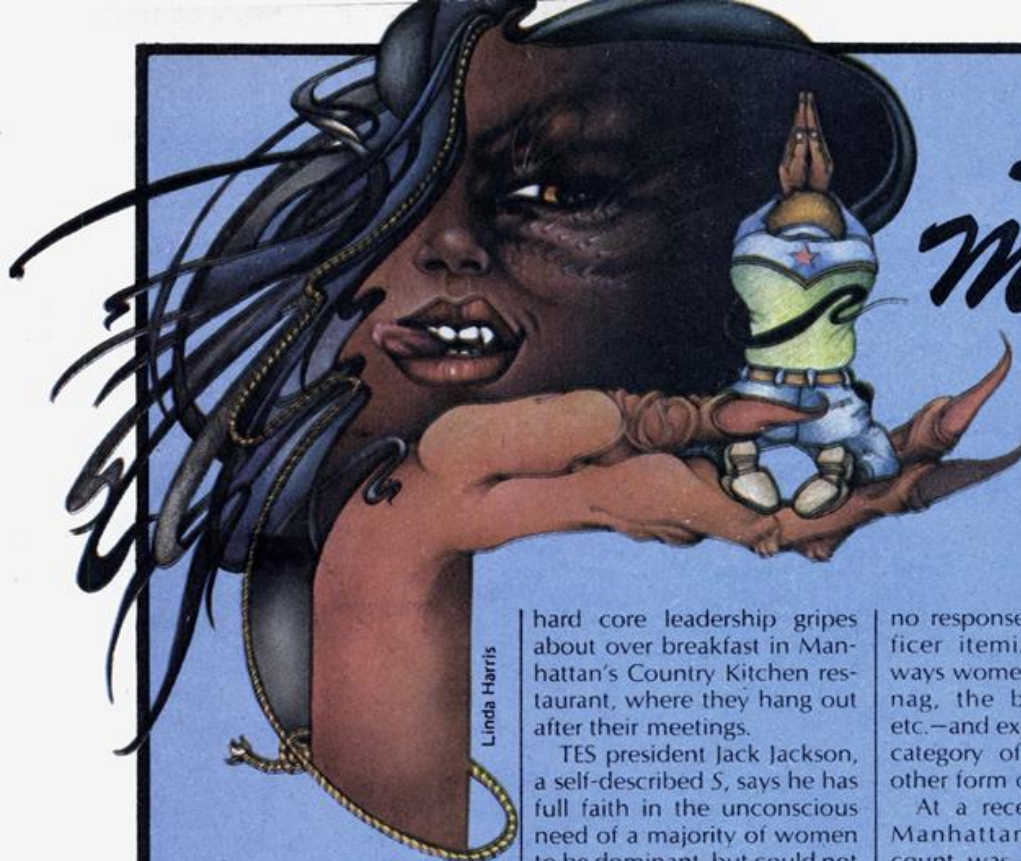
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Biggest Coke
Bust Ever 132

How to Rifle
Gov't Files 134

Pie Killers at
Work and Play 134

THMQ 140



Linda Harris

Sex Slaves Mourn Lack of Femme Sadists

The members of the Till Eulenspiegel Society (TES), the official name of the Sado/Masochists Liberation Front, have a problem. It seems there's a nationwide shortage of sincere female sadists. At least that's what the group's

hard core leadership gripes about over breakfast in Manhattan's Country Kitchen restaurant, where they hang out after their meetings.

TES president Jack Jackson, a self-described S, says he has full faith in the unconscious need of a majority of women to be dominant, but could not explain the shortage of female sadists. Another leader said he had answered all the "I'll whip you" ads in Amazon, a magazine about women who feel that torture is healthy and natural, but was deeply distressed that he had received

no response. A third TES officer itemized the various ways women inflict pain—the nag, the bitch, the tease, etc.—and explained how each category of behavior is another form of masochism.

At a recent meeting in a Manhattan loft the head count was 20 men to every woman, and all the females were masochists. Not a sadist fem to be seen. The place was a mob scene of H.R. Halderman haircuts, spiked leather wristbands, Nazi uniforms, chain jewelry and "Shit" T-shirts. Two female visitors

were greeted by a circle of desperate unmated male masochists who offered to do their housework for nothing and begged to be beaten.

The TES leaders blame the shortage of pain-inflicting women on everything from sexual inhibition to the unsavory nature of the Fourteenth Street meat market neighborhood. One woman posed the theory that women S's do exist but will never show up at a TES meeting because staying away is the best way they can think of to make those men suffer.



Loose J's Boost Profits for Single Stick Sellers

liferate in areas where most people can't ante up the \$40-plus for an ounce of top-notch weed but need an occasional powder-keg puff to celebrate special events. With marijuana laws softening, and the public's insatiable pot appetite growing, joint vending has gone big time.

At the opening of *Star Wars*, and for weeks afterward, hawkers plied the long queues for sales, reminding potential buyers of the film's dazzling special effects. And at New York's summer philharmonic series, which featured a huge fireworks display the first night, they stood at every sidewalk intersection clutching bundles of joints in their hands like well-dressed cigar store Indians, hawking to the

Upper East Siders who gathered to hear Tchaikovsky and company. In San Francisco, joint hawkers wander through Golden Gate Park; in New Orleans they can be found in the French Quarter and in New York all over.

Loose joints are profitable for their merchandisers. An ounce can yield up to 100 joints to a tight vendor, and frequently the contents are not what they're claimed. Some dealers, on the other hand, pride themselves in a good single-joint stone and have huge followings. The biggest advantage is their omnipresence. During last year's drought, several big-time New York dealers had to cop loose joints at Washington Square Park.



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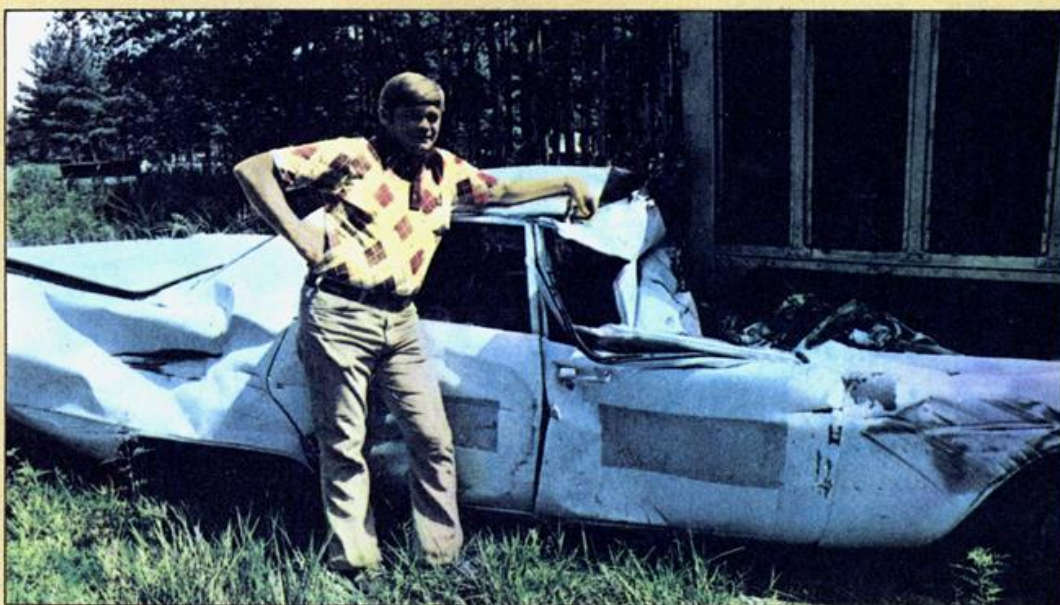
Polk County Pot Plane on High

by Shay Addams

ATLANTA—"Higher than a Georgia pine" accurately describes the aspirations of former state Representative James West, whose first independent film effort, *Polk County Pot Plane*, premiered here. For four years he had dreamed of producing and directing a film on the local moonshine industry. But when a four-engine C-54 loaded with 3,600 pounds of Colombian pot landed on top of Treat Mountain in nearby Polk County, he saw it as potential movie manna from heaven.

A versatile pilot himself, West hopped into the trusty jet helicopter in his backyard and flew straight to the scene for a first-hand look. From the air, he was stunned to see what has been called "one of the great feats of aviation and marijuana history." Though the C-54 requires a minimum landing strip of 5,000 feet, someone had managed to set this one down on 1,000 feet of freshly bulldozed runway, fishtailing to stop among the pine trees.

West quickly bought the entire mountain (\$284,000), then went to outbid all competition for the plane (\$20,000) for use as a prop in his newly-revised scenario. Nine months of filming and \$1,000,000 later, his vision materialized as an action-oriented treatment of the actual happening. Various incidents from other major pot busts in Georgia were fictionalized



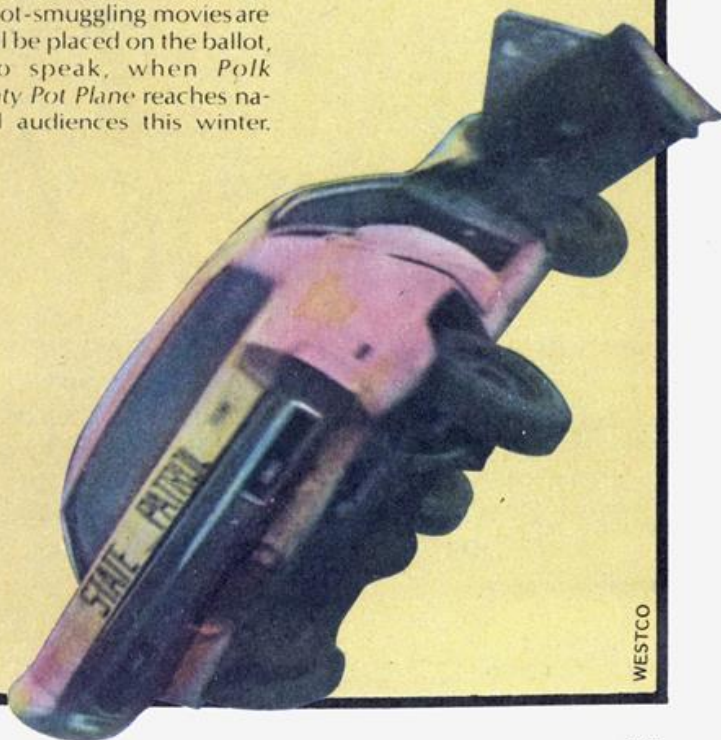
WESTCO

and added to sustain a high level of intensity throughout the film.

Robert Eby, alleged pilot of the pot plane, agreed to play that same role on film, but his lawyer advised against it at the last moment. Consequently, West found himself literally in the driver's seat of the C-54 in the movie. The entire cast, in fact, is composed of local residents, including the Clayton County sheriff, who is type-cast as a sheriff, and an attorney who plays the part of the cannabis kingpin.

Surrounded by towering stacks of film prints in his Jonesboro home days before the world premiere, the former politician couldn't help comparing the film's production to a hard-fought campaign for public office. West's prediction that moon-

shine-running movies are out and pot-smuggling movies are in will be placed on the ballot, so to speak, when *Polk County Pot Plane* reaches national audiences this winter.



WESTCO

The Night the Saucers Landed

by Frank Lauria

It's been difficult to buy Con Ed's official alibi on New York's long blackout of last summer. Could it be true that America's heaviest dealer in electricity didn't bother to install a ten-cent lightning rod? Perhaps, but a group of concerned citizens recently issued a private report on the 27-hour power failure. The Committee to Nationalize Con Ed (CONCON) has released significant facts shedding new light on the events of July 13, 1977.

Fact One: Moments before the blackout, the night sky was illuminated by a sudden brightness. James Grauerholz, a New York literary agent closely associated with William Burroughs, observed bursts of light over the eastern and northern sky from his penthouse terrace. G. Shean-shang, a corporate attorney with no affiliation to CONCON, also saw an immense burst of illumination before the darkness came.



Karen Katz

In both cases, the terms "brighter than daylight" and "lasted much longer than lightning" were used to describe the incident. According to CONCON, many area residents had similar experiences.

Fact Two: Soon after the shutdown, Indian Point was surrounded by state troopers who kept all unauthorized civilians at bay.

Fact Three: For many hours the entire island of Manhattan was sealed off. One can un-

derstand closing the tunnels, but why the bridges too?

Fact Four: New York City was blanketed by a news blackout for over 24 hours. The radio programming was straight out of 1984 with soothing music and bland assurances that everything was under control. Even bread-and-butter human interest features on people trapped in elevators or subways were ignored on the airwaves.

Some informants suggest

that the Pentagon seized the opportunity to test their potential for a military coup. They claim the N.Y. blackout was the result of a "laser war" between American and Russian satellites orbiting our planet.

Others, like a man who phoned Bantam Books the morning after with a book proposal, purport to have evidence that a UFO used Con Ed's nuclear plant to refuel, thus shorting out the city. And still others are quick to remind us that the accident occurred on the 13th. A few point out that King Tut's curse caused a power shutdown in Cairo, the night it killed Lord Carnarvon.

If you're one of those who can't believe that lightning strikes twice in the same monopoly, there are only three rational alternatives: (a) nuclear accident, (b) sabotage and (c) Weird InterStellar Exploration (WISE).

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Coca Rites Reborn

by Keith Deutsch

High in the Andes Mountains of Peru, where the finest coca leaves in the world are cultivated, descendants of proud Inca warriors have devised a cruel and symbolic way of gaining revenge on their colonial conquerors from Spain. Every July 28, Peru's Independence Day, several villages stage bloody fights between fierce bulls and condors—giant vultures that can weigh up to 65 pounds.

Bulls and bullfighting (*Fiesta Brava*) were brought to South America by the Spaniards after the conquest of the Incan empire in 1531 by Francisco Pizarro and his gold-thirsty band of imperialist adventurers. Within years, the subdued Indians developed their own savage brand of the bullfight, which enabled them to savor a ritual revenge over their new masters.

Although frowned upon by colonial powers, and now by Peruvian authorities, the *Yawar Fiesta* ("Feast of Blood" in the local Quetchua dialect) still survives on the high Andean plateaus of southern Peru.

The *Yawar Fiesta* clearly ritualizes the clash of two races and cultures. The bull depicts the Spanish conquerors, and the majestic condor, the "King of the Andes" that was once worshiped by the Incan empire as a god, represents the old order that spread across Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and parts of Chile and Argentina.

The Indians of southern Peru hunt the condor according to ancient traditions established by their Incan

warrior forebears, who worshiped the great bird. A large ditch is dug near the condor's hunting ground. A freshly killed lamb is secured in the trench, and the patient Indians begin a vigil that can last from a few hours to a few days.

Food is forbidden the hunters. As they lay absolutely still in their own ditch 50 yards away, they chew coca leaves to give them strength and to help them forget their hunger, just as the ancient Incan warriors chewed coca for strength and endurance in battle.

Coca leaves were chewed even by pre-Inca tribes of Peru about 2,500 years ago. Legends of the pre-Incan Yunga tribe tell how *Manco Capac*—divine offspring of the Sun god—taught them how to improve their lives "to satisfy the hungry, provide the weary and fainting with new vigor and cause the unhappy to forget their miseries."

During the earlier part of their reign, the Incan warrior priests tried to keep the limited supplies of coca leaf to themselves. But it was too good a thing, and before long it was used by all classes.

But the conquistadors tried

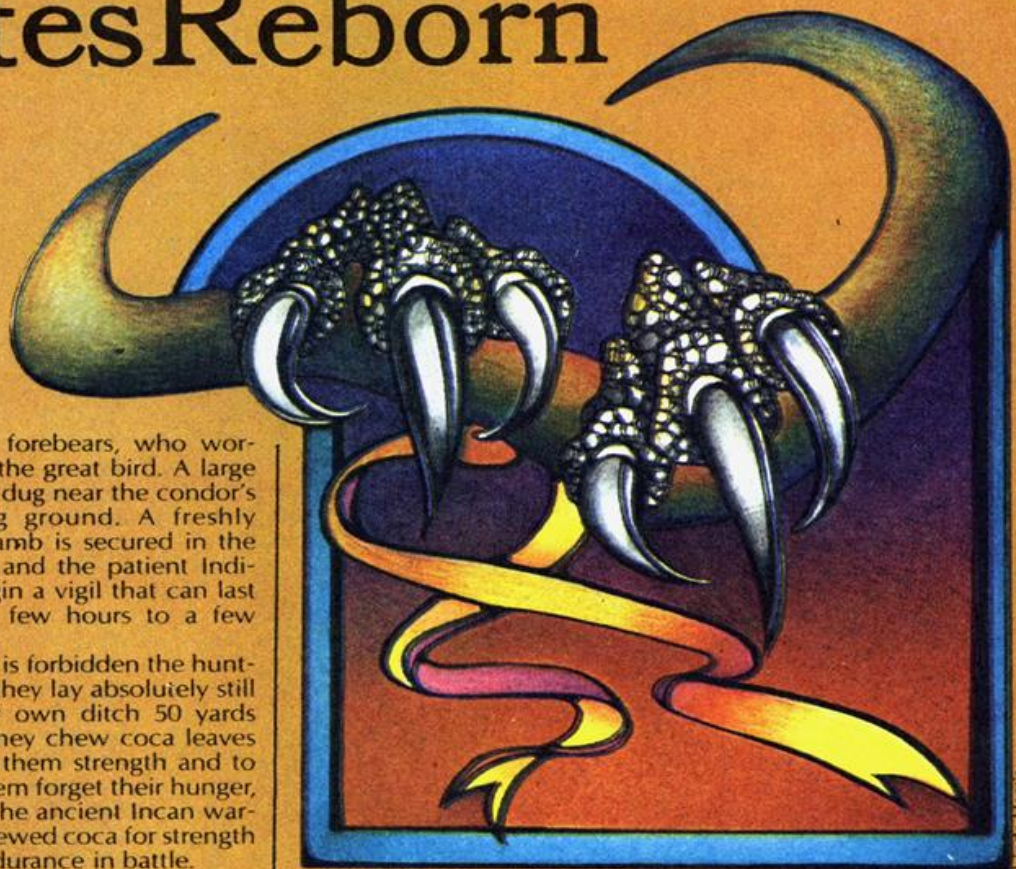
to outlaw the use of coca at the second council of Lima in 1550. It failed. Everyone worked harder when chewing coca. From 1600 to the nineteenth century, coca was a state monopoly. But it has always been the divine province of the warrior Incas and their descendants.

The coca-chewing warriors sit in their ditch until a condor descends on the waiting meat. Then the hunters swiftly emerge and pounce quickly, immobilizing the bird's beak and claws.

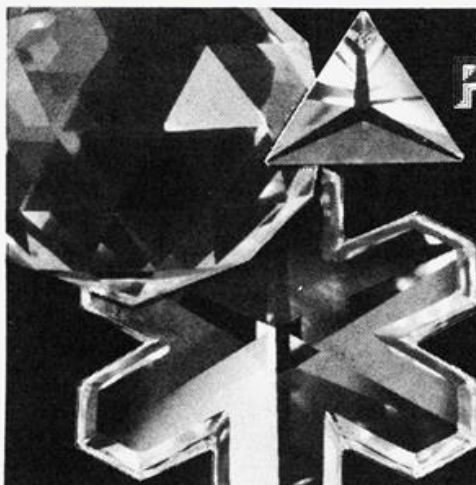
After the *Yawar Fiesta* is

over and the Spanish bull is defeated, the public cheers their champion, the brave condor, and replace its bloodied ceremonial ribbons with fresh ones in the colors of the Peruvian flag. It is given a drink of *chicha*, a fiery liquid made from maize.

In a final burst of applause and liberated celebration, the condor is released. As it flies majestically away to some Andean peak, its ribbons forming a red and white trail, it rises as a proud reminder that coca warriors and the old ways still live on.



Linda Harris

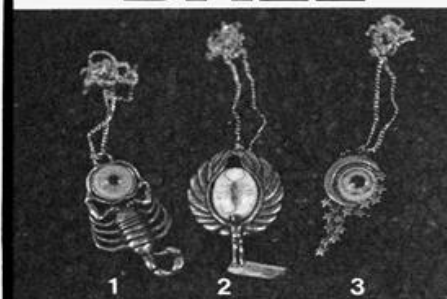


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Ohio Boot Kicks Feds

by David J. Kolb

NEW STRAITSVILLE, OHIO—Bill Hoy, the last of the great Ohio bootleggers, sat like a wizened old toad on a tin chair in his garage. He was in an ornery mood.

"How comes you didn't bring me no whiskey?" he demands. "That reporter from the Cleveland paper did."

Store-bought whiskey is the only kind of booze Hoy drinks nowadays, ever since state liquor authorities busted his moonshining operation in late 1975, when 20 agents swooped down on Hoy's garage-still. During their search, Hoy grabbed a bottle of illicit corn liquor and swilled down a full quart before they stopped him.

"They told me I was destroying evidence," he says.

Hoy lives in the very heart of bootleg country, southeastern Ohio. During the Twenties and early Thirties, thousands of gallons of golden rotgut poured from these rolling country hills. Caravans

of illicit booze delivered their wares all over the Midwest, most of the time with the law breathing down their necks.

"It was like these boys

like our whiskey," laments Thompson, now a bartender in Matthew's Cafe here.

"In the old days we used ice-cold mine water," he ex-

Thompson once filled in "bootlegger" as his occupation on his daughter's birth certificate.

down in Mexico bringin' in that marijuana!" snorts Hoy. He claimed that he used to sell whiskey all over the state for \$10 a gallon. "Shoot," he says. "You could buy a week's worth of groceries for that back then." He smacks his lips. "That moonshine was sure worth it, though. Can't get booze like that anymore."

One of the reasons contributing to the decline of today's moonshine, explained fellow former bootlegger James E. Thompson, is the scarcity of charcoaled distilling kegs.

"That stuff don't even taste

plained. "The water has to have iron in it. Believe you me, that stuff was 100-proof easy."

Thompson, who once filled in "bootlegger" as his occupation on his daughter's birth certificate, ran liquor for six years between 1928 and 1934. "The feds were really after us then," he remembers, "but they was all on the take. All except a fella named Teal, lived over in Shawnee."

"I remember Teal," growls Hoy, the few rotted remnants of his teeth grinding together. "Damn his eyes, he wouldn't take a bribe. One time he came over and chased me and

my boys all around inside the mines. Got a lot of fine whiskey, although he didn't get us. I outlived him, though."

The sleepy town of New Straitsville has managed to cash in on the fabled exploits of men like Hoy. In July, residents and visitors turned out in droves to celebrate the seventh annual Moonshine Festival, complete with moonshine candy, moonshine snowcones, Miss Moonshine of 1977, Little Miss Moonshine of 1977 and last but not least, an exhibit of one of Bill Hoy's captured stills, demonstrated on the hour by two state liquor agents.

"I'm so mad I could choke," Hoy says at the mention of this decadent commercialization. "What kind of festival is it where you can't get any moonshine?"

Asked if he had any advice for would-be bootleggers, Hoy replied: "Use corn, and whatever you do, don't rush it. You can even send me a bottle if it's good stuff."

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Moonshiners Gone to Pot

So widespread is the boom in homegrown pot farming that Appalachia's moonshiners are forsaking corn-mash for cannabis. Revenuers in the southern mountains are finding fewer stills and more pot patches than ever before as they comb the hills and hollows of backwoods America.

"With marijuana becoming so damn popular, they're planting acres of it," veteran still-smasher Warren McConnell told the Washington Post recently. Last year, federal agents busted the fewest number of stills since the repeal of Prohibition, and pot is picking up the slack.

In Virginia, the largest white lightning operation in the country was popped a couple of years ago, and feds say the operators "went right back into marijuana." In Tennessee, state narcs see a Mexican-mountaineer connection:

"One of our people who began moonshining 45 years ago got a Mexican connection and was flying in two tons a month... Growing is on the way up."

The sheriff of Wilkes County, North Carolina, an area once known as the moonshine capital of the East, pulled up some 57,000 pot plants last year, a state record. At the same time, the sheriff says the art of home brewing is virtually dead in Wilkes.

Feds believe moonshining was set back critically when sugar prices soared in 1975, making the price of a jug of rotgut as expensive as store-bought alcohol.

How do the revenuers view decrim? Says a North Carolina agent, "If a man can have a couple of cigarettes in his shirt pocket without fear of arrest, I guaran-damn-tee you it's going to get real wild."

T.M.

Cocaine

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BY **Paracelsus**



FROM "LEGAL HIGHS" A HIGH TIMES
GOLDEN STATE PUBLISHING BOOK Page 29...

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Feds Crack Coke Colossus

The DEA has tied two Miami busts to what it calls the largest cocaine distribution ring in the world—a group believed to be behind more than 400 pounds of flake seized in Panama and the U.S. in the last two years.

In the most recent bust, D-men grabbed 11 pounds and arrested four men at two Miami hotels late in the summer. A week earlier, 22 pounds were taken from a cardboard box that arrived unattended at Miami Airport. Two Colombians were arrested after they picked up the parcel, according to police.

More impressive than the 33-pound total was a roll of \$700,000 in cash allegedly found at the Colombians' apartment. Narcs say the money was headed for South American banks where the group has "multimillion-dollar accounts."

DEA regional director John VanDiver said the ring was an "all-Colombian, family and friends organization with dis-

tribution tentacles all over the United States."

- Hardhats working a construction site on Embarcadero Street in San Francisco found a suitcase packed with 19 pounds of coke in two plastic bags. The local crime lab said the stuff was 90-percent pure. Meanwhile, our man in the Bay Area says the prices for nose candy are soaring at San Francisco's discos.

- A former Mr. Seattle has been arrested on suspicion of coke possession. The 23-year-old body builder was popped in Bellevue, Oregon, for allegedly selling a half-pound to undercover narcs. He needed a tetanus shot at the local hospital after a nervous police dog bit him.

- Customs chemist John Quinn has plea-bargained for a reduced sentence on coke charges in Los Angeles. Defense attorneys said they feared their client would not be safe in a maximum security prison, so Quinn agreed to tell all he knows about govern-

ment coke thefts in exchange for a five-year term at Lompoc, a minimum security penal farm.

- Phoenix police are holding a teddy bear and three other suspects in a two-pound bust in Arizona. After flagging down a car on Interstate 10, cops noticed a resewn seam on the bear, sitting on the back seat. After beating the stuffing out of it, cops say they uncovered 34 ounces of toot.

- Colombia's F-2 police subdued alleged coke smugglers in a gun battle in Pereira after the group claimed responsibility for killing an F-2 agent. Police said they followed the gunmen into a bar, where the four surrendered after a brief fire fight. . . . In Bogota, an Oklahoman was arrested at El Dorado Airport for reportedly trying to run seven pounds in 23 separate bags taped to his stomach, arms and legs. Cops said he looked too fat. . . . Avianca, Colombia's national airline, is also doing its share of luxury freighting. One of

Avianca's stewardesses was picked up by Miami Customs with a kilo allegedly wrapped up in her spare blue jeans. . . . A former commander of Santa Marta's DAS narc squad has been arrested in Bogota for attempted cocaine smuggling.

- A New Orleans Customs man smelled fresh glue on an arriving Venezuelan's suitcase and ripped the valise open. Inside, Customs said it found 6½ pounds of snow. The suspect is being held on \$200,000 bail.

- A woman who had flown four round trips between Venezuela and New Orleans in 40 days was seized at the Louisiana port with what Customs said was two pounds of high-grade coke. Again, Customs said the tip-off was her platform shoes.

- Sniff my cock? The failed-scam-of-the-month award goes to a Colombian in Popayán, caught with a 30-gram stash of coke allegedly hidden under the wings of his fighting cock.

LOOKING FOR COCAINE?

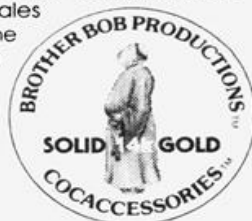
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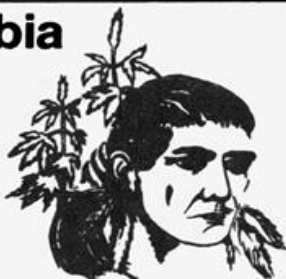
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Mystery Ship Baffles Narcs

Narcs from Newport to Nova Scotia are shaking their heads over a Jamaican mystery ship trailed from Santa Marta, but found with nary a seed or stem of boo onboard when the Coast Guard searched her in Rhode Island coastal waters.

Eleven Colombian crewmen, deserted by their captain, were found on the 99-ton *Dorchester*, anchored in Narragansett Bay, near Newport. The *Dorchester* had no cargo, no papers, no ship's log, no navigational equipment and no one onboard who could speak English. After a local interpreter talked to the crew, it was determined that the mysterious captain, known only as "Tony," had jumped ship before the law arrived, taking with him a huge sum of money and most of the *Dorchester's* papers. While DEA men scratched their heads, the ship was fined \$1,500 for not reporting to Customs and allowed to sail back to Colombia.

Said the local Customs director: "They're free to go. I don't want any part of confis-

cating this boat."

- Narcs outnumbered suspects by better than three to one when federal, state and local heat pounced on an alleged pot-smuggling ring in Panama City, Florida. The 58 narcs arrested 18 suspects, seized 6,000 pounds of pot, seven vehicles, 16 weapons and four boats, including the 48-foot trimaran *Two Too Much*. Three of the suspects were released for lack of evidence against them.

- They told old Dave Wyrick he'd have pot in his corn, but the farmer just shrugged his head and looked the other way. But not for long. Two years after a Lockheed Lodestar crashed into his Wartburg, Tennessee, cornfield, spilling a two-ton cargo of weed, Wyrick was arrested for cultivating 500 six-foot plants growing amid the stalks. An irrigation pipe from his house to the field tipped the local sheriff.

- Pharmacy robberies are booming, and the National Association of Retail Drug-gists is beginning to worry about its members' safety. The

association took a quarterly survey recently and found 1,710 thefts in three months, almost 300 of them armed holdups. More than eight million pills were taken in the three-month period.

- A Richmond County, Virginia, prisoner volunteered when cops said they needed an undercover agent to make a pot buy. The fuzz gave him a new car, a bundle of cash and succeeded in scoring six pounds. Then he reportedly sped away in the car, leaving the narcs empty-handed. He

went on a week's spree before landing back in jail again.

- Narcs in New South Wales, Australia, uncovered what is believed to be the world's first portable pot farm on the island country's south coast. Hundreds of plants were discovered in converted oil drums, surrounded by chicken wire to keep animals out. Sacks of fertilizer were found nearby, and cops said the owners planned "to take the farm with them when they moved on." No arrests were made.

High Times HIT PARADE



Seasonal changes have slowed the growing season in South America, but things are booming north of the border. The American farmer has found a new cash crop, profitable even without grain swindles with the commies. Unfortunately, narcs and sheriff's deputies harvested with a vengeance this fall:

17,000 lbs: Bellsville, Ind., farm, 2 arrests.
5,000 lbs: Miami, Fla., 38-foot crashed boat, 2 arrests.
4,000 lbs: Edisto Island, S.C., 6 boats and 4 campers, 9 arrests.

4,000 lbs: Miami, Fla., 2 boats and Winnebago, 4 arrests.
3,000 lbs: New York City, garage, no arrests.
2,800 lbs: Lynn, Ky., farm, no arrests.
1,200 lbs: Craig County, Va., farm, no arrests.
1,000 lbs: Clarkdale, Ariz., farm, 4 arrests.
1,000 lbs: Thai sticks: Bangkok, Thailand, airport parcels, no arrests.
800 lbs: Tucson, Ariz., light plane, 4 arrests.
700 lbs: Thai Sticks: Vancouver, Br. Columbia, 2 vans, 2 arrests.



A job well-done; Head of Mexico's dope war army, General Jose Hernandez Toledo and Assistant Attorney General Samuel Alvia Layba congratulate troops after phase one of Operation Condor. *Craig Pyles*

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Pie Times for Pols

by Irving Shushnick

Pies have once again taken the place of bullets in the new Seventies style of political assassination. Ohio Governor James A. Rhodes was the target of a well-aimed banana cream missile, expertly tossed from a distance of five feet by yippie Steve Conliff.

The governor has long been under fire for his complicity in the May 1970 Kent State student killings and more recently has been the target of protests by people seeking to block the construction of a new gym on the murder site.

The pieing occurred during the ceremonial opening of the Ohio State Fair. Rhodes had just cut the ribbon and opened the gates, inviting the large crowds (including about two dozen chanting demonstrators) inside. As he was making a speech, yippies Conliff and Lee Kadel, disguised in suits and ties, moved closer to their objective with home-baked ammunition concealed in paper bags. Sud-



Pie-man Aron Kay lofts apple-crumbs delight at N.Y. Mayor Beame.

Martin A. Levick

denly a highway patrolman demanded to look inside Kadel's bag, and Conliff decided "it was now or never." Rhodes was saying that what the fair really needed was "more youth involvement" when the sloppy pastry smacked him in the side of his face.

Highway patrolmen pounced on the yippies and hauled them off to join five other already-arrested demonstrators. Conliff was charged with assault (a first-degree misdemeanor carrying a maximum of six months)

and "disturbing a lawful meeting." He was freed on cash bail of \$700. Conliff is confident he'll beat the charge because Rhodes must prove actual physical injury for the assault rap to stick.

"I did it," says Conliff, "not only because of the Kent State gym thing, but also for the five inmates gunned down at the Ohio State pen in 1968, for the 11 shot and wounded during the Cleveland ghetto riots that same year and for the 18 wounded by police at Ohio State in 1970. Rhodes has a history of mass murder."

After the incident, chief agent (retired) of Pie-Kill Unlimited Rex Weiner telephoned Conliff from New York to congratulate the prankster and dub him an "honorary agent of Pie-Kill." Weiner told *High Times*: "We're proud of Steve. Rhodes is only the second governor to be pied (Ray Blanton of Tennessee was the first), and we're aiming for another 48."

Pie-Kill's most famous victims include Senator Daniel "Pat" Moynihan, William F. Buckley, David Frost, William Shatner, rightwinger Phyllis Schlafly, Howard Hunt and Tony "Bag Man" Ulasewicz.

In the most recent pie-kill, old pro Aron Kay rose from nowhere during a debate among seven New York mayoral candidates and let fly at incumbent Abe Beame. Kay threw an apple-crumbs pie, "for Abe Beame, the biggest crumb in the Big Apple," according to the hit man.

Spying on the Feds

How to Find the Goods on Yourself

Now, for the price of a postage stamp, you can read what the agency of your choice—DEA, IRS, INS, even Interpol—has compiled on you. The FOIA, Freedom of Information Act, enacted into law in 1969 and amended in 1974, is designed to allow any citizen access to the government files being kept on him or her. Even if you've never done anything illegal or feel your crimes remain well concealed, they may have a file on you if you were ever involved in any liberal, left-liberal or radical social reform group, even if church-related or civil libertarian. Even if you lived next door to, were a distant relative of or transacted business with someone who was a member of such a group, you may be listed.

First, write a letter which states:

1. that your request is under the FOIA,
2. a description of the documents you want,
3. the period of time covered,
4. an estimate of the cost involved.

If you have a specific name in an agency, address it to them. Otherwise, simply write "the FOIA section."

Allow about 1½ months for reply. This includes one week for arrival, 20 days to respond (by law an agency must respond within 10 days; this gives ample time for bureaucratic hassles) and one week for return mail. If you still have

no response after 1½ months, wait a week, then write again, stating that further delay will constitute an illegal "failure to disclose" and that you are appealing on that basis.

Your most likely answers and follow-up tactics are:

1. *The agency has to check with other agencies.* This means they probably obtained the material from another agency; an unwritten law requires approval. Simply write the other agency and push for a response.

2. *Your request does not adequately describe the material.* They may be putting you off, or their question may be legitimate. Send more info to

clarify what you want.

3. *Material has been found and a determination regarding release is now being made.* This means someone hasn't read the law, providing the ten-day time limit is up. Re-state your request and let them know any further delay will be taken as a failure to disclose.

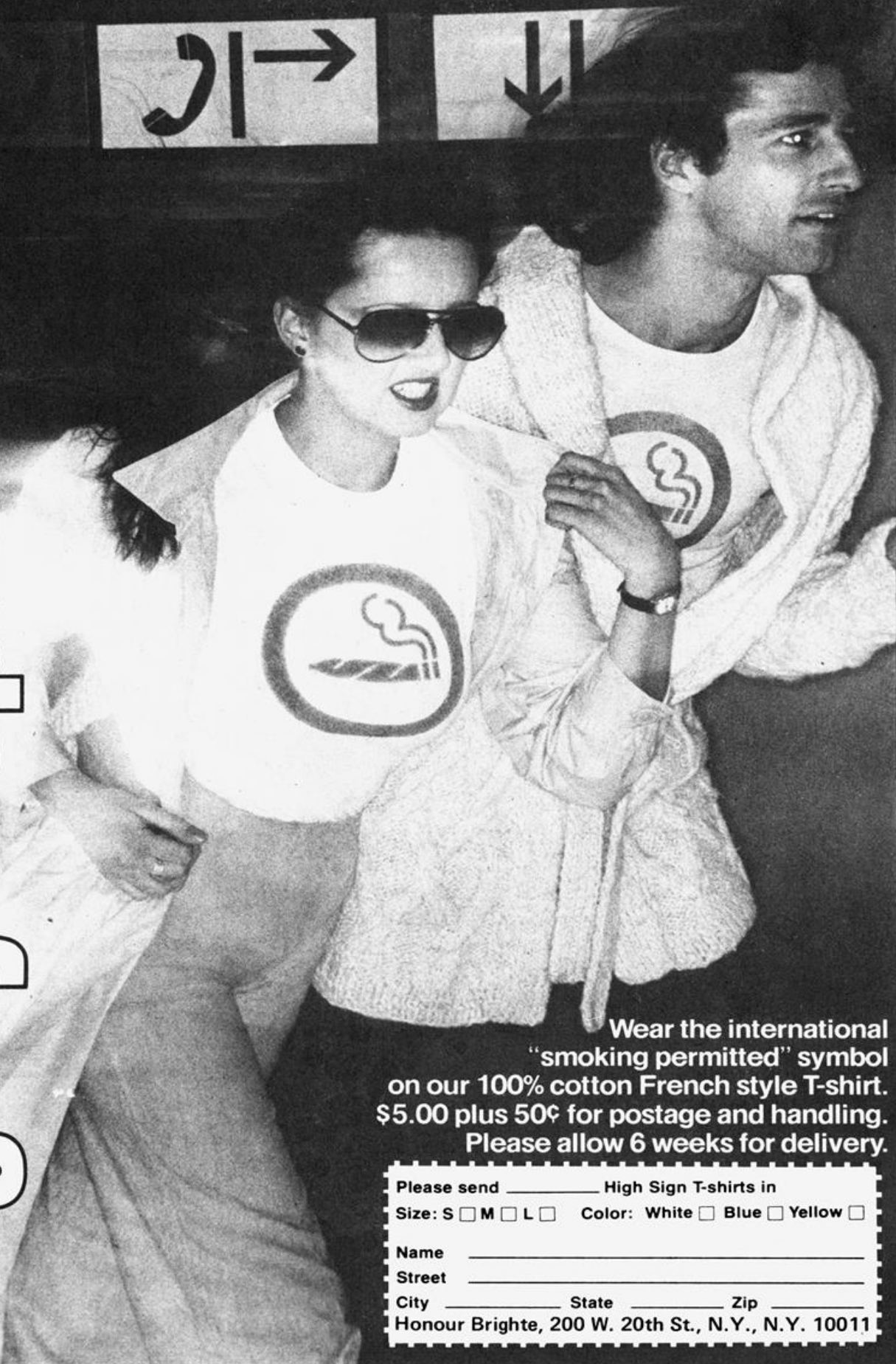
4. *Material has been found but is exempt from disclosure.* As certain sections of the law will be cited as reasons, look these up, study them, don't be put off by the legal jargon and then file an appeal.

An appeal is simply a letter to a higher authority. Instructions are usually given in your

reply from the agency. Few appeals get new results; however, the next step, judicial review, often produces a startling reversal. The reason: a court decision would produce an adverse precedent; with no precedent, each person has to fight his or her own battle. Another successful tactic is to widen your target. Bureaucracies tend to go carbon-copy happy, and copies may be floating around in other agencies. While one may refuse, another may casually mail you the material.

The FOIA is, in short, a powerful tool, seldom used. All it takes is a postage stamp. And the desire to know.

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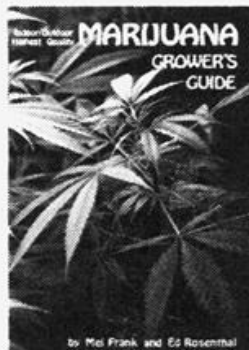
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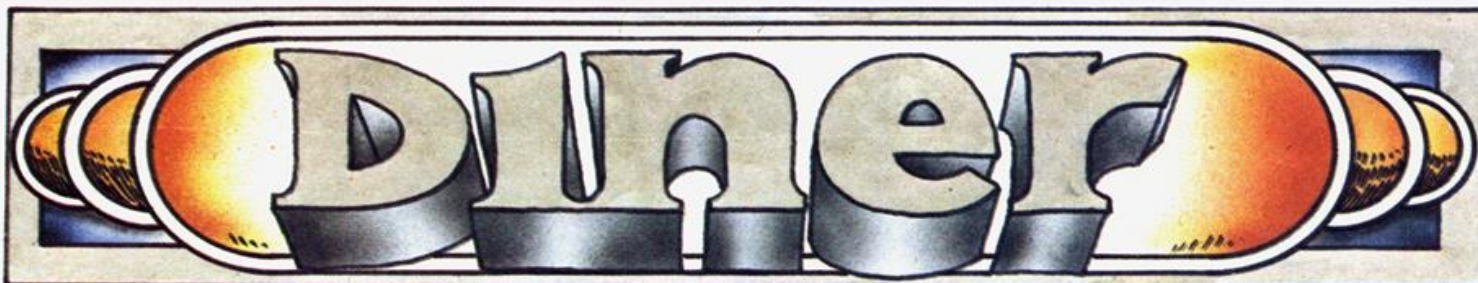
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HOW YOU CAN GET RICH

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What does it mean to *you*? It means that now, as never before, *YOU* have a chance to cash in on the tremendous profits being made in the head industry, which has already tripled in size, even before national decriminalization. Our detailed book shows how *YOU* can duplicate the success of today's industry leaders, and how easily:

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* *Home pipe factories and small head shops have exploded into multi-million dollar distributors.*

* *Thousands of freaks with good ideas have watched their products create financial independence in a few short months.*

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creasing demand by young Americans for high-quality paraphernalia products means that distributors are already searching for new ideas. Stores are stocking a wider and wider variety of "high society" products, themselves becoming distributors of head gear to other stores in the area.

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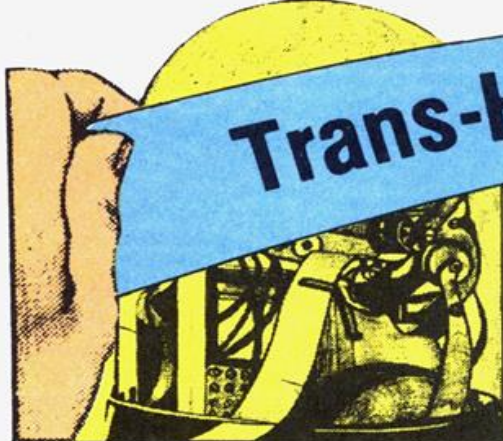
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Trans-High

Market Quotations



AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabul hash	decent quality and quantity	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	fair to good	oz	50-100
Shirac hash	excellent when found	kilo	1-2
Mazar-i-sharif	tremendous	oz	40-80
		kilo	3-7
		oz	100-200
		kilo	5-10
		oz	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	OK	oz	20-35
Nepalese hash	steady supply	lb	200-300
Indian hash	fair to good	oz	75-150
		lb	900-1250
Afghani hash	scarce of late	oz	70-90
		lb	800-1100
LSD	brown blotter	oz	100-140
		hit	1100-1600
Cocaine	decent rock	oz	2-5
		100	100-225
		gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2200

CANADA

Domestic	fair to good	oz	15-30
		lb	150-325
Regular Mexican	paper wrapped bricks	oz	15-35
Top-grade Mexican	good Guerrero	oz	175-325
Commercial Colombian	available	oz	35-60
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce of late	oz	450-625
Hawaiian	decent availability	oz	35-50
Afghani hash	surfboard slabs, good	oz	400-550
Indian hash	dark green, OK	oz	50-85
Kashmiri hash	excellent	oz	450-700
		lb	175-250
Afghani hash oil	thick and potent	oz	2000-3000
Honey oil	sweet stuff	oz	175-225
LSD	usually blotter	oz	1400-2200
		hit	125-200
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	1200-2000
	flake and rock	oz	175-200
MDA	short supply	oz	1800-2500
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-575
		gm	35-50
		oz	400-600
		hit	2-5
		100	150-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1400-2000
		gm	25-50

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	top quality, short supply	oz	5-10
Machu Picchu	quantity on decline	oz	40-80
Punta roja	sweet red	oz	5-10
		lb	45-75
Colombian hash	crumbly brown	oz	25-50
Colombian hash oil	dark green, poor	oz	2000-3000
LSD	just stash	oz	150-200
		hit	1800-2400
Mushrooms	around	oz	2-5
		100	150-250
Cocaine	good selection	oz	3-5
		lb	30-45
		oz	250-400
		lb	4000-6000

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	resiny buds	oz	7.50-10
Ecuadorian red	very tasty	oz	75-150
Cocaine	usually flake, excellent	oz	3-5
		lb	60-125
San Pedro cactus	good trip	gm	25-40
		oz	450-700
		oz	free

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	fresh blonde, good	oz	50-80
Lebanese hash	short supply	oz	600-800
		lb	70-95
		lb	800-1000

Afghani hash	excellent when found	oz	75-150
Colombian hash	poor to fair	lb	800-1250
Hash oil	black Afghani, potent	oz	50-65
LSD	blotter and small tabs	gm	500-800
Cocaine	decent at best	oz	25-35
Mandrax	available	oz	375-500
		hit	1-1.50
		100	75-150
		gm	50-125
		oz	2200
		one	1-3
		100	75-200

FRANCE

Colombian grass	commercial quality	oz	35-65
Nigerian grass	good to excellent	lb	450-750
Thai sticks	gold/green, tasty	oz	50-80
Lebanese hash	decent red, fair supply	lb	500-800
Moroccan hash	fair to good	one	10-25
Nepalese hash	rare	100	750-1200
LSD	OK	oz	50-60
Opium	improving	lb	400-700
		oz	25-50
		lb	350-500
		oz	65-100
		lb	900-1100
		one	2.50-5
		100	200-325
		gm	10-15

GERMANY

Afghani hash	thick black slabs, good	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	usually red, some blonde	lb	500-725
Moroccan hash	fair to excellent quality	gm	2-5
Thai sticks	good if fresh	kilo	1200-1300
LSD	brown blotter, blue tabs	oz	35-50
Cocaine	around	lb	475-575
		one	10-20
		100	750-1000
		hit	2.50-5
		100	200-350
		gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	OK	oz	8-12
Thailand grass	stable situation	lb	115-225
Thai sticks	drying up some	oz	50-100
Afghani hash	rare	lb	750-1200
		one	8-15
		oz	75-125
		gm	7.50-15
		oz	75-175

KENYA

Domestic	fair to good	oz	8-12
Congolese	very resiny, excellent	lb	50-100
Yohimbe	available	oz	10-15
		lb	125-150
		oz	1-2
		lb	8-12

MEXICO

Torreon violet	short supply, high demand	oz	5-10
Guadalajara green	mouth-watering taste	lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	good to excellent	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	elevating	lb	75-125
Pueblo	fair to good crop	oz	5-10
Magis mushrooms	countryside product	lb	50-100
Cocaine	mostly flake, some rock	oz	5-10
Opium	available	gm	5-7.50
		oz	55-75
		oz	400-500
		lb	5000

MOSCOW

Irkutsk hash	dark brown, good	oz	70-80
Nepalese hash	scarce	lb	800-900
Steppe grass	worthwhile	oz	150-200
Siberian grass	excellent when found	lb	1800-2500
LSD	made in Europe	oz	40-55
		lb	400-600
		oz	60-75
		lb	600-800
		hit	5-10
		100	200-350

NEPAL

Nepalese grass	tight buds	oz	1-2
Nepalese hash	good	lb	10-15
Afghani hash	various types, some great	oz	5-10
	top grade	lb	75-150
	available	oz	20-30
		lb	175-250

Paki hash	just decent	oz	5-10
Cocaine	OK	lb	75-150
		gm	10-15
		oz	150-250

THE NETHERLANDS

Sengalese & Congolese	recent supply	oz	55-75
Domestic grass	fair to good	lb	450-600
Moroccan hash	various types	oz	20-40
Lebanese hash	just decent, red, blonde	lb	250-350
Pakistani hash	fresh brown, OK	oz	50-75
Kashmiri hash	delicious	lb	400-575
Hash oil	supply dwindling	oz	50-85
LSD	fluctuating supply	lb	500-600
Cocaine	quality on increase	oz	50-75
Burmese opium	tremendous	lb	450-650
		gm	65-100
		oz	600-800
		liter	1650-2100
		hit	2-4
		100	150-225
		gm	75-125
		oz	1300-2000
		gm	4-6
		oz	60-85

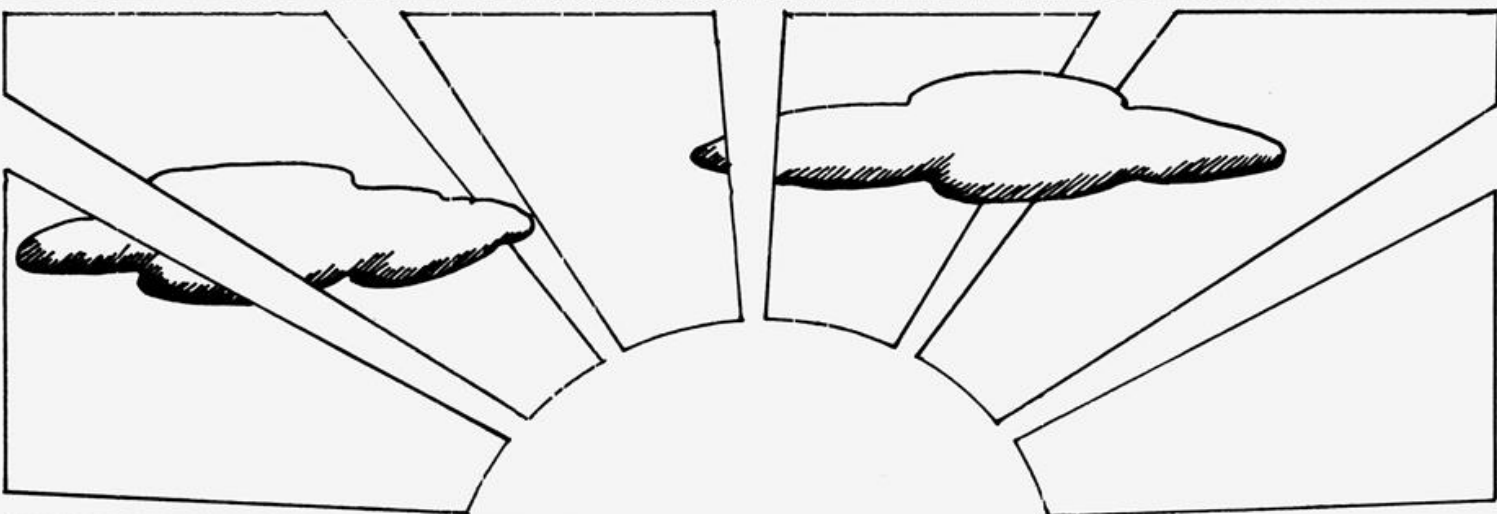
TURKEY

Turkish hash	soft black	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	excellent when found	lb	75-90
LSD	scarce	oz	75-100
Opium	very good	lb	100-175
		hit	5-10
		oz	3-7.50
		lb	60-85

USA

Contiguous Regular	bright green bricks	oz	15-30
Mexican Top-grade Mexican	tasty Oaxacan	lb	100-300
Jamaican	earthy	oz	50-125
Commercial Colombian	fluctuating supply	lb	200-1000
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce of late	oz	20-30
Hawaiian	top notch	lb	200-400
Thai sticks	various kinds	oz	25-40
Moroccan hash	thin green slabs, fair	lb	250-425
Lebanese hash	good to excellent blonde	oz	40-65
Afghani hash	excellent when found	lb	350-550
Nepalese hash	pressed fingers	oz	175-225
Paki hash	decent green	lb	1500-2800
Lebanese hash oil	rare	one	15-30
Afghani hash oil	dark green and black, good	oz	165-225
Honey oil	high quality product	oz	75-110
THC	available	lb	900-1200
LSD	mostly blotter	oz	100-150
Psilocybin mushrooms	still growing	lb	1000-1500
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	1400-2000
Qualaludes	fluctuating supply	oz	120-175
Alaska Domestic	good hybrids	lb	1300-1700
Regular Mexican Cocaine	quality down	gm	20-30
Hawaii Kona gold	stable situation	oz	325-450
Maui	delicious smoke	gm	25-35
	good buy	oz	1400-2000
		one	2-5
		100	200-350
		hit	1-3
		100	75-150
		oz	20-40
		lb	150-200
		gm	75-125
		oz	1400-2000
		one	2-5
		100	200-350
		oz	35-60
		lb	400-600
		oz	20-35
		lb	250-400
		gm	75-150
		oz	1400-2200
		oz	125-175
		lb	1200-1900
		oz	125-175
		lb	1300-2000

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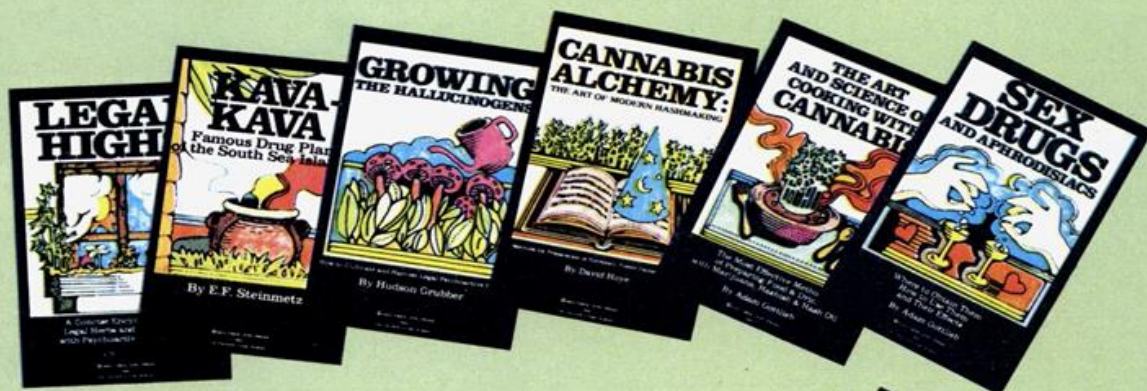
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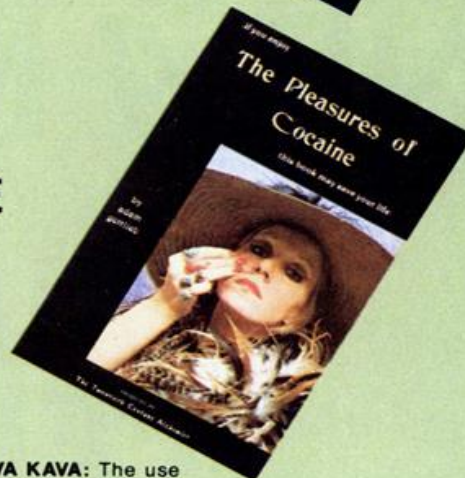


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Disco Droids

(continued from page 87)

"composing" this stuff is that the beat never stop, lest the dancer lose his **high**. The principle effect aimed for is climax—in every **sense** of the word.

You've got this beat that makes the **feet** fly, but the rest is up to you, Sergei. The freedom is **intoxicating**—and **terrifying**. Watching disco mix evolve is like watching an old cat crouch out on a limb after a nest of little newly hatched **birds**. There are millions of dollars to be made in the game. A whole new **ballgame** to be played and won. Studio 54 cost nearly a half million dollars to throw together in six **insane** weeks (again, the incredible demands that can only be made on New York professionals). When the owners advertised for memberships at \$125 a card (plus a modest charge of five **dollars** at the doorway every time you walk in the **joint**), they were overwhelmed with 18,000 applications. Cannily, they culled about 1,800. Greedily, they **dipped** back into the pot for another 3,000. Finally, they opened their doors, ushered in Mick Jagger, Elton John, Baryshnikov—all the beautiful people. And Lo and **Behold!** In seven weeks they had recouped their investment.

What applies to the discos applies to the **discs**. At first the record companies were shy of releasing the specially manufactured 12-inch, 45 RPM "Promo Only" D.J.-oriented disco mixes. After **all**, in 60 years of pop music recording, there had never been a standard **pop** record format that broke the four-minute barrier. It was **good** enough for the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in 1917; it was good enough for Al Jolson in the Twenties; it was good enough for Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman in the **Thirties**; it got us through the Brooklyn **mambo** and the Bronx cha-cha-cha days—it sure worked fine for **Elvis** and the Beatles and the Stones and all them other **assholes**, so whathahell! Why should the industry suddenly get weird just because some little skinny faggot who spends his nights in what used to be the **hat-check** girl's closet "spinning," as he calls it, and is terrified about "losing his floor," insists that suddenly after a **mere** 60 years of commercial success, pop records **alluvasudden** have to stretch to five, seven, nine or twenty minutes! Twenty minutes of the same dumb **shit!** Wow! You gotta be kidding, Ronnie!

Now you **walk** into any record store in New York, and you find this new "product." It's not in a "jacket." It's in a "sleeve." It's got a big **hole** in the center where the label sticks out, and a **socko** design all around the hole: **kissy**, pouty, parted Puerto-Rican-pink lips (I get the bends looking at them!); or a black chick and a white **chick**, facing off at each other in Thirties air-brush style; or, thick fluid-

filled glass tubular **neon** letters; or, star-shaped light bulbs studded marquee style; or—well, I guess you've seen them. Funny thing is, though, they have a kind of **bootleg** feel about them: they're in the back of the store in hand-lettered bins, the clerks never get the **price** straight—is it \$1.69 or \$1.96?

The only serious problem disco **has** encountered to date is with the activity that is supposedly the *raison d'être* for this whole trend—**social** dancing. The fact is that when you go to a spectacular **discotheque**, the least interesting thing about the show is the **dancers**. Most of the time, they could be straw on the floor for all the excitement they provide. When you go to a disco whose **designer** took literally the idea that the "whole show is in the people," you feel like you're looking at a cultural **disaster**. What you actually see in these extravaganzalike settings are people who look like the relatives at your cousin's wedding: unattractive, overdressed, klutzy types who can't **dance** worth a damn.

There are discos, of course, especially in **New York**, where you can see lots of semipro and professional dancers. These discos specialize in the **Latin** hustle and **stage** dance contests that feature couples who have worked up elaborate dance **routines**, costumes, make-up—the works. These folks are fun to watch, **but** turning disco into "Soul Train" is **not** the answer either. What's more, the Latin hustle has a hopelessly **obsolete** character, like something you learned at Arthur Murray's. It takes skill and **grace**, but it is hopelessly out of touch with the power, the **urgency** and psychodrama implicit in best new disco music. Consequently, there is a big **yawning** hole in the disco culture of the present day that clamors to be filled by some suitable new dances or by some form of movement that will **go** beyond dance to bring people the physical sensations that are suggested by the sounds of the **music**.

After 30 or 40 years of cultural lag, of resisting the **future** and hankering back towards the preindustrial past, young people now seem prepared to take the great **leap** forward into the Space Age. The popularity of science fiction, the immense success of *Star Wars*, the revival of the **graphics** of the last age of futuristic optimism, the Thirties, the appetite for industrial **shapes**, sounds and textures in our most intimate life circumstances—as in the **classic** New York loft apartment—makes it appear that we have made **our peace** with the machine and are now ready to continue the trip that was aborted when the 1939 World's Fair was shut **down** by World War II. After all, why should we fight the future? Let us echo the sentiments of our great **leader**. When Andy **Warhol** was asked once if he didn't hate machines, he answered: "Why should I hate **machines**? Gee, I'd like to be a machine!" ■

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(continued from page 102)

action." Well, I didn't think so. That was his trip. Not my seafaring crap dealer's. Certainly the Huichol, the Tarahumara and other nations get into a lot of action when they're tripping on peyote. They sing, dance, run up and down mountains.

As it turned out, I could as well have made the test at the office. I ate three buttons of medium size and waited an hour, then got into some manuscripts. It wasn't a trip, on this smaller dosage, but I still felt enormously energized. I was, however, allowing myself to get too deep into the work, deeper than it called for. This, I could see, was something I'd have to watch if I wanted to work behind peyote.

I've worked behind grass for over 20 years, and I recall that at first I had to learn how to handle, how to concentrate behind smoke. Well, concentrating behind peyote is a bit harder to learn, but once you've got it, you can concentrate better than before. Deeper, more focused. Or centered. By noon the work was done.

The next day was Tuesday, and I went to the office after breakfasting on three peyote buttons, medium size. A number of my associates commented on my appearance and mood. "You're looking great. Been smoking something?" That sort of thing. The day went fast and I got a mountain of work done. When I got home I found that Rosa had spent the whole day, instead of her usual two or three hours, writing in her journal.

And that's the way it went for the next 15 months: love first thing in the morning, peyote for breakfast, good work all day, together again for dinner and a quiet evening talking, then bedtime and more love and sleep.

Weekends we'd sometimes take larger doses and see how far out (or in) we could trip. And from time to time we'd abstain for a day or two, to check up. At first we found that peyote's salutary effects seemed to last only two or three days before we developed a yen. Nothing heavy. Just a yen. But as time went by we also noticed that we needed less to get off, until at the end of 15 months I was taking a single large button in the morning, and Rosa a smaller one. Of course, we sometimes replenished ourselves during the afternoon with another button.

There was no comedown at the end of the day, no crash, only a pleasantly tired feeling and a readiness to rest. If we wanted more energy then, we simply ate another button. Why no crash? Where did all the energy come from? Not from peyote. The cactus acts like a catalyst. The energy comes from the peyote eater. We have a much greater energy potential than we're ordinarily aware of. It's like the mind's potential, which, as is well

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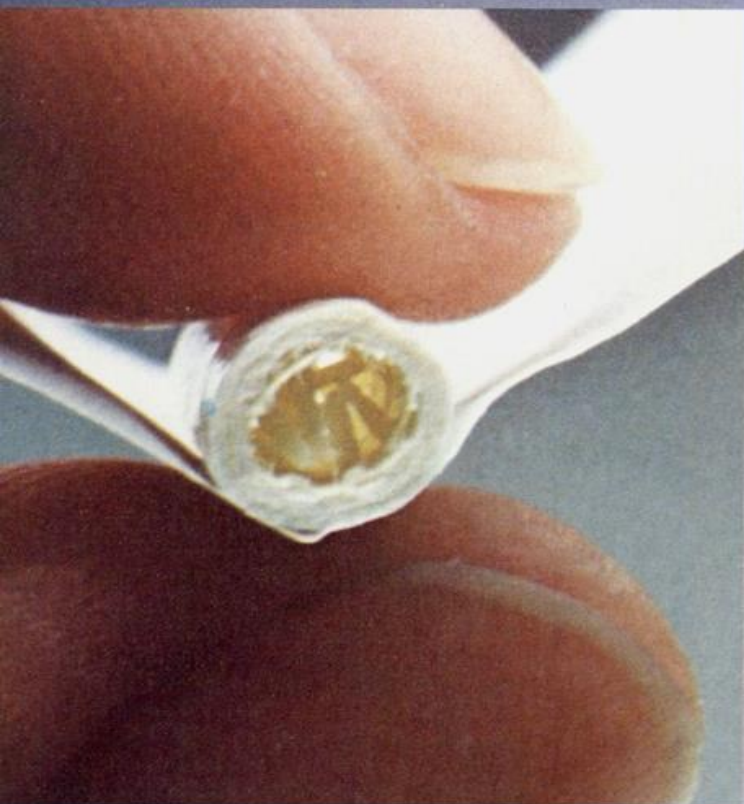
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known, we barely tap. Well, peyote taps it but doesn't exhaust it. There's always more. On occasion, say a weekend, we'd trip on and on, without sleep, eating a button or two from time to time, for 36 or 48 hours. How long we could have gone, I have no idea, but there seemed to be no reason to try and set a record on that count. We'd already set one by the end of our first month on peyote.

I soon began taking my lunch to work. I kept a basket of bread and cheese, fresh fruit and raw vegetables on my desk, and one of the fruits (vegetables) was always a large peyote button, in case I felt like recharging during the afternoon.

The first of my fellow workers to ask about the strange green fruit in the basket was Bob Shea, one of the swingier editors at Westpark. The dialogue went something like this:

"Is that some kind of tropical fruit? It looks like a cactus."

"It's peyote."

"Heard of it. Mind if I taste it?"

"Please do."

He took a tiny bite, very tiny, and put the rest back in the basket. He gave me an odd look and went to his office across the hall. In half a minute I heard him spitting and making guttural noises.

He came back saying, "You mean you actually eat that stuff?"

"Every day."

"You're pulling my leg. I hope to God it doesn't make me sick."

To allay his anxiety I took a fair bite out of the big button that he'd nibbled. I chewed it well and carefully, up front between my front teeth, and swallowed it without coffee. Bob looked at me as if I'd gone mad.

He knows better now, of course, for since then he's co-written a book called *Illuminatus*, which gives clearly recognizable evidence that he's found a way into his own head.

escalito certainly smiled on Rosa and me, for all those 15 months. The end came when some professional prohibitionists in Washington, D.C., decided that peyote was Indian medicine, fit only for Indians, not for whites. The official decision was that it could be used only for religious ritual by bona fide members of the Native American Church.

Smith's Cacti Ranch and other legitimate suppliers weren't willing to bootleg the buttons, which cut down the supply to the vanishing point, so that was the end of our 15 months. From time to time some buttons would show up in New York, and they still do, very poor plants compared to what we were used to.

Those 15 months were one of our highest times, though not, I hasten to add, the very highest. That high came soon after, when we received our first little sugar cubes from a beautiful psychedelic artist in the East Village. ■

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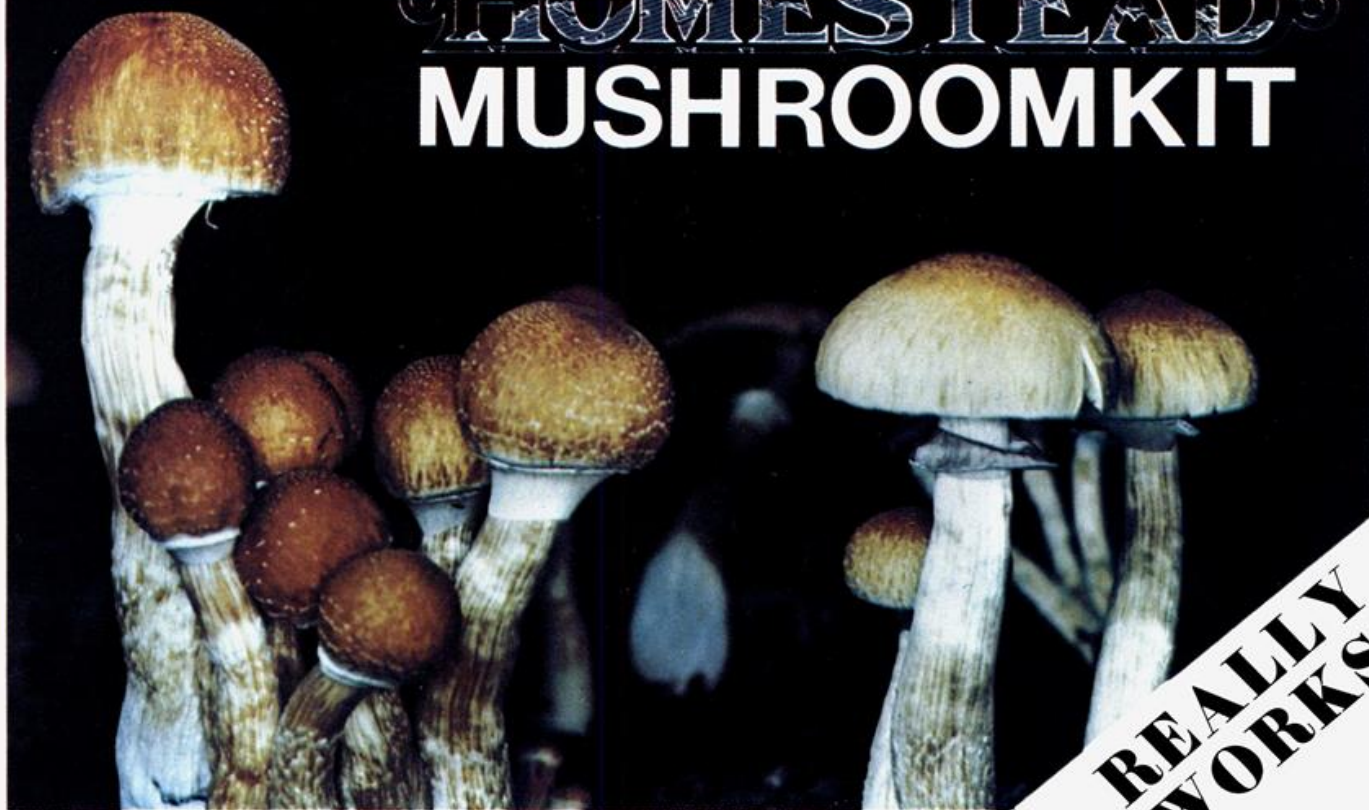
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Life for Pot Ruled Cruel and Unusual

Roger Davis has become the second prisoner of weed to be released because his sentence—40 years and \$20,000 for nine ounces—violated the Eighth Amendment's rule against cruel and unusual punishments. Davis, a black community leader in rural Wytheville, Virginia, was grabbed and put away three years ago amid a local atmosphere of antidrug hysteria and racial tension. After three years in stir, a suit by NORML, the ACLU and the University of Virginia legal clinic brought relief.

The Bilge That Made Milwaukee Heinous

A federal judge recently ordered the city of Milwaukee to stop fouling Lake Michigan with untreated sewage, opening the sluices to other suits for clean water throughout the nation. Judge John Grady ordered the beer capital to spend the \$200-\$300 million necessary to decontam-



inate its refuse. The decision capped Illinois Attorney General William Scott's seven-year pitch to get the disease-bearing sludge out of the source of Chicago's drinking water. Scott has already drawn a bead on his next target—U.S. Steel's dumping station in nearby Gary, Indiana.

DEA Grandstanding Voids DMT Trial

Excess evidence and inflammatory "expert" opinions foiled the feds in their prosecution of Dennis Green and Daniel Frano, alleged dimethyltryptamine chem-

ists. Armed with a search warrant, D-men said they found lab equipment, chemical precursors and a popular booklet on psychochemical synthesis in Green's home. But at the trial, DEA expert David Parmalee told the jury that DMT produces symptoms akin to a nervous breakdown and presents a grave public health hazard. A second authority, George Simmons, gave a rambling discourse on street drug economics and the many hallucinogens he had bought in his narc career. In overturning the conviction, Judge Anthony Celebrezze of the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati found all this irrelevant to the charge of conspiracy to manufacture and said it could be "subliminally inciting or confusing" to the jury.

Juice Queen Sued for Murderous Mouth

A San Francisco mother whose gay son was slain by bigots has filed a \$5-million damage suit against Anita Bryant and California assemblyman John Briggs for fostering killer prejudice. Robert Hillsborough was stabbed to death by jeering "straights" last June at the height of Bryant's Dade County crusade against gay rights. Helen Hillsborough's claim is based on an 1861 civil rights law which allows compensation for those injured by violence triggered by demagoguery. Gubernatorial candidate Briggs has been loudly pushing his bill to bar homosexuals from teaching in California.

Fishing Dogs Hooked in Court

Random searches by pot dogs have been declared unconstitutional by the California Court of Appeals. Police pooches sniffed 40 rental lockers in a storage depot and found 25 pounds of grass in two of them. But the court ruled that the cops and their canine cannabis connoisseurs needed some prior evidence that there was pot in the warehouse.

Australian Precedent Aids Strip-Mine Foes

In response to environmental protests, Australia has closed down mining operations on Fraser Island off the coast of Queensland. The 617-square-mile sand bank, the largest in the world, boasts a unique ecology that was threatened by zirconium and titanium mining in the 150-foot dunes that protect the island's interior. Several species of wildlife found nowhere else inhabit the isle's rain forests and acidic fresh water lakes. A commission of inquiry agreed with the Fraser Island Defence Organisation (FIDO) that mining restoration techniques would not prevent destruction of the ecosystem.

(continued on page 152)

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Lawyer, Appeal Thyself

Either out of distrust of the bar or a desire to save legal fees, Marshall G. Cummings elected to represent himself when he was brought to trial on a purse-snatching charge in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He is now



Karen Katz

serving a ten-year sentence for his self-reliance. One of the first questions reportedly asked as he cross-examined the woman victim was, "Did you get a good look at my face when I took your purse?"

Mystery Narc Trick Forces Acquittal

The pot convictions of two Floridians were recently reversed because the trial court let the prosecution hide the identity of its star stoolie. The Florida Supreme Court held that Donald Grimes and Toby Hassberger were deprived of their constitutional right to confront and cross-examine their accuser, referred to at trial only as "Ed" because the state refused to play Name That Narc. Federal law allows finks anonymity, but only when they are specifically threatened with death or debilitating accidents.

Italian Court Jails Killer Tycoons

World legal history was made in Italy this summer when five chemical plant owners were jailed for murderous factory conditions. The owners drew an average of five years for manslaughter in the bladder cancer deaths of 132 workers at the IPCA dyes plant in Piedmont.

Laborers were continually exposed to two known carcinogens—betanaphthylamine and benzidine—with the excuse that safety measures would bankrupt the company and create unemployment. Employees who fainted from the toxins were revived with buckets of water and forced back to work. Those who complained of bloody urine were told by company doctors to drink and smoke less.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, chief counsel of NORML. □



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Video Firms Vie for Home Market

Three videodisc systems and at least four TV cassette machines are vying for this new home viewing market, with Sony's Betamax taking an early lead in the sweepstakes. Listing at \$1,300, the Sony entry offers cassettes with a two-hour capacity and a system that can not only play prerecorded programs, but also tape network programs and make home movies. In fact, this versatility has triggered a lawsuit against Sony by MCA, the film company heavily invested in Philips' less versatile disc setup. MCA claims Sony is encouraging people to violate copyright laws by taping feature films off the air.

RCA, GTE-Sylvania and Philips' subsidiary, Magnavox, are joining forces to grab some Sony turf by marketing the comparably priced Matsushita VHS system, which offers up to four hours per cassette. Zenith is also entering the fray, and BASF will emerge late next year with its Bell and Howell-derived instant video camera. This uses a 1/4-inch tape with 28 side-by-side tracks that run back and

forth past the head as in an 8-track sound cassette, for two hours of living room variety shows.

Videodisc looked like the wave of the future just a few months ago before Betamax, but its lack of do-it-yourself capacity may consign it to oblivion before it gets off the ground, except for certain professional markets. Decca-Telefunken's Teldec is the only one now available (in Germany) and used for medical update publications for doctors, but poor image quality may make this the first system to go under. RCA is working on color TV discs, and Philips claims its laser-recorded VLP records and players will be out this year.

Winners of the tournament will largely be determined by the software companies like EMI and Collins, which are now



Sony's Betamax takes early lead in video war.

trying to decide which systems to use for their pretaped programs. Both these firms are working on their entertainment catalogs now. Neither has chosen a format, although the current favorite seems to be the Betamax.

Minicomputers Big Biz

Is your subterranean import biz so big you can't keep track of the far-flung caravans and convoys anymore? Want to run a numbers racket out of your bedroom even though you can't add? Maybe you need a computer. Nonexistent a mere six years ago, today's home computer market is burgeoning so fast that the top products of July are obsolete in December, and prices have plummeted so low that anyone who can buy a stereo can now afford an electronic brain for a basic \$500, plus \$1,000 to \$2,000 in add-ons to make it really useful.

Computer people in business, government and universities began developing consumer applications over a decade back for their own amusement. They invented the video game now called Life and set up an after-hours football pool program at NASA headquarters. But the hardware itself became reality just six years ago with the invention of the microprocessor—a tiny chip of printed circuitry that does what used to take a jungle of wires and diodes.

But such is the pace of development that nearly everything on the market became obsolete a few months ago, when



T.I.'s microcomputer heralds bubble memory.

Commodore unveiled its PET system at the National Computer Convention in Dallas. This package includes the computer, TV monitor, keyboard, audio cassette hookup and memory bank for \$795, with a rock-bottom system going for \$595. The company expects to sell 100,000 home computers a year.

But the best is yet to come. Eight years ago Bell Laboratories invented "bubble memory"—the first nonvolatile memory

Reds Make 3-D Movies

A group of engineers in Moscow is close to perfecting a system for holographic movies—solid-seeming, three-dimensional images in full color. So far the technique is limited to 30 seconds and an audience of four, but New Scientist magazine estimates full-length features are only a few years away. Porn and disaster buffs will add a new dimension, literally, to their experience of a separate reality, without having to look like lemurs in those cardboard 3-D glasses. Are flatties about to go the way of the silents?

Tube Game Company Hooks Tape to TV

The company that began the whole video game craze hopes to market a black box for mating a tape recorder with a television set for game playing, as soon as their patent application is approved. Sanders Associates says the device will coordinate a standard TV set, cassette or open-reel recorder and standard video toys like hand controllers and light-sensing rifles.

A prerecorded opponent on tape will be provided with the moves on one track and music, sound effects, crowd noise or play-by-play on the other. In addition, the tapes will be able to move the video ball with dexterity impossible for mere humans, i.e., sending it in circles around the screen for playing roulette with your boob tube. Tapes are also envisioned for Keystone Kops chase games, with contestants in pursuit of the video rabbit through mazes and traffic jams.

system. This means information stored in the computer does not vanish when the power is turned off. Vast amounts of data can be packed in a tiny cube. Now that Texas Instruments has engineered it cheaply enough for consumers, all other memory systems—cards, cassettes, floppy discs—are on the way out, and we can expect those sci-fi wrist watch computers for real in a few years.

Yesterday there were 300 home computer retailers in the United States. No figures are available for today. Dan Goodman, owner of the Computer Store in Manhattan, told us about some of the people who are buying. Lawyers, dentists, doctors and storekeepers are computerizing their records and billing procedures. Corporate execs buy them to keep personal records out of the company's centralized memory banks. Hobbyists play a bewildering variety of video games with them. Golfers pick clubs with them. Entrepreneurs use them in free-lance businesses, including horse trading, race handicapping, porn book inventorying, mail order firms and tax return services. Artists do electronic paintings, composers build their own synthesizers and poets use them to generate lines. ■

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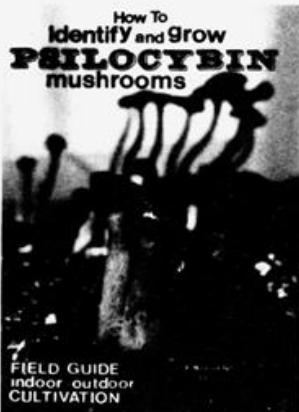
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Pat. Pending Copyright

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& Rich Gee \$5.95
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Bowery Boys

"I don't need anyone / Don't need no mom and dad / Don't need no good advice / Don't need no human rights / I got some news for you / Don't even need you too," screams Stiv Bators, human time bomb and lead singer for the Dead Boys, as he hits himself with the mike stand and spits up phlegm on the newly renovated stage of New York's CBGB's. The song is "Sonic Reducer," a hot rocker from their recent album *Young, Loud and Snotty* (Sire SR 6038), recorded by the Dead Boys in four days on speed and beer.

Barely out of their teens, the Dead Boys are a powerhouse quintet of ex-choirboys

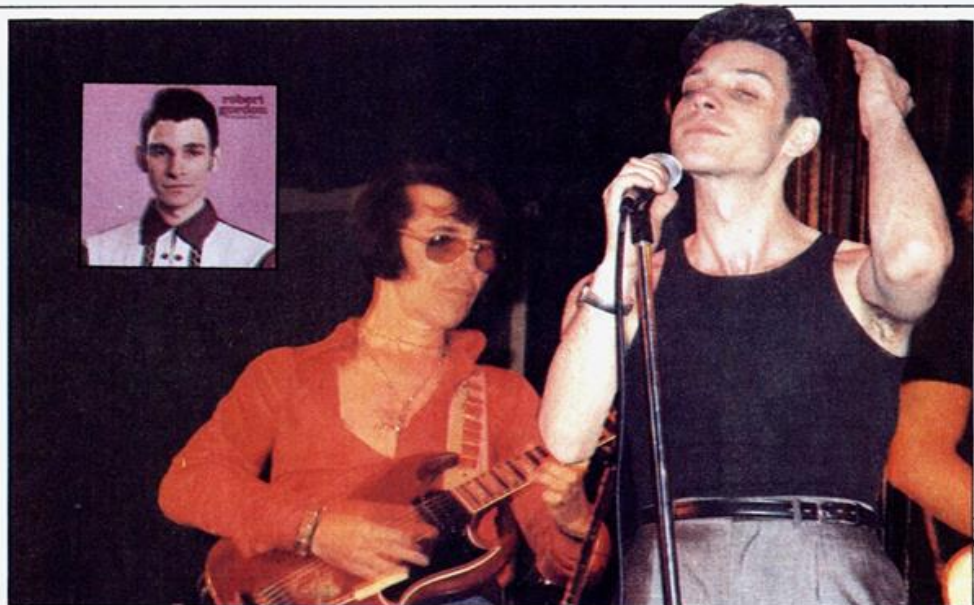


Stiv Bators ducks a chair thrown from CBGB's audience.

from Cleveland who matured a year in the Bowery den of punkdom under the tutelage of CBGB's owner Hilly Kristal. Guitarists Cheetah Chrome and Jimmy Zero are fast and nasty, while Johnny Blitz's pounding drums and Jeff Magnum's runaway bass lines careen at a breakneck pace. "The biggest crowd pleaser," says lead guitarist Chrome, "is the one where I pull down my pants."

The Dead Boys are social revolutionaries whose incendiary delivery is topped only by their powerfully prophetic message. "Right now we're going through the apocalypse of the world as we know it," says Stiv Bators between sets at CBGB's. "Not the end of the world, but the end of world order. There's another big change comin' on soon. The kids are fed up with the same bullshit, fed up with the corporations running the world. Our band is just a reflection of that feeling—like make way for the future, destroy the old."

—Charlie Frick



Robert Gordon (right) croons smoothly while Link Wray plucks slick licks.

Rockabilly Robert

In the wake of Elvis's bloated demise, Robert Gordon is the second coming of the lean and lurid rockabilly crooner. Sha Na Na started the rash of Fifties poseurs, but Robert Gordon is so obsessed with his persona he really lives and breathes it. "How did you relate to the Sixties?" he was once asked. "I didn't," he replied. He has a *Jailhouse Rock* poster in his living room, and a wheel of fortune hangs above his bed. He dresses constantly in baggy gray suits and black shirts, his hair greased skyward into a pompadour.

On *Robert Gordon with Link Wray* (Private Stock PS 2030) as well as in concert, Gordon's gulps and croaks evoke images of Presley, Gene Vincent and Carl Perkins, while wild man guitar pioneer Link Wray plucks rock 'n' roll riffs with a vibrant Chuck Berry sexuality. But Gordon is still rooted in the Seventies cultural time-sphere, as much by his recent past in dark glasses and crewcut as lead singer for the punky Tuff Darts as by the presence of two former Rolling Thunder roustabouts, snappy drummer Howie Wyeth and snazzy bass player Rob Stoner, who switches to piano for a short but shimmering break on "Red Hot," the album's rollicking lead tune.

—Harry Wasserman

Albino Blues

Johnny Winter has dedicated *Nothin' But the Blues* (Blue Sky PZ 34813) to Muddy Waters "for giving me the inspiration to do it, and for giving the world a lifetime of great blues." As composer, performer and producer of this album, Johnny invited Muddy and two of his long-time kick-ass sidemen, pianist "Pine Top" Perkins and drummer Willie "Big Eyes" Smith, along with top-line blues harpist James Cotton, to help him record his own gritty blues tunes penned over the last few years. Johnny has moved the masterly blues-



Johnny smokes a joint onstage.



Winter sings the blues.

men's instruments up front in the mix, the superstar stepping aside to let the glory of the blues stand naked in the spotlight.

Johnny's guitar virtuosity shines here in a way his legion of rock 'n' roll fans would never expect. His flashy electric sound has been replaced by smooth slide guitar and metal-body acoustic guitar. The result is rich and unencumbered, a really clean production with a surprising edge on the notes. The riffs here are so low-down and

Welcome, my son, to the machine...

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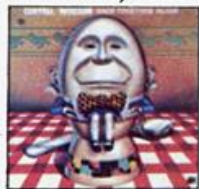
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dirty they're enough to make you grab your bottle and surrender to the power of the blues.
—Peter Whyze

BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, by Larry Coryell and Alphonse Mouzon (Atlantic SD 18220). Guitar virtuoso Larry Coryell and drummer Alphonse Mouzon, both original members of the Eleventh House, are *Back Together Again*. The result of this collaboration is a diversity of bare rhythms and textures, without keyboards, synthesizers or horns.



Left to right: Larry Coryell, Alphonse Mouzon, Phil Catherine

Coryell and Mouzon are assisted solely by Philip Catherine on guitar and John Lee on bass.

Mouzon does more than just keep a beat on his self-penned "Beneath the Earth." While Coryell, Catherine and Lee carry the tune, Mouzon improvises dizzying rolls, rhythm complexes and cymbal crashes. On the other hand, he is restrained on "The Phones" and "Rock 'n' Roll Lovers," while Coryell dominates with penetrating guitar licks, clearly verifying the rumor that he could be a killer rock guitarist if he wanted to be. Nevertheless, the rock and funk overtones are neatly offset by tunes like "Crystallization" and "Transvested Express," which showcase Coryell and Mouzon as pure progressive jazzmen.
—John Innelli

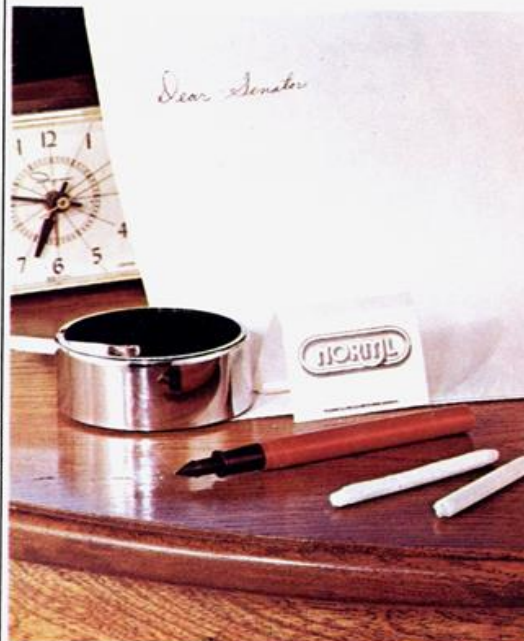
HARVEST UPTOWN/FAMINE DOWNTOWN, by Soul Syndicate (Epiphany EPLP 101). Recorded in Kingston last



March, this full-tilt reggae production fills a gap Americans have needed filled for some time. After 11 years as the backbone of Jamaican recording sessions for top-drawer artists like Bob Marley, Jimmy Cliff, Toots and the Maytals and Burning Spear, the Soul Syndicate is charging onto the American scene in their own right, displaying an originality and polish rarely felt in a first album. Well-phrased blends of Afro and chukka-chukka rhythms, tasty guitar licks and crisp, full horn parts combine to underscore the extraordinary talent of these reggae heavyweights.

Easygoing melodies by Earl "Chinna"

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Smith in "We Got Love" and the title track balance nicely with the ominous raspy wails of Max "Feelgood" Edwards and Donovan Carless, who lets his locks down on "Wicked a Go Feel It": "De fi'e a go burn and de blood a go run/Down ina Babylon."

And how does the Soul Syndicate spell relief? Why, "Mariwana," that's how! This bouncy disco ode to ganja can't help but make you smile, fire up and sing along.

—P. Michael Morgan

BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED, by the Original Animals (Jet/UA JT LA790-H).



Most musical reunions fail because the groups try to re-create a magical aura and, as in the cases of the Byrds and most recently Country Joe and the Fish, the lyrics and the moods are forced. The Animals have succeeded because they go straight to their bar-based roots—only one of the ten tunes is an original—by laying down black-sounding, white blues as they did in the early Sixties in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Lead singer Eric Burdon, keyboardist Alan (O Lucky Man) Price, bassist Charles Chandler (who later found Jimi Hendrix floundering in the states and built his career), guitarist Hilton Valentine and drummer John Steel were rudely interrupted by their egos as they chased the Beatles and the Stones to stardom in the mid-Sixties. They will always be cherished for "House of the Rising Sun," "We Gotta Get Out of This Place," "Boom-Boom" and "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood."

Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted works because of the simple, clean production that tries to capture a feeling of over a decade ago rather than update a basic sound with modern technological wizardry. And, of course, the original Animals still have a tight rhythm section, a precise lead guitar and Eric Burdon's sure-fire vocals. It's music that grabs hold of you and never lets go.

—Bob Grossweiner

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Brand X achieves its eeriness by making use of contrapuntal melodies, phosphorescent trade-offs between guitar and synthesizer, splashes of percussive pastels, an admirable sense of timing and a full-bodied sound with an economy of instrumentation. The first side is tone prose, conjuring up images of minarets and hashish markets. The droning sitar provides a mesmerizing sound, accompanied by Sanskrit lyrics and a percussive bell tree. Employing

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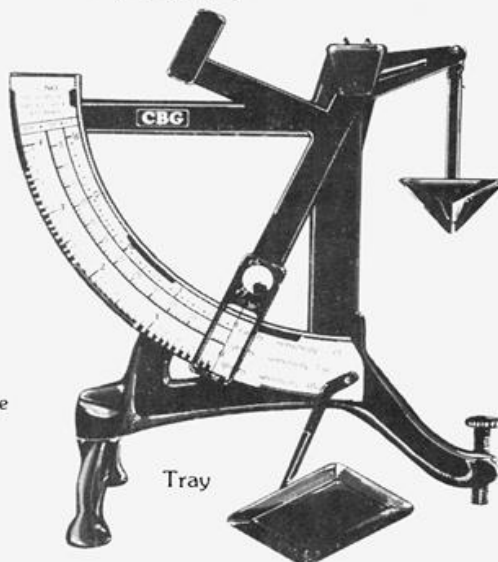
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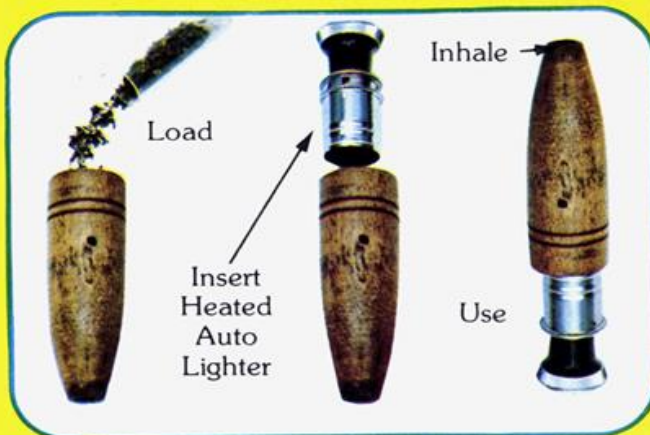
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Eastern modes, the synthesizer pulsations of Robin Lumley and stratified percussion of Phil Collins provide the incandescence for "Sun in the Night." The churning intercourse between John Goodsall's guitar and Robin Lumley's keyboards is memorable in Lumley's "Disco Suicide," a track that exemplifies the Brand X ensemble style—punchy blends, rhythm breaks, with melody tangents and permutations picked up instinctively.

—Robert J. Tincknell

A TRIBUTE TO LEADBELLY, by Arlo Guthrie, the Lunenberg Travelers, Pete Seeger, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (Tomato TOM 2-7003). More



than any other single performer, Leadbelly (Huddie Ledbetter) was responsible for introducing radical-intellectuals and, later, the general populace to the

glorious heritage of black folk song. A newly paroled murderer who had served two stretches in the brutalizing prison farms of the Deep South, the 49-year-old songster arrived in New York City in 1934 as ward of pioneering folk song collectors John and Alan Lomax. Under their sponsorship he began a series of concert and radio appearances that electrified urban audiences with the astringent power of his music and the phenomenal breadth of his repertoire. Leadbelly claimed to know more than 500 songs and supported this claim by committing a huge portion of them to record. Among his nearly 300 recordings were large numbers of archaic work songs, blues and folk songs, as well as his own compositions, such as "Midnight Special," "Good Night Irene" and "Rock Island Line."

This two-record memorial features the Lunenberg Travelers, an impressive group led by his nephew who rocks out the anthem "Let Your Little Light Shine Down on Me." The blues portion of his repertoire is handled with perfect aplomb by Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. The former strikes a movingly personal note in his song tribute "The Best of Friends," swooping harmonica lines intertwining with the blind singer's gritty vocal.

The second disc features Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie and contains some of the most enjoyable music on the album. Seeger impresses time and again with the charm, power and sincerity of his singing and playing, his 12-string guitar work being particularly evocative of Leadbelly's characteristic way with the instrument. And his remarks bespeak a deep, unfeigned regard for a man he knew long and well, a man who exerted a profound, enduring influence on him, as performer and as human being. Guthrie's offhand performances strike just the right note of blithe insouciance, but with feeling.

—Pete Welding



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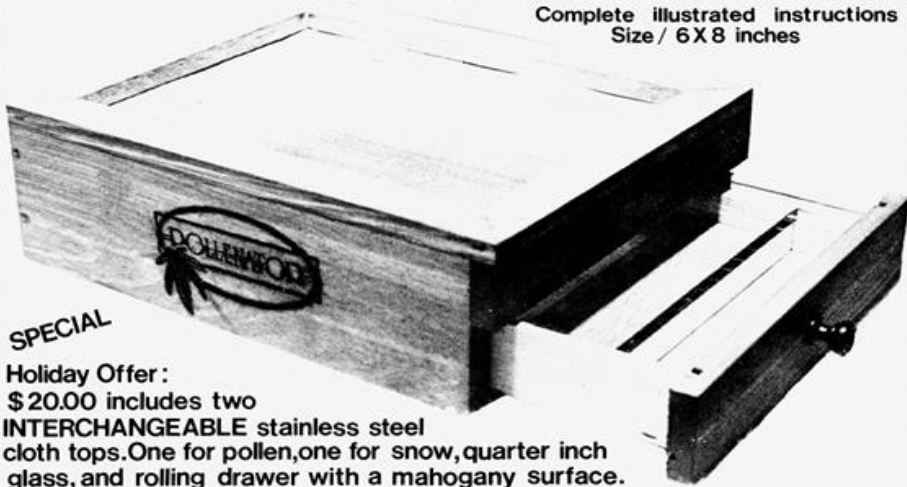
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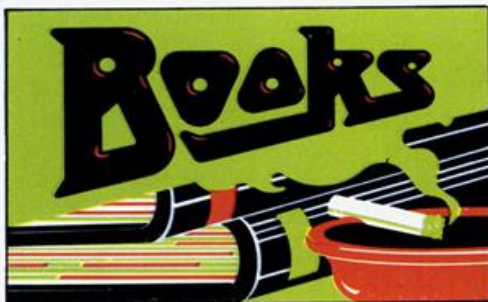
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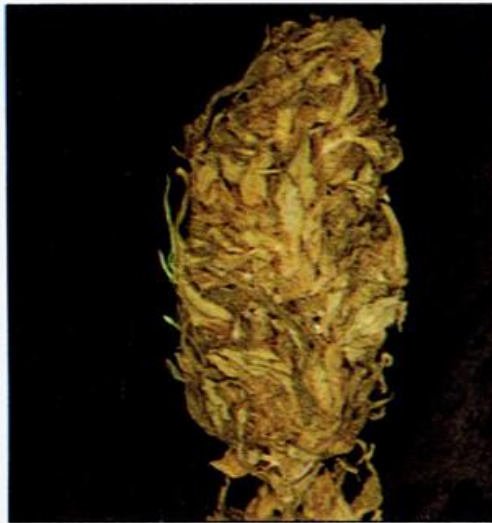
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Sinsemilla Sense

At last, a sensible guide to growing sinsemilla! Sinsemilla, of course, is the legendary seedless weed that grows as high as an elephant's eye and takes its smokers considerably farther along than that. Much has been written, spoken, published, thought and believed about the proper method of its cultivation, but nothing quite so practical as *Caretaking the Wild Sinsemilla*, by A. Seed (\$2.95 from Adam Seed Publications, Box 794, Healdsburg, Ca. 95448). A. Seed's supremely laid-back agrotheory is "Don't touch them and they'll do fine." Minimal work means minimal chance of getting



Bob Harris

caught with the goods. Seed favors small, well-hidden clumps near a natural water source—no even rows to spot from the air, no constant watering visits. He visits his field no more than four times each season—once to plant, once or twice to pinch back for bushiness and finally to reap. If you get discouraged, just remember Seed's pearl of wisdom: "Spring keeps returning and so do I." —Gary Stimeling



Jim Rumph

Back cover of *Cops 'n' Dopers*.

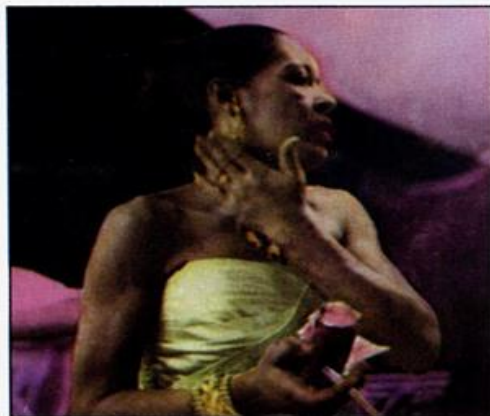
Bust Book

In most situations, police need "probable cause" before they can search you or your car or your house. The only time they don't need it is when you say, "Search me." Now, probable cause is as arguable as *What Does It All Mean*, but basically it consists of having dope where it can be seen or smelled from a public place. It also means having a self-incriminating conversation that a cop or nosy neighbor may overhear. These constitutional guidelines are the rules narcs must play by, and the name of the game is *Cops 'n' Dopers*, by Andrew Zonn and Jim Rumph (Mayflower, Unlimited, Box 1136, Venice, Ca. 90291). Zonn, a lawyer, uses game theory (if you are a doper, you must play, he reasons) to show how the alert freak can win (i.e., not get caught or, if caught, beat the rap) every time if he or she coolly "exhibits an expectation of privacy" and doesn't break down in a sobbing confession at the station house. *Cops 'n' Dopers* is written in English and Spanish, illustrated with cartoon diagrams of legal examples by Jim Rumph and well worth your \$3 postpaid as bust insurance.

—Henry Dellabomba

Newport Nostalgia

When the lady asked Louis Armstrong what jazz was, he replied, "If you don't know, I can't tell you." And if you don't know what jazz is now, you certainly won't care that the Dial Press has published Burt Goldblatt's *Newport Jazz Festival: The Illustrated History* (\$14.95). Goldblatt's been to every festival since it began at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1954, before moving to New York City in 1971, and he will probably be present next year when the festival moves to Saratoga to compete with the August horse races. Because Newport is jazz, Goldblatt was able to get pictures of just about every-



Burt Goldblatt

Billie Holiday backstage at Newport.

body who ever was anybody: Miles Davis, Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, Ray Charles, James Brown, Frank Sinatra, Satch, Monk, Bird, Prez, Trane, Cannonball Adderley, Jimmy Rushing, Bernard Peiffer, Woody Herman, Teddi King, Gerry Mulligan, Jo Jones and hundreds of others. He's got terrific anecdotes about them all, rubbing shoulders with filler copy like quotes from the *Saturday Review's* review of the first festival. A complete discography of Newport live recordings finishes the book and makes it worth the heavy tariff.

—Keith Deutsch

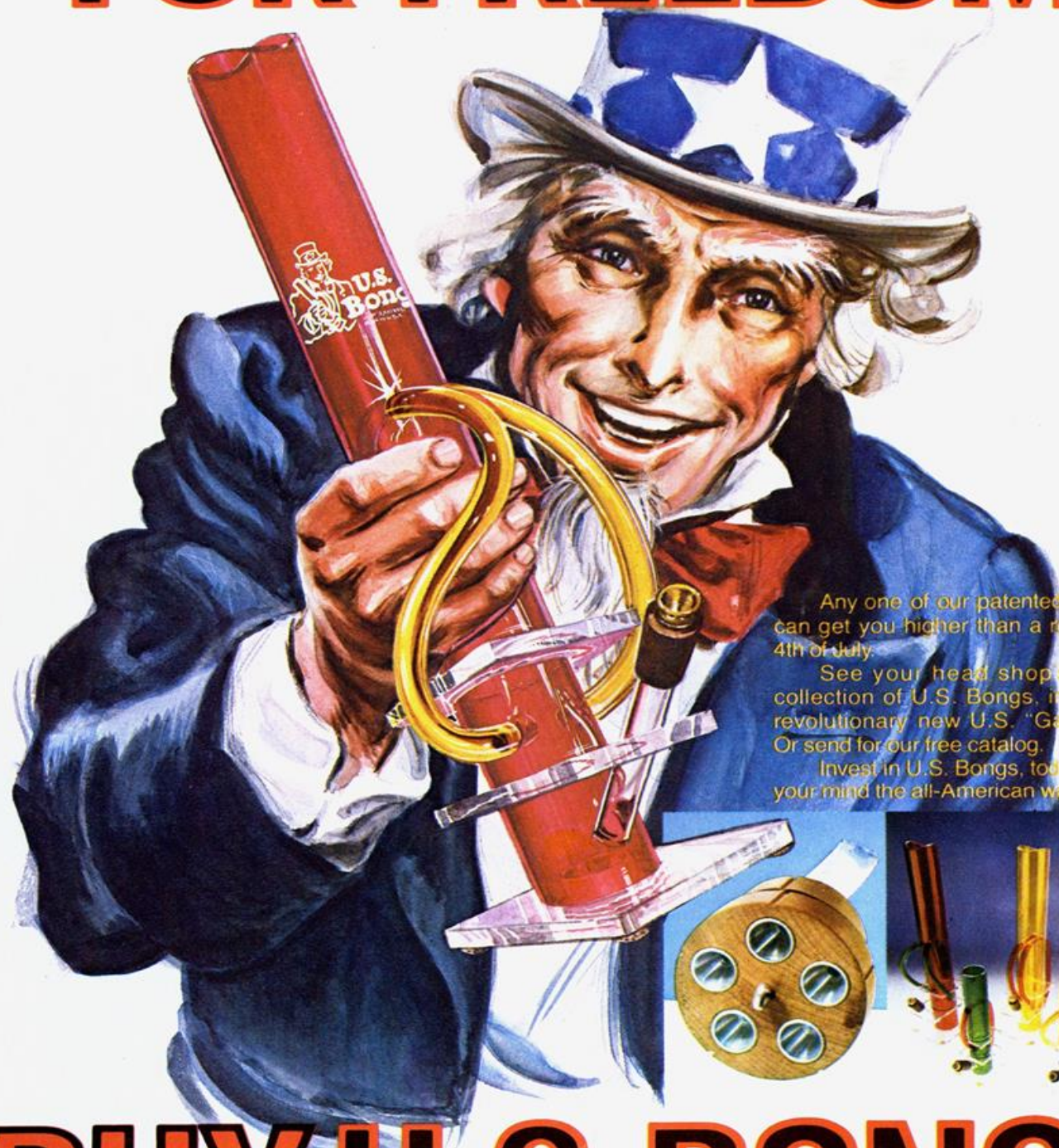
GROWING MARIJUANA IN NEW ENGLAND (AND OTHER COLD CLIMATES), by Peter Oakum (Cobblesmith: Route 1, Ashville, Maine 04607, \$2.95).



This brief work of 44 pages contains the essence of most every right-on technique for growing pot in a temperate climate, but leaves the actual details up to the individual. The book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the environment and the second with the plant strain.

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seed germination, gives detailed thermal planting and harvesting maps of the northeastern states and also delves into assorted pruning techniques, camouflage (with Jerusalem artichokes, for example), flowering and pollination, with a separate chapter on sinsemilla production. An excellent discussion of harvesting and curing round out the cultivation section.

Section two, "How to Select Strains of Cannabis Specially Adapted to New England" is brief, but packed with some of the latest concepts in pot genetics. Aside from growing healthy plants and knowing a few techniques to enhance the natural growth process, the important factor in growing super weed is choosing the proper strain. Good stuff makes good seeds, and this section tells us which of those good seeds will grow well and ripen without a greenhouse in a cold climate. Devoid of flashy, mouth-watering color photos for the coffee table, this book is well worth its modest cost in the valuable information it contains. —Bob Harris

THE BEER CAN COLLECTOR'S BIBLE, by Jack Martells (New York: Ballantine, \$5.95); and **COLLECTING BEER CANS**, by Richard R. Dolphin (New York: Bounty Books, \$4.95). Incredibly, one of the

world's newest and fastest growing hobbies is the collecting of beer cans. In the United States alone, there are over half a million avid collectors. Pop art lovers and nostalgia fans are attracted to the exotic, gaudy and eye-catching color of the cans, which first appeared in 1935 and have outsold bottled beer in recent years.

Of the host of reference books, histories and catalogs that have been published about the hobby, *The Beer Can Collector's Bible* is the most rewarding, with over 3,400 specimens in full color. *Bible* covers the evolution of can openers, seals and pop-tops and the restoration of cans, including the best way to remove dents. Martells proves that the hobby (or is it a fad?) is a serious business, with some rare or exotic cans going for as much as \$1,000 on the open market.

Although Dolphin's *Collecting Beer Cans* is not as intensively pictorial, he delves more into the history and oddities of canning, collections and collectors—there is even a Beer Can Collectors of America, with over 10,000 registered members.

If you plan to start collecting, remember first to drink the beer, but be sure not to ruin the tops—you should punch two triangular holes in the bottom of the can. —Bob Grossweiner



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A silver-faced, rectangular amplifier with a black control panel featuring a large volume knob and several smaller switches and buttons. It is located in the center of the advertisement.

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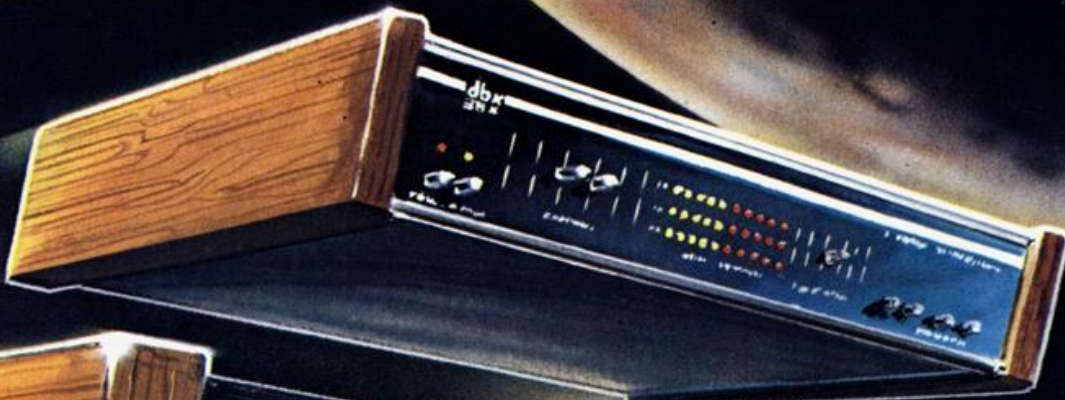
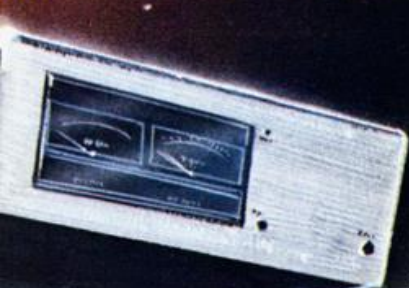
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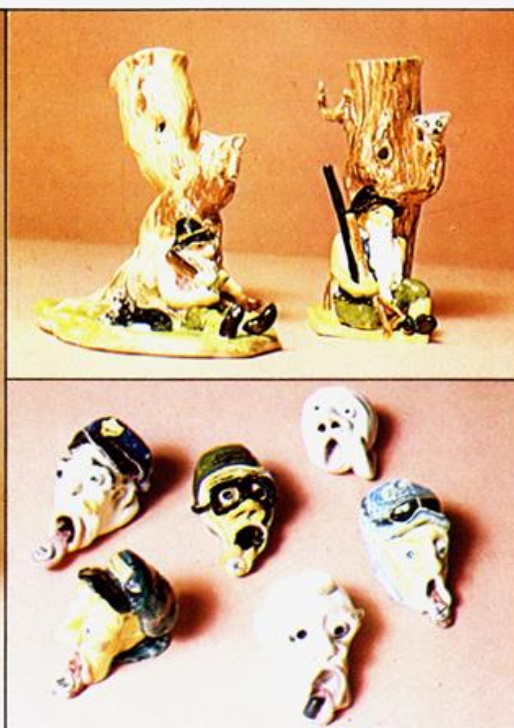


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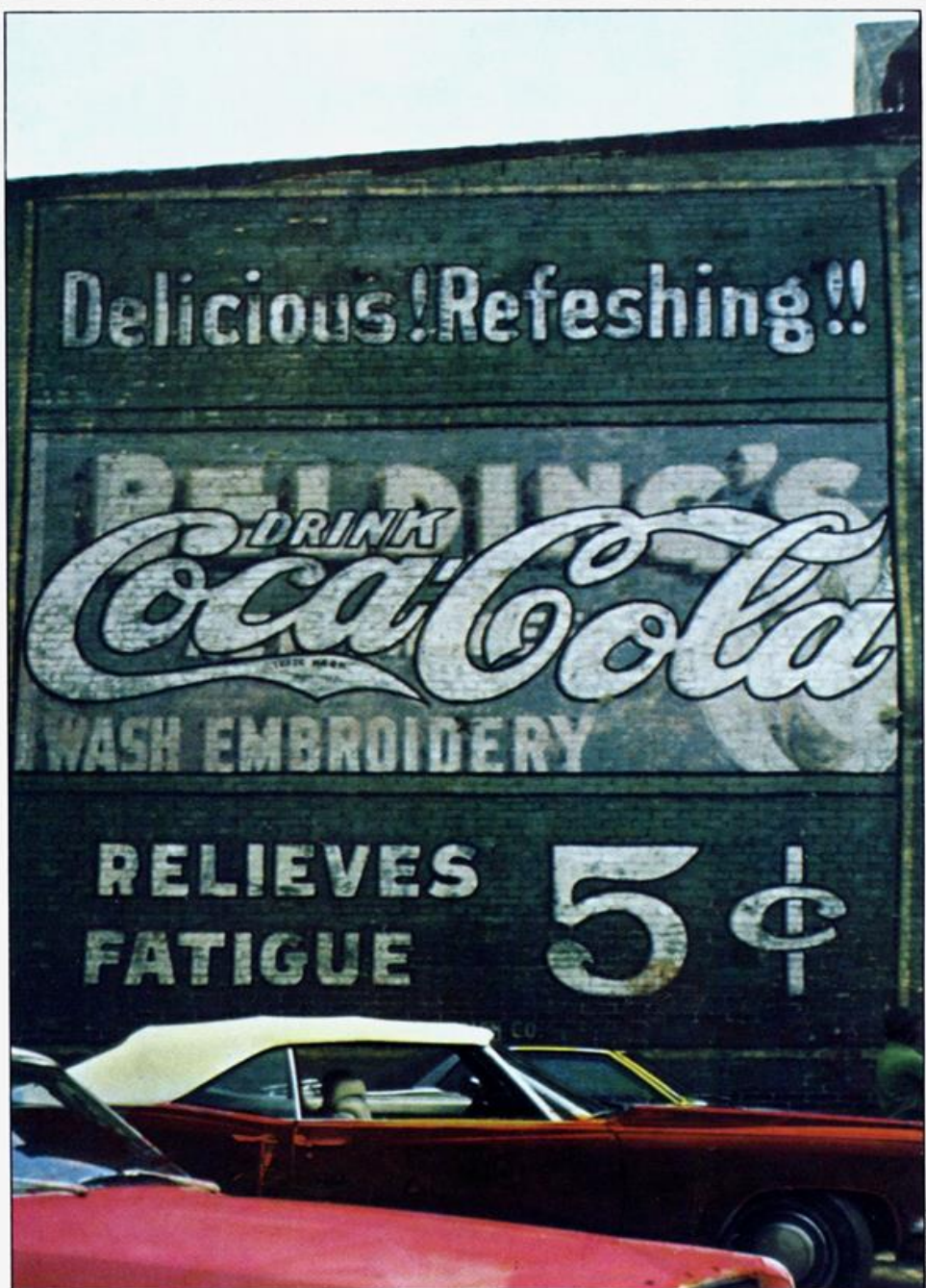
Our Man in Bolivia

High Times Chief Correspondent A. Craig Copetas wrote his nose-witness report of the "Coca Fields of Bolivia" when he returned from his trip south with First Lady Rosalynn Carter, whose friendship tour of banana republics Copetas accompanied on *Air Force Two*. For the first week of the trip, "Chief" Copetas squired Ms. Carter around and chatted with Latin military dictators about their views on marijuana law reform (not likely). Leaving Roz to her own devices in Bogota, Craig visited American prisoners in local jails and almost became one while following the cocaine pipeline through Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador. Craig also writes features for the New York Daily News, which favors capital punishment and no income taxes for tycoons.

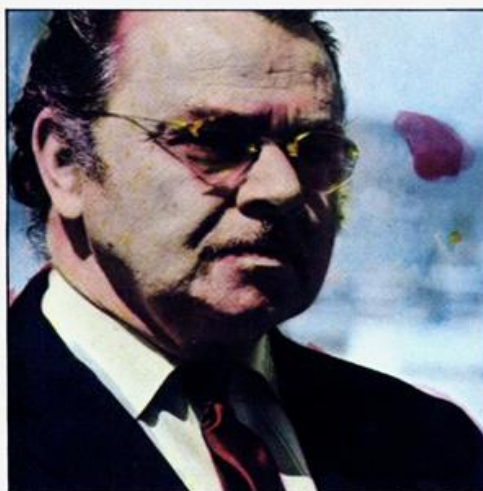


Head Jokes

All the cartoons in this issue show people having their heads cut off, except this one, which shows a head that's not on right in the first place. No particular reason. Just thought we'd point it out.



Downtown Washington, D.C.: a memory of those bygone days when a snort for fatigue or headache could be had for no more than one thick nickel.



Diana Collier

Peyoteman

The owner of "A Lifetime Supply of Peyote" is Jackson Frederick Augustine Burke, father of three, whose latest book is intriguingly entitled *Kama Sutra Tango*. Burke is the author of 200 short stories and six novels, including his sensational *Location Shots* and *Death Trick*—part of the "Sam Kelly" series about a fat, middle-aged black private detective who works out of a sleazy hotel on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Burke has taken more peyote than he can remember since he ran out of the original lifetime supply, and if you want to know why there isn't more peyote around, maybe that's why. ■

SAY MERRY XMAS WITH A BI-RITE ZEPPELIN AND SLUGGER AFTER A HARD DAY ON THE FIELD



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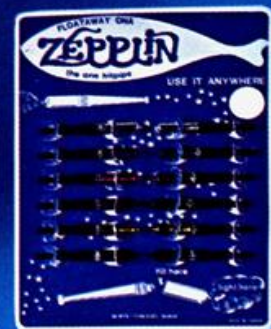
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